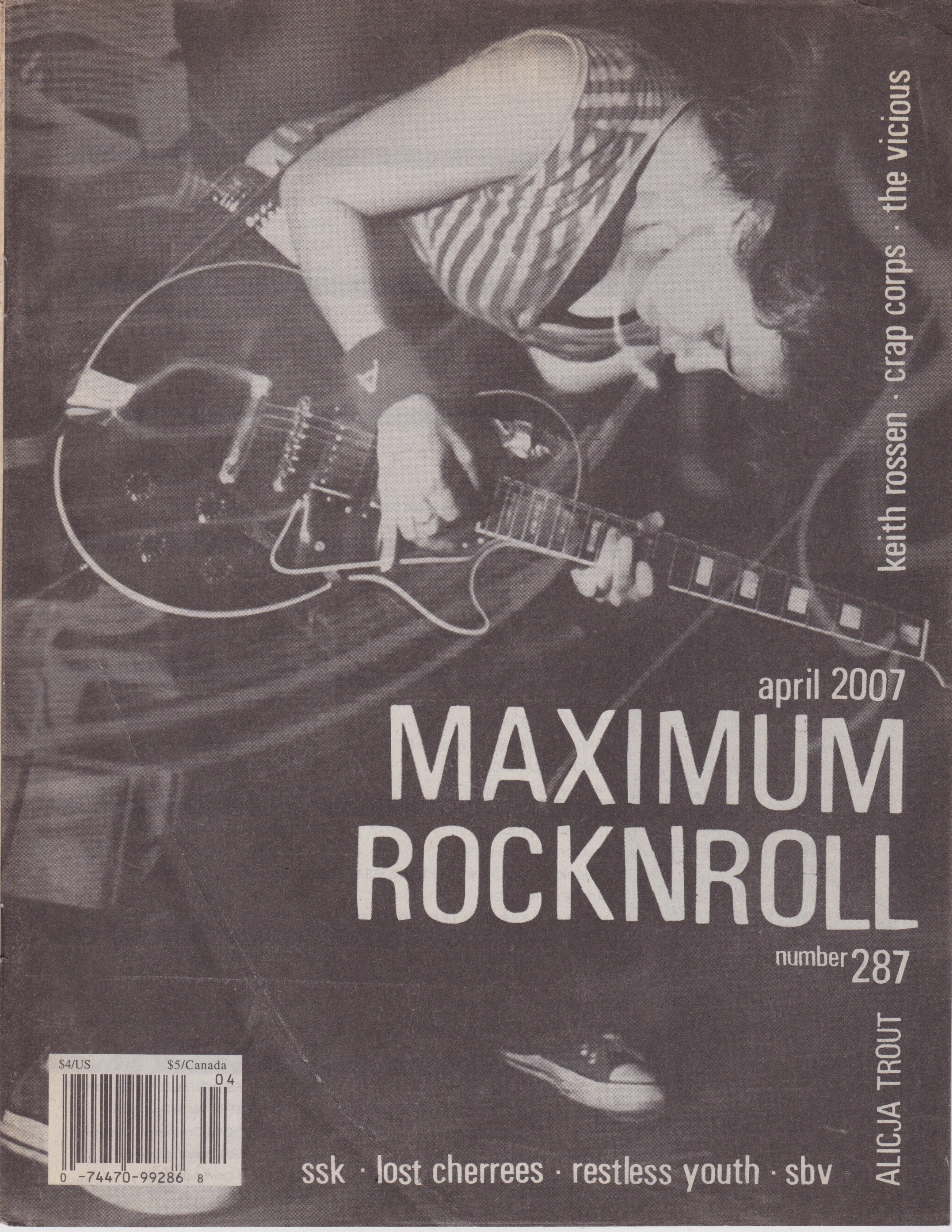

keith rossen · crap corps · the vicious

april 2007

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

number 287

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL TOP 10

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For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TIM BROOKS

- VIOLENT ARREST-12"
- NEVER HEALED/VIOLENT MINDS-split EP
- HARD SKIN-We Are The Wankers-EP
- HÄVÄISTYS-Saamme Vain Sen Minka...-EP
- THE BAYONETTES-We're Doomed-EP
- THE AGGRAVATION-LP
- TRANZMITORS-Teenage Tragedy/Invisible Girl-45
- RIPCORD-Discography Part III...-LP
- FUCKED UP-Year of the Dog-12"
- ANGRY ANGLES/DIGITAL LEATHER-split EP

MITCH CARDWELL

- THE EAT-"...Turn Off the TV ...-LP
- GUILTY RAZORS-Guilty-LP
- ANGRY ANGLES/DIGITAL LEATHER-split EP
- HIPSHAKES-Stick Around-EP
- DEMON'S CLAWS-Satan's Little Pet Pig-CD
- BENEDICT ARNOLD AND THE TRAITORS-EP
- THE SHIRLEY MACLAINES-Hey Girls/Television Sucks-45
- VANCOUGAR-Losin' It!-CD
- OUT WITH A BANG-I'm Against It-EP
- TIME FLYS-live

ROB COONS

- TERMINAL YOUTH-LP
- TRANZMITORS-45
- VIOLENT ARREST-12"
- DEFORMED CONSCIENCE-The Hagen Days...-2xLP
- NEVER HEALED/VIOLENT MINDS-split EP
- RIPCORD-Discography Part III...-LP
- DEATH SQUAD-Final Solution-EP
- BELCHING PENGUINS-Demos 1985/1988-EP
- AEROSOLS-Worthless-EP
- HARD SKIN-We Are The Wankers-EP

PAUL CURRAN

- HARD SKIN-We Are the Wankers-EP
- BEHIND ENEMY LINES-LP
- BP-Demos 1985/1988-EP
- DEEP WOUND-Almost Complete-CD
- DELAY-...Don't Laugh-LP
- THE MAKES NICE-CD
- OUT WITH A BANG-I'm Against It-EP
- PSYKIK VOLTS-Re-Volting ('79-'06)-CD
- PURPLE WIZARD-Power of Love-EP
- EVIL WIKKED WARRIOR-live

JONATHAN FLOYD

- THE BAYONETTES-We're Doomed-EP
- TRANZMITORS-45
- HARD SKIN-We Are The Wankers-EP
- DEMON'S CLAWS-CD
- HIPSHAKES-Stick Around-EP
- VANCOUGAR-Losin' It!-CD
- BAD DUDES-Rollo Takes a Walk/King King Kong-45
- THE MAKES NICE-Candy Wrapper...-CD
- TRICLOPS!-Cafeteria Brutalia-CD
- MARKED MEN/HIGH TENSION WIRES-live

LAYLA GIBBON

- THE AGGRAVATION-LP
- FINALLY PUNK-Henry-EP
- BENEDICT ARNOLD AND THE TRAITORS-EP
- OUT WITH A BANG-EP
- ANGRY ANGLES/DIGITAL LEATHER-split EP
- HARD SKIN-We Are The Wankers-EP
- V/A-Can't Stop It! Australian Post Punk: 1979-84-CD
- PSYKIK VOLTS-Re-Volting ('79-'06)-CD
- GUILTY RAZORS-Guilty-LP
- THE POWER CHORDS-Unattached Strings/Dream Girl-45

CHRIS HUBBARD

- OUT WITH A BANG-EP
- HERO DISHONEST-When the Shit Hits the Man-CD
- SKATE KORPSE-Discography-LP
- LA PIOVRA-L'Ultima Sigaretta-LP
- AEROSOLS-Worthless-EP
- IMPERIALIST PIGS-Cork Screw Pork Sword-EP
- BARN AV REGNBUEN-Folk Uten Framtid-LP
- JHABARA-And Now And-EP
- GUILTY RAZORS-I Don't Wanna Be a Rich-EP
- THE NORMALS-1978 Recordings-CD

KENNY KAOS

- RETARDED-Gambling on Rock-EP
- THE AGGRAVATION/THE DEFENESTRORS-Split EP
- THE POWER CHORDS-45
- THE SHIRLEY MACLAINES-45
- TRANZMITORS-45 / BAD AMPS-Two Face-EP
- ANGRY ANGLES/DIGITAL LEATHER-split EP
- THE BAYONETTES-We're Doomed-EP
- THE SNAZZY BOYS-Organized Octopus-EP
- PURPLE WIZARD-Power of Love-EP
- HONEY DON'T-Don't Ask Me-EP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl or CD-only releases to the address on the previous page. See Demos section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

CAROLYN KEDDY

SABOTEURS-both EPs / DEMON'S CLAWS-CD
ANGRY ANGLES/DIGITAL LEATHER-split EP
HARD SKIN-EP / HIPSHAKES-EP
KING AUTOMATIC-I Walk My Murderous...-CD
THE SHIRLEY MACLAINES-45
RETAINERS-Exterminator-EP
THE GOLDEN BOYS-Whiskey B 4 Sleep/Fool 4 U-45
GUILTY RAZORS-I Don't Wanna Be a Rich-EP
Inland Empire - film / *Transatlantic Feedback* - film
Unknown Passage - film

WILL KINSER

BEHIND ENEMY LINES-One Nation...-LP
DEFORMED CONSCIENCE-2xLP
THE BAYONETTES-We're Doomed-EP
DEATH SQUAD-Final Solution-EP
APPALACHIAN TERROR UNIT-EP
HARD SKIN-We Are The Wankers-EP
COBRA NOIR-Barriciades-LP
LA PIOVRA-L'Ultima Sigaretta-LP
JHABARA-And Now And-EP
HÄVÄISTYS-Saamme Vain Sen Minka...-EP

RAY LUJAN

GLEAM GARDEN-Still Burning-EP
HARD SKIN-EP / VANCOUGAR-CD
TRANZMITORS-45 / BAD AMPS-EP
THE QUEERS-Munki Brain-CD
CHELSEA-Faster, Cheaper, & Good Looking-CD
DEEP WOUND-Almost Complete-CD
ANGRY ANGLES/DIGITAL LEATHER-split EP
MAKEOUTMUSIC-Get Off My Soapbox-CD
STRIKE ANYWHERE-live
LOVE EQUALS DEATH-live

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

HARD SKIN-We Are The Wankers-EP
TRANZMITORS-45
THE BAYONETTES-We're Doomed-EP
VANCOUGAR-Losin' It!-CD
THE AGGRAVATION-LP
VIOLENT ARREST-12"
RIPCORD-Discography Part III...-LP
SKATE KORPSE-Discography-LP
SABOTEURS-DIY-EP
ESCALATOR HATERS-TV Addicted Boy-EP

GOLNAR NIKPOUR

IMPERIALIST PIGS-Cork Screw Pork Sword-EP
HARD SKIN-We Are The Wankers-EP
OUT WITH A BANG-EP / VIOLENT ARREST-12"
JHABARA-EP / HERO DISHONEST-CD
GUILTY RAZORS-EP & LP
V/A-Mal De Ojo-CD / BARN AV REGNBUEN-LP
SWEET ROT-Drug Fiend-EP
FINALLY PUNK-Henry-EP
HÄVÄISTYS-EP / LA PIOVRA-LP
C'MON TUTANKHAMON/RIZILLOS-split EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

VIOLENT ARREST-12"
NEVER HEALED/VIOLENT MINDS-split EP
HÄVÄISTYS-EP / FUCKED UP-12"
HARD SKIN-We Are The Wankers-EP
BAD EATING HABITS/REASON OF INSANITY-EP
ANS-Heinous-EP / DEATH SQUAD-EP
OUT WITH A BANG-I'm Against It-EP
BAD EATING HABITS/DESTRUX-split EP
SKATE KORPSE-Discography-LP
TEMPLARS / NUTS & BOLTS / RAT CITY RIOT-live

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

HARD SKIN-We Are The Wankers-EP
VIOLENT ARREST-12" / IMPERIALIST PIGS-EP
THE AGGRAVATION-LP
SKATE KORPSE-Discography-LP
HERO DISHONEST-CD
GUILTY RAZORS-I Don't Wanna Be a Rich-EP
BAD EATING HABITS/REASON OF INSANITY-split EP
C'MON TUTANKHAMON/RIZILLOS-split EP
THE SNAZZY BOYS-Organized Octopus-EP
RIPCORD-Discography Part III...-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

Bald Cactus #25
DOLL #235
Loserdom #15
Mylxine #17
Negative Reaction #7
Not Very Nice #3
Prisoners' Dilemna #1
Razorcake #36
Slash and Burn #3
Slingshot #93

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity. "Education" theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May-'03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

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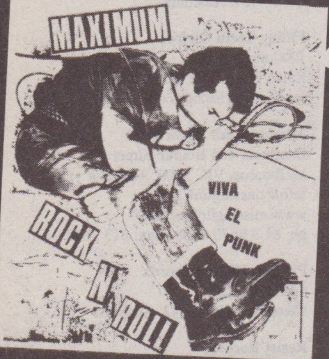
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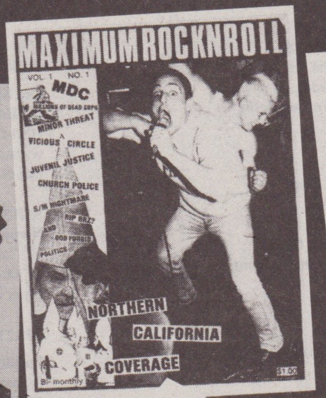
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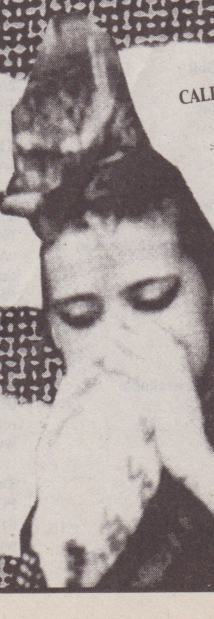

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

MRR—

On February 4th a small bomb supplied with a timing device exploded at 4:20 pm in Vladimirskaya Square in St. Petersburg city centre where Food Not Bombs actions are organized every Sunday by different rotating groups for the past two years.

The bomb was hidden under a kiosk selling flowers. The device was small, but it damaged the kiosk, the woman selling flowers was wounded and had to be brought to hospital, two homeless people also suffered from the blast. Obviously, the purpose of the bomb was not so much to kill but to terrorize.

Luckily, that day Food Not Bombs serving was happening later than scheduled and the activists showed up on Vladimirskaya a few minutes after the explosion. The food was given to the homeless without any problems. Usually 4:20 p.m. would be the moment when most people gather in the square for food.

At the time of the action, activists did not pay much attention to the incident—it could have been some conflict between organized crime for example. But as later that day it was revealed that bomb had a timing device, people considered that Food Not Bombs might have been targeted on purpose, by neo-Nazis. The use of explosives is nothing new for Russian Nazis. In Moscow on December 22, 2006 a bomb set up against local antifascist activist wounded a dog and several police officers who attempted to neutralize it. Last August in Moscow a bomb set up by Nazis killed eleven people in Cherkizovski marketplace where lots of migrants have been working.

This is not the first attack against Food Not Bombs activists in St. Petersburg either. On November 13, 2005 local activist and musician Timur Kacharava was stabbed to death by a gang of Nazis in the very centre of the city a few hours after an action. On December 10, 2006 a group of anarchists was attacked by Nazis after the FNB action—two people got knife wounds. A week before that there was a fight between neo-Nazis and activists of Antiwar Committee who have been organizing a weekly picket against the war in Chechnya / North Caucasus for seven years already; the fight has happened a few blocks away from Vladimirskaya. On January 14, 2007 Food Not Bombs activist Ivan Yelin was followed by Nazis and attacked near his house in South-West St. Petersburg. Ivan was stabbed over twenty times but fortunately he survived and is recovering now.

Some people from local activist community decided that they will continue to distribute free food on Sundays on Vladimirskaya square anyway, others are organizing Food Not Bombs in other parts of the city. Also antifascist actions are being planned for March, when European week against racism discrimination takes place.

Here are some websites to check for more information:

www.foodnotbombs.net – Food Not Bombs global website

http://ru.indymedia.org – Russian language Indymedia

http://ru.indymedia.org/newswire/display/15997/index.php – a report about explosion on Ru-Indymedia

—Szarapow

diyhc@yahoo.com

MRR—

Hello. This is a long overdue letter to the bands and the community who have supported the *P.E.A.C.E.* compilation. A proper accounting was never truly done. Back eighteen years ago—1985-86—a year after the comp came out, roughly $10,000 profits were raised. We handed out the first $5000 we received from John Loder.

—The money went to various organizations:

—Greenham Women's Peace Comp (UK)

—African National Congress (South Africa)

—Seeds of Peace (USA)

—Food Not Bombs

—Tractors For Nicaragua

—Oxfam

The second $5000 we were supposed to receive from one Tabb Rexx who pressed R Radical's first albums. He ripped us off for that $5000...along with $25,000 of our label's money.

Tabb Rexx also ripped off friends of ours who had their own separate deals with him. That is Flipside Records and Seven Second's Label. Tabb Rexx was an old scenester that we had dealt with on a handshake, and with trust. He fucked us over pretty hard.

This was in 1986 money when we were a young band. I was in my twenties when it happened. It felt like a million dollars. It fucked with us so much that we never did a label again. It took us years and years to pay off Reagan Youth and I have finally worked it out with DRI. Though they never got back what was truly owed, I got them back a lot of it. I am happy to say I have settled with both bands.

What we did for the missing $5000 was lend The Big Mountain Navaho Indian Group our tour RV off on and off for three years, sometimes for months at a time and did a series of benefit shows for them. This is what we could afford to do while paying back Reagan Youth and our other debts....

In 1994 New Red Archives re-released the *P.E.A.C.E.* Comp as a CD, which has been in print from 1996 through now. It has sold total 3263 units at $2 per unit, or a profit of $6526.

In 2001, Plastic Head Records in the UK wrote and asked to re-release the *P.E.A.C.E.* comp in the UK. He gave us $1000 for the rights. After I got him the art and he sent the $1000. I have never heard from him again. Two years ago I wrote Plastic Head and was told that the company was sold and that the *P.E.A.C.E.* comp was not in their current catalogue.

With $6526 from New Red Archives and $1000 from Plastic Head, I have collected a total of $7526 US dollars.

In the last five years:

$3100 went to the O'odham Tribal Group ($3000 for a 98 Ford Van and $100 to register it). The O'odham Peoples are part of the Salt River Reservation in Arizona and engage in struggles with the US border Patrol and the rightwing John Birch Society (Minutemen). Native Americans have been killed these recent struggles over sovereign rights and in their struggle to keep the right to celebrate their cross border pilgrimages that have taken place for 500 years Their land lays directly on the US/Mexico Border. (This is a current, 2006 struggle, these people are the real deal—they do not have offices with air-conditioning. Any help that wants to be given/info outreach can be directed to our contact. P.O. Box 1835, Sells, Arizona, 85634. jeg_os@hotmail.com

$400 was given to the Brazil Youth Cooperation in 2001, for resource center desks and computer equipment. This was given through the band No Violence in the summer of 2001 on our tour down to Brazil.

$400 (300 Euro) was given to Alte Meierei Squatt in Kiel, Germany in 2005. benny@klownhouse-recordz.de

$400 (300 Euro) went to the Ungdomshusset, in Copenhagen, Denmark for their struggle to maintain that community space. resist2exist@ofir.dk

$200 (100 Pounds) has gone to the Sheffield Chapter of the SPEAK Animal Rights campaign.

$500 went to the drummer of Conflict to help with his health issues. Their newsletter is newsletter@conflict-uk.com

$500 went to the Spike Fund, for Spike of DRI for health costs and support.

$300 to group to be chosen by Dickie from the Subhumans

$200 to Laughing Horse Bookstore in Portland

$300 to Bolo Moyo, which is an African group who helps the youth in Malawi, www.bolamoyo.org

$200 to HFA Humane Farming Association, Marin County, Ca.

$100 to Jeff Luers legal aid fund (Oregon eco-activist)

This totals $6600. I do have about $926 more to get out there and I am open for sending money in different directions in the next month or so.

I am anxious to hear feedback from folks in an attempt to put to rest the cynicism that I might have created with the way I went about doling out money.

I compiled this information in Sept/Oct 2006 now it's February/March 2007. I am truly trying to restore the trust given to me by the bands of the *P.E.A.C.E.* compilation and the community that supported it. I am also up for suggestions for future places moneys should go when it comes in. In punk we gotta trust, cause everything else *sux*.

—David Dictor, singer MDC
mdcpunk@hotmail.com

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS:

In issue #285 of *Maximum Rocknroll* we forgot to credit the photographer for the Barcelona, Spain scene report. Whoops! Her name is Elsa, and she takes lots of great photos, like the ones of H-Zero, Siberia, Kissin Cousins, and Out Come the Wolves that we featured. You can find more of her work on her website: www.elsafotografia.com

Our apologies, Elsa!

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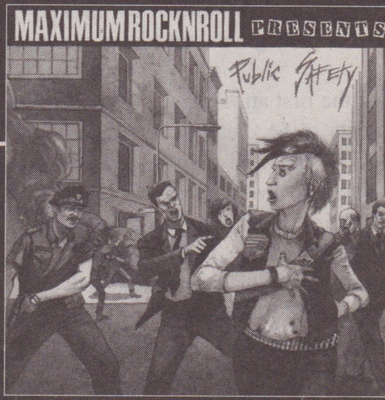

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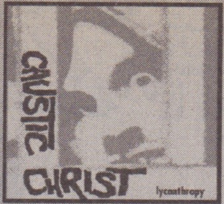

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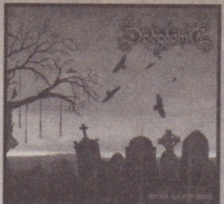

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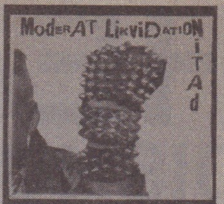

MODERAT LIKVIDATION
Nitad 7"

7" RECORDS:

DÖDSDÖMD Seven Deadly Sins (Swedish and English)
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THE STATE No Illusions
FUCKED UP Litany
VITAMIN X Rip It Out
RIISTETYT Tuomiopaiva
RIISTETYT Kahleet
CAUSTIC CHRIST Government Job
DESTROY Burn This Racist System Down
CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE In a Few Hours...
DAMAGE DEPOSIT Do Damage
DAMAGE DEPOSIT Straight to the Bottom
AUS ROTTEN Fuck Nazi Sympathy
ANY LAST WORDS S/T ep
AMDI PETERSENS ARME Blod Ser-Mere...
BRISTLE System
CODE 13 Doomed Society
CODE 13 A Part of America Died Today
CODE 13 They Made a Wasteland...
MASSKONTROLL Warpath
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MURDERERS S/T
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KAAOS Nukke
CLUSTER BOMB UNIT Dirty...Weapons
NINE SHOCKS TERROR Mobile Terror
DS 13/CODE 13 13 Song Split
DS 13 Aborted Teen Generation
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CAUSTIC CHRIST S/T
TAMPERE SS Kuolutt & Kuopattu
TAMPERE SS SS Sotaa
PROTESTI S/T
RIISTETYT Tervetuola Kuolema
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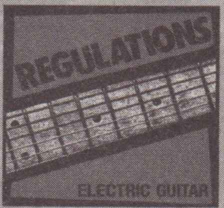

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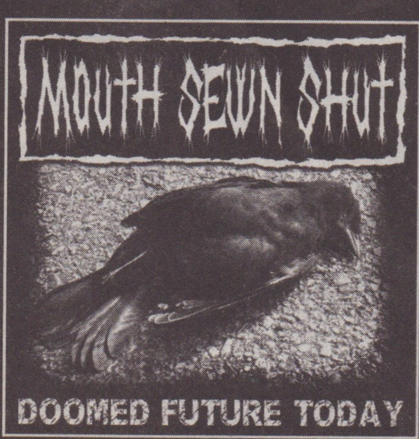

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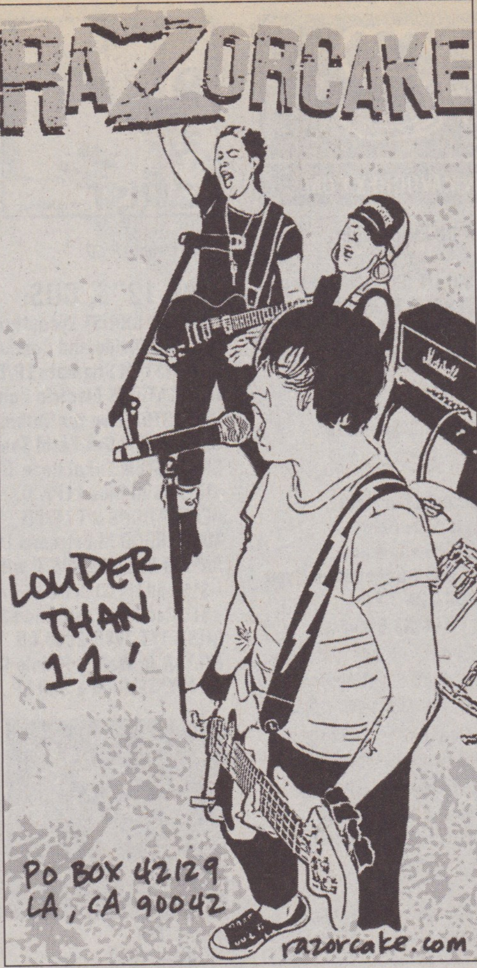
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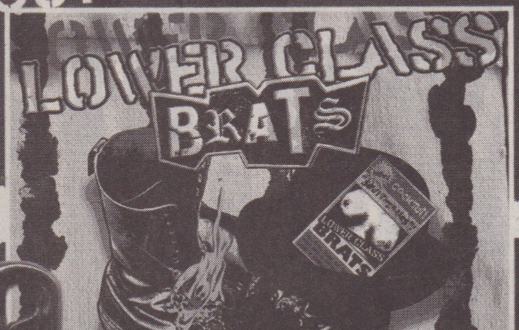
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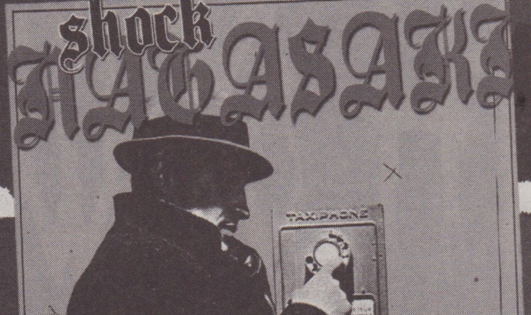
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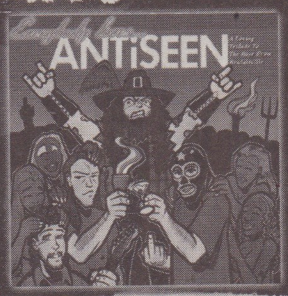

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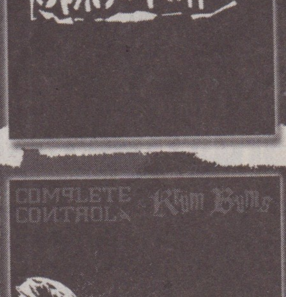
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COLUMNS

Världskrig
Nick Mangel

In the interest of transparency, I am obliged to tell you I considered writing this column entirely about why Rose Tattoo fucking rules. But alas, my conscience has again gotten the best of me so I will have to wait to crank out that one.

Currently my mind is in an absolute scatter; I just moved back to Oakland after a brief stay in Sacramento. It's not that I don't like Oakland; I do, very much. But I fucking hate moving like you wouldn't believe. What's weirder is that I have done a lot of it in the past few years, which you wouldn't figure with that sentiment towards it. There is something deeply uprooting and debasing about the whole experience of moving. I nearly had a nervous breakdown when I moved from Minneapolis to Oakland a while ago, including getting so sick with some kind of heinous flu that I was bedridden for nearly three days before the move, which I still attribute to my poor coping with the upheaval of moving! I can still remember a friend of mine who came down with the same bug the same night calling and asking me if I wanted any Vicodin (as if that would have helped). I could barely whisper "no thanks" due to my lost voice. I remember packing boxes, cleaning out the apartment, going out into the minus-10-degree Minnesota weather, walking 15 feet to the garbage dumpster, and having to go back and catch my breath before going out and doing it again because of the vicious duo of what I believe, in retrospect, was walking pneumonia. And sub-zero wind chill doesn't make for excellent oxygenation of the lungs.

All this has gotten me thinking about how as a community punks relate to both global and local scenes. It may not surprise you that I have always been partial to a global perspective that at least attempts to make connections with other places, ideally outside of your own country. I have always been kind of turned off by scenes that overly emphasize locality. It makes things stale, inward, boring, and cliquey. Coming originally from Chicago, I definitely am familiar with this kind of thing. Not to slam Chicago folks, but in the early '90s that's what the scene was like. The Bay Area even has some of that. A lot of the cult of personality shit that goes along with popular "local" bands has really made me sick. I have seen this happen to bands that even have the most admirable of politics and ideas but somehow feed into this cliquey atmosphere. I feel this is related to being too inward and not having a global perspective or sense of a worldwide community.

This isn't to say there is anything wrong with taking pride or interest in bands near where you live—that's in many ways healthy and positive. But when your outlook is limited to your corner of the world or your city, I don't see how you can be conscious of a greater struggle or greater community. Again, I am not criticizing pride in your area's scene. Supporting it is positive, like I said. The problem remains the attitude, which I see mainly among Americans and the rare European. People in other scenes, particularly "third world" places, seem to have more of an interest in worldwide scenes that has always made me feel ashamed of the American punk scene. I can remember getting a letter from a pen pal of mine in Malaysia telling me about all the Romanian punks he writes to and what bands are good and how other Malaysian punks are into these bands. I just thought to myself, most Americans probably don't even know where the fuck Romania is. Punks included. Ain't that a part of Italy?

Lately my other primary interest has been in the history of colonization of Africa, particularly southern Africa. Like so many other things, I never got taught in school about how exactly Africa got colonized, how it transpired and how the subsequent decolonization happened. My whole life I have watched and read with confusion new stories about conflicts in Africa and the legacy of colonization. Like many Americans I never really understood why these conflicts were happening. I knew many European countries colonized Africa for quite some time and typically created strife by preferentially choosing one ethnic group over another. Divide and conquer. But the degree of complexity and variety from colony to colony and country to country is remarkable and very deep. The attitudes and approaches to colonization are really very informative in terms of examining our own settler history and racism.

We in the US sometimes don't recognize that we are a settler society, much like South Africa, Zimbabwe (formerly Rhodesia), Australia, New Zealand, other parts of the Americas, etc. I have found the southern African examples of settler societies particularly pointed frameworks for settlerism writ large with its concomitant racism, segregation, disenfranchisement, and so forth. Some of the similarities of for instance South Africa's history are eerie in their similarity. A symbol for the Afrikaners of their "frontier" heritage is circled wagons. The development of "homelands" for the indigenous population closely echoes (and was in many ways influenced by) American "Indian reservations." It may be on the opposite face of the earth but the similarities run deep. Of course there are some differences such as that in South Africa the whites never became a majority as they did here. Also, there was never a schism in the US between two colonial groups (e.g. Afrikaners and Brits). But other than that fact, much of the history is oddly very similar. I feel this is a good way to see ourselves in a way, because examples of American history sometimes are too close to home or don't convey things so that the entire system of white supremacy and colonization really are laid bare for you to see. Lastly I would mention that it is quite easy to see the injustice and vicious racism of apartheid while we don't as easily see our own similar legacy. But when you delve into it, you will see corollaries that, like I said, will amaze you.

I have also been really impressed by some research I have done into bands from South Africa that existed under apartheid and risked life and limb by criticizing the government. Powerage of course is the best-known band, even playing benefits for the African National Congress (banned by the government), and protesting Afrikaner fascist paramilitaries. Members even got dragged in by cops for having mohawks! It is little surprise besides being racist; the apartheid government was socially fascist and conservative, even preventing TV from coming to South Africa because it might be a corrupting influence on children. I think they got TV in the '70s though. Riot Squad SA and Warspike, among other bands, are some great South African punk rock. To me, this is another example of where punk rock is a real threat, a real political force, and a real potent statement.

I am going to keep this is column short as I have run out of stuff to say for now. Be aware this is due to being exhausted, which usually will not happen despite your wishes to the contrary. This time I don't have any new WWHC music to get to as I have been in a tizzy regarding the move. I hope this column isn't too incoherent (consider the source, though). If any bands want me to rave about them or trash them, then roll the dice and send me shit c/o MRR.

LET'S GET HURT

MITCH CARDWELL

With the end of *Horizontal Action* and the Chicago Blackout, the parties (partiers?) responsible haven't exactly gone into retirement. The launch and constant updating of www.victimoftime.com has more than made up for whatever vacancy was left by the punk-smut zine, becoming one of the primo internet destinations for info on the records and bands I tend to cover here. If that wasn't enough, they've directly impacted the course of this column by establishing HoZac Records, if only because their first two releases manage to incorporate the kind of collecting minutia that immediately sends me into a nerd spiral. Oh…and they kick total fucking ass too.

The first is a 7"EP by one of my favorite current bands, VOLT. As much play as I gave the crop of new French bands in 2006, VOLT remains my go-to fave, a distinction that's further solidified by this new *Man On The Ground* 7" EP. Most *MRR* readers (Shitworkers too? I once pulled a release of theirs out of the dreaded "Reject Box" and plead my case for a review!) might shrug at this record for its use of drum machines, synths, and other trickery (it's packed with 'em), but this is punk enough to electrocute any doubter. With static guitars stabbing out at all the right moments, VOLT's songs are invasive, creepy, deviant and hypnotically catchy all at once. If you can't find something compelling about the title-track alone, you've got no pulse.

HoZac #2 is another 7" EP, this time a debut from a mysterious Los Angeles band called SPIDER, featuring none other than Erin Wood from THE SPITS. Those expecting thuggy odes to alley drinking and over-the-top partying will be seriously thrown for a loop by the *Charlie* 7" EP. Fans of THE SPITS might recall the handful of oddball tunes littering their releases that are so mind-bendingly strange that one simply must assume that they were written and recorded under the influence of some psychotropic substance. SPIDER operates on this same level, only on a *waaaaay* more far-out scale. And, well, things just seem serious…or as serious as they can be. SPIDER's sound is so varied that a short description is impossible. Bedroom punk-psych drum machine genius? Ehhh, that just might work! HoZac pressed 500 copies of each of these singles, both boasting a couple sleeve variations and a limited colored vinyl pressing. Told you they were drool-worthy! For an introductory one-two punch, HoZac scores high marks across the board.

Detroit's HUMAN EYE is back with their second release, the *Dinosaur Bones* 7" EP, on Ypsilanti Records. The title track starts of relatively straight, recalling the rumble of Timmy's previous bands, but somehow manages to ascend to the weirdo art-punk heights we've come to expect from HUMAN EYE. Sadly, this single vanished almost instantly (500 colored copies pressed), but there should still be some lurkers out there should you choose to investigate.

Big Neck Records has assembled some heavy hitters to pay tribute to one of their label's mainstays, THE BLOWTOPS. *We Heart The Blowtops* is a 2x7" EP featuring excellent covers by JAY REATARD, TRACTOR SEX FATALITY, VILENT LOVERS CLUB, THE MISTREATERS, RADIO BEATS, and TRAILOR PARK TORNADOS, packaged in an eye-popping sleeve and pressed on colored vinyl. Pretty much a no-brainer here folks. Hopefully a few of the installments here push you toward checking out some of THE BLOWTOPS' own releases. THE BLOWTOPS are a very underrated band by my estimation, with a whole slew of releases out there ripe for the plucking. Do yourself a favor.

Skilled and obsessive mailorder patrons are probably well acquainted with Florida's Dying already. If you're in the dark, the strength of *Our City Doesn't Stink All The Time*, the debut release from THE HIBACHI STRANGLERS, oughta give you enough reason to become one of their customers. Assuming you caught my review of the single and issue or two back, you already know how stunned I was by this puppy. The unexpected wallop of this single stands as one of my favorite moments of last year and, judging by www.floridasdying.com, you might actually still be able to score a copy of this *right now*. Recommended!

A debut of equal, if not greater appeal is Rehab Records' *Introducing The Wax Museums* 7"EP. THE WAX MUSEUMS feature members of THE WRISTS, a Texas band that I went on and on about a few issues ago. Great things come in pairs I suppose, cuz these WAX MUSEUMS dropped a big, idiotic punk bombshell with this single. All three tunes here are painfully short, horribly disgusting in subject matter and delivery…and just perrrrfect! I suppose that the brevity of the tunes and subject matter are what have many zine and message board folks citing THE URINALS left and right as the key influence here, which I'm inclined to agree with providing that it be made abundantly clear that the focus of THE WAX MUESUMS has way more to do with fun and bedroom beer drinking than it does with any sort of artful idea. Whatever. Call me over-analytical. Just make sure to get the single at www.rehab-records.com.

KING LOUIE BANKSTON is a man of many moods, hairstyles, and bands. His latest combo, BLACK ROSE BAND, just released their debut 45, "Hot Box" b/w "Hoochie Poochie" on Contaminated Records. Those looking for one-man-band insanity or the hate-fueled punk of KAJUN SS will be in for a surprise here, as BLACK ROSE BAND is primo Southern boogie rock, ran through Louie's wacked-out filter, of course. The subject matter and delivery oughta produce a chuckle here or there, but what ends up sticking out (like always) is Louie's knack for writing a killer tune.

It's time to welcome THE DIRTBOMBS back to the fold with the release of "Oh Katrina" b/w "Candyass," a live single released by Noiseville Records. Yes, yes, you guessed it: "Oh Katrina" *is* a BLACK LIPS cover, though reworked to include takes on both BLACK SABBATH and THE BEE GEES. It's as ridiculous as it sounds, but still an inspired take. I wonder if a studio version of "Oh Katrina" will ever be released? I've yet to get my DIRTBOMBS fill (10,000 singles and counting), but I do wish Mick would make good on his promise of an abrupt shift in direction, weirding out a la THE PIRANHAS or HENRY COW. In due time, I hope!

Another heavy back from hiatus this month is THE FEVERS! Coincidentally, I went on a *big* FEVERS kick shortly before their new Plastic Idol single, "Get On Again" b/w "Can't Be True," came out. The funny thing about this new single was that it actually took multiple listens for it to grab me, a first as far as this band is concerned. Repeated, forced listens drilled the tunes into my head and I'm on board 100% again. The FEVERS are one of the very few unapologetically sugary bands around today that consistently get me going. Put any of the releases on and it's an instant party. Try it and see! Check www.plasticidolrecords.com for a copy.

Ready for some Euro noise-garage minutia? Well, LOS RAW GOSPELS and THE PLUTONES have a split 7" EP available for consumption, courtesy of P.Trash Records. Although neither band has yet to reach the heights of their more popular relatives (the bands feature members of THE FATALS and BLACK TIME, respectively), I bought it anyway. Haven't I heard enough of this blown-out Euro stuff to last me a couple of decades? Who's gonna offer an original take rather merely attempt to one-up the tape hiss and screaming? Neither combo here, I'm afraid. Not the sort of release that'll turn your world upside-down, that's for sure. In its defense, this split is as nice place as any to check in with this scene.

On the same tip, though faring better, is the latest crop of singles from Goodbye Boozy. Local gals THE HUSBANDS check in with a new 45, "What The Fug Is The Frug" b/w "The Hustler," which might very well be their first effort that I would give an unabashed thumbs-up to. Perhaps the old "small doses" theory applies, as far as they're concerned. The beast of the Boozy crop is the debut 45 from THE SUPPRESSORS, yet another Canadian combo featuring the remnants of SCAT RAG BOOSTERS and ROYAL ROUTES. "Woods Of Heart" b/w "Love Little Weapon" follows the same sort psych-tinged current a lot of new bands seem to be aiming for, but they've retained enough of their previous tricks to keep the strictest amongst us bobbing along. The glut of releases out of this camp has certainly made it difficult to keep up with, but I've always really *really* liked whatever these guys are doing, whatever band they might be in. THE SUPPRESSORS are no exception. I almost feel the need to make a sales pitch every time some SCAT RAG variant drops a new release, if only because I have absolutely no one around me that shares my joy. Perhaps I should move to Europe?

Mitch Cardwell / PO BOX 23882 / OAKLAND, CA 94623 / USA
letsgethurt@yahoo.com

MRR: Do you get a
George Tabb sez
Take my life, please!

She unbuckles her seat belt, leans over, and kisses me really hard. I feel her tongue dance around my mouth, and am immediately reminded that I haven't been to the dentist lately, and wonder if she can taste all the plaque and build-up. I know I can. She then looks me in the eyes and remarks on how blue they are. She asks if they are colored contacts. I tell her that my eyes are naturally this color, but my blonde hair isn't. She says she wants to see for herself and starts to unzip my pants. I feel myself really starting to get excited and ask her to turn off the radio. I don't like distractions during sex. She argues that the station plays punk rock, and that she really likes punk rock, but finally agrees. We start to kiss again and I feel her hand return to my zipper. I start to think to myself how lucky I am to be here, in a car, making out with a beautiful girl I had just met in a bar an hour earlier. She had silky dyed blue-black hair, eyes so blue they looked white, like something from *Evil Dead* or *The Exorcist* or something, and boobs that were fucking amazing. I had like won the lottery or something.

Anyway, we start to really go at it, and my heart starts beating a million miles an hour. She finishes unzipping my pants, and gently slides her hand down, inside my underwear, and grabs me. I let out a moan, and kiss her deeply. Suddenly she pulls her head back, and looks me in the eyes. I look back at her, puzzled. She continues to hold onto my dick as she looks down at my crotch and says, "What is this?" I tell her it is my penis. That all men have one. Well, most of them, anyway. Except for those emo guys. She says that mine feels different, and with one hand still on me, she opens the car door slightly so the light goes on. She then takes out my pecker and examines it closely. I look at her, wondering what the hell she is doing. "What are you doing?" I ask. She tells me that my dick is not like the ones she is used too, but it still turns her on. "Whew," I think. Almost had another almost. She then puts her mouth on it, and I feel myself start to float toward punk rock heaven. I look at her as she bobs up and down, and continuously bumps her head on the steering wheel of my VW. "Thick head," I think. Wow.

She then stops, sits up next to me, and asks if I want to "play with her titties." I had never had a girl say that to me before, and I was kinda shocked. Usually, I kinda just did that, without them asking, but something about this girl made me a bit standoffish. I told her I would love to, and she said OK. She then somehow managed to get on my lap, between my wiener and the steering wheel, and take off her shirt. Then I saw it. Something I'd never seen before. Holy punk rock! She thought my pecker was different? I was about to get a very old and yet new education.

*

Actually, it had all started about an hour and a half earlier, in a shitty bar, called, what else, "The Bar." This was some years back, mind you. I was there 'cause there was not much else to do that night. No good bands were playing, and I had seen all the movies at the two-dollar theaters in Gainesville, Florida, like five times. So I went to "The Bar." I figured I'd just drink, and if I was lucky, get put out of my misery by some jock or redneck. I wasn't even expecting to get laid. The thought of that had long since left my mind. I was on a cold streak so bad that I was actually thinking about getting a job milking cows, just to get some action.

*

On the way to "The Bar" that night, I had run into my friend and ex-drummer, Pete. Pete and I had been in a band called "The Ranch Hands." We played one gig and were permanently banned from every club in town. See, we told the owner of this club, "Main Street," that we were a C&W band. That's Country & Western. Or "Cunt-tree Western," as Pete called it. Anyway, we told this really fat guy named Bubba that we played real cowboy material. He asked if we did any covers. We told him we did some Skynard, Alabama, Molly Hatchet, and shit like that. He asked if we did any Charlie Daniels. We told him we did, and also we did his brother, Jack. He just looked at us, but gave us the gig anyway.

So we showed up in cowboy outfits, complete with hats, and studded shirts. As we set up our amps on stage, all the cowboys and rednecks in the place kept yelling stuff like "Freebird" and "The South will rise again!" Whatever.

Finally, we went on, and opened with a Country & Western riff. Actually, it was "Green Acres." It was the only C&W riff we knew. Everyone applauded wildly, and I looked at Pete, and he looked at me, shocked. We both then looked over at our bass player, Greg. Greg looked at the floor. Like he always did. We continued the set with a bunch of originals that we had made up that afternoon. Songs like, "Now I Wanna Fuck Some Sheep," and "Now I Wanna Fuck Some Cows," and "Now I Wanna Fuck Some Chickens." The audience seemed to like us. They threw full bottles of beer at us. We'd pick them up off the floor before they would spill out entirely, and gulp them down.

During the whole set, Bubba kept yelling for us to do "Charlie Daniels." The audience seemed to catch what Bubba was saying, and yelled for Charlie Daniels as well. We finally stopped making noise for a few seconds, and introduced the next song. "This song is by Charlie Daniels," I said, with my best southern accent, "and it's called, Now I Wanna Fuck Some Ducks." They all applauded wildly, and one redneck yelled out, "Now I wanna fuck some sluts, all right!" Whatever. We kick into the song, which is the same thing as the last five or six songs, with maybe one different note, and Bubba runs up on stage with something under his arm. I don't have my contacts in, so I can't really make out what it is. As he gets closer, I see that it is a black case, and I start to panic. Does Bubba have a gun? Is he gonna shoot us? Bubba then drops the case on the floor, and opens it. I look back at Pete, and he is standing up and playing. He looks like he is ready to do the hundred-yard dash. Then Bubba takes out a violin.

"This here's my fiddle," he yells to me. I nod my head. "Do ya mind if I play along?" I tell Bubba to go for it. Bubba steps up to the microphone, and starts to play along to our song. The crowd goes nuts, and besides full bottles of beer flying at us, they start throwing money. Then a couple in the audience stands up and starts to square dance. Then more people do the same.

As Bubba plays along to the awful noise we are making, I step up to Greg's mike. I don't even think he notices until he sees my sneakers. Then he looks up at me, confused. I yell to him to just keep playing. I then say stuff in the mike like "take your partner, doh-see-doh, fuck that chicken, there ya go!" Everyone starts clapping. Finally, like a million beer bottles and eighty-three cents later, we stop playing. But not Bubba. He is still doing the riff from "The Devil Went Down To Georgia." I tap Bubba on the shoulder and tell him we are through. He nods his head and keeps playing.

*

Later, as we are packing up our amps, I walk up to Bubba and ask him for our money. "Money?" he says, with a very thick southern drawl, "You boys are lucky I don't kick all of you all's asses." I tell him I thought he liked us. He says that he thinks we stink, and if that we hadn't played that Charlie Daniels song, he'd have killed us. I was glad to get my equipment out of there in one piece.

*

Anyway, so I was on my way to "The Bar" that night, and I saw Pete hitch-hiking. I thought about not picking him up for a few seconds, but I think he saw my face. Pete had gotten weird lately, and I wasn't quite sure why. Maybe it was drugs, or quite possibly, it was just the Sunshine State taking its toll.

So I pull over to the curb, and Pete opens the door to my VW Bug. He then gets in and asks where I am going. I just look at him. He stares at me for a few seconds, and then says, "Don't I know you?" I tell him we played in a band together a short while ago. He says, "George?" I tell him it is me. He says, "Didn't we play in a band together a short while ago?" I think it was drugs.

As we make our way downtown, I ask Pete where he is going. He says, "I dunno. Anywhere." I tell him I am going to "The Bar." He says, "What bar?" I say, "The Bar." "Which bar is that?" he asks. "The Bar," I say again. "The Bar?" he asks. I tell him yes. "Which bar?" he asks. "Third Base," I say. He just looks at me. Then he says, "Oh, that place. Haven't been there."

So we get to "The Bar," and the place is kinda empty. I see a few familiar faces, but the place is mostly crawling with college students who thought that "new music" was hip. I order a beer and strike up a conversation with my friend Jack.

"How's it going, Jack?" I ask him. He tells me that he got run over by a motorcycle a couple of months ago, but that he is doing fine now. I kinda cringe. He then asks if I want to see where he was run over. I tell him "sure," even though I really don't. He lifts up his shirt, and there are fucking track marks across his stomach and chest. Wow. "Neat, huh George?" Jack asks. I tell him that it is indeed neat, but that I have to go to the bathroom. I excuse myself, run to the men's room, and dry heave for a while.

*

Eventually, I return to the bar area and finish my beer. I sit on a stool alone, and listen as the DJ plays The Ramones, Vibrators, and Psychedelic Furs back to back. I then order another beer. As I go to pay for it, some girl says to the bartender that she'll take care of it, and gives him some money. I look at the girl. She looks at me.

She has longish blue-black hair, and the bluest eyes I have ever seen. She is about my height, and very sexy. I say hello to her.

"Hi," she says back to me. We don't say anything to each other for a few seconds, and I sip on my beer, as she sips on her pink and orange drink.

"I'm George," I say to her deep blue eyes that make me feel as though I am in the North Pole, or at least eating a Peppermint Patty. "I know," she replies, as she slowly continues to sip on her pink and orange drink.

We continue to drink in silence for a while, and I begin to wonder what the hell the girl wants with me. Obviously she knows me, and shit, maybe I know her. Maybe I don't remember her. Maybe I should know her. I start to panic. What if I used to date her? What if she was the mother of my children that I didn't know about? What if I owed her money? Yikes.

"I remember you from Roach Motel," she says to me with a deep and sexy voice. "Have we met before?" I ask her, breaking my long habit of waiting for people to say something about themselves that will give me a clue as to who the fuck they are.

"No, I just remember seeing you play many times, and I have always thought you were very sexy."

I look at her.

Beautiful.

Sexy.

And talking to me.

What was wrong with her?

I tell her that mostly dogs and hippies saw Roach Motel, and maybe a few cows in our old drummer's barn. She tells me she saw me and thinks that I am really something. I tell her that dogs used to think I was really something, like a tree or fire hydrant, and used to piss on my legs during shows. I tell her that hippies thought I was something, as did cows. But never girls. She says she wants me.

I back up a bit. I say, "What did you just say?" She says, "I want you." I ask her her name. She asks me if it really matters. I tell her no. So she doesn't tell me.

We continue to drink our beverages in quiet, and suddenly she starts to rub her leg up against mine. I look at her, and she smiles. A very sexy smile. I chug down the rest of my beer. She gulps down the rest of her orange and pink drink, and then licks her lips. I figure I'm dreaming.

I have a hard time standing up, but somehow manage to do so, as does the girl. She takes my hand, and leads me out the door of "The Bar." As we are leaving, Jack yells over to me that I didn't see where his pit bull bit him a couple of days ago. I tell him, "next time."

We go out into the parking lot and she says to me, "Do you have a car?" I point over to my Green VW with the "Gabba Gabba Hey" license plate. She takes my hand and leads me to it. When we get to the car, she says, "Open it." I do, and she gets in. As she does so, I get a good smell of her hair and perfume, and feel my hormones just about rip my jeans off.

I get into my side of the car, and ask her where we are going. She says, "right here," and then leans over and kisses me. I kiss her back, and then she puts her hand on my chest and starts to scratch me. Wow. I can't believe my luck. "I want you," she moans as starts to lick my face. Suddenly there is a knock on my window. I look up and see Jack and his girlfriend, smiling. "Go for it, George" says Jack. I smile back at him, reach into my pocket, pull out the keys, and start the car.

"Where are we going?" asks the girl with the blue eyes in the passenger seat of my car who I think I am going to have sex with. "I dunno," I tell her. "Away from here." She nods her head, and I start to drive. We make our way down the street, and I start to look for an empty parking lot. One where we will be left alone. Finally I decide upon a bank. I pull up behind the building, and we start to go at it again.

As we are kissing, and she is telling me that she always wanted a member of Roach Motel, I hear another knock on my window. I clear away some of the moisture that we both created, and see the face of a cop. I roll down the window.

"This is private property," says the cop. "Are you aware of that?" I tell him that I am not. "Ignorance is no excuse to the law," he says. I tell him I'm sorry and start my car. The whole time I feel as though my dick is gonna explode. "Well, you two go find a motel or something," the cop says. I laugh and tell him I will. The cop then says, "What are you laughing at, boy?" I tell him nothing. He just narrows his eyes and looks at me. Cops.

We drive around some more, and I find a kinda empty parking lot next to a Greenery. A tree farm. Whatever the fuck you call those places where people go in and buy plants. Like they can't go out in the woods and pick them where they are free. Morons.

We start to kiss, and it is kinda uncomfortable. I ask her if maybe she wants to get a hotel. Fuck, I figure I could spring for it, it wasn't like I was getting laid, and this was definitely worth it. She says, "No, I want to fuck you in your car." She said the "F" word. To me. Wow. No girl had ever said they wanted to "F-word" me. This was amazing. I told her, "OK."

So we start to go at it again, and I take her hand, and put it on my crotch. She rubs it really hard, and I squirm in my seat. I gently stroke her blue-black hair and again start to breathe real heavily. And again, there is a pounding on the window.

I open the window up this time, because the fog inside the car is too thick. Outside I see a guy with a mustache, and a woman standing next to him. "This here is my property," says the guy, "you kids should go else where. To your own homes. Alone." he adds. I just look at him, as does the girl, whose hand is still rubbing my crotch. I try not to show any pleasure.

"You kids are sinning against God," says the woman with an accent so thick she must have grown up in the fucking swamp or something. I tell them that I am sorry, start the car, and drive off, again.

"Listen, what ever your name is," I say to the girl as we are going down the street again, "maybe we should get a motel. There is one near by, and I'll pay for it." She says nothing to me, but frowns. Not good, I think. Then her eyes light up. "Right there", she says. "Where?" I ask. "Right there," she says, pointing to a very huge and empty parking lot. I look at it, then her. "The K-Mart parking lot" I ask her. "Yes," she says, "I want to fuck you right there." She said the "F" word again. I pulled into the parking lot very quickly.

So I park the fucking VW bug right in the middle of the parking lot, right where everyone could see it. We start to go at it, and the windows completely fog up. She turns on the radio, and then turns it off. Her tongue probes my mouth, as her hands unzip my pants. Finally she reaches in there and grabs a hold of Mr. Happy. I sigh, and think, "finally, relief." Then she stops, backs up, and looks at me. "What is this?" she asks, and I tell her it is my penis. She opens the car door to get some light, and then looks at it and examines it, like it is something she has never seen before. She looks at the shaft, then at the tip, then at the shaft, then at the tip again. She tells me she has never had one like this, but it turns her on. We start to make out again, and she asks if I want to play with her titties. I never had a girl ask that before, and tell her that of course I do. She sits on my lap, and puts my hands on her breasts. I start to squeeze them, and they feel real good. She moans and groans, and continues to play with my weinerschnitzel. She keeps feeling it, around it, and the top of it.

Eventually I ask her to take off her shirt, and she does. I see a dark spot on and above her left boob, but can't make out what it is. Probably a bad birthmark or something. I start to kiss and lick her boobs and she sighs, and says how much she wants me. I also notice that she is wearing a cross around her neck, and as I take it in my mouth, it really turns me on for some reason.

So, there I am, with a crucifix in my mouth, my head between the greatest set of knockers I have ever seen, and my pud being pulled my a woman who used the "F" word with me. Life couldn't get any better. Or could it?

Suddenly the girl says she wants to see my pecker again before I put it inside of her. She again opens the car door slightly, and takes a good long look at my penis. I take a good long look at it too, wondering what the hell she is thinking. "I know," she squeals, "this is circumcised!" I tell her that it is and she tells me she has never had one like this before, and that she is wet just thinking about it. As I tell her that that is neat, I get a good look at the spot on and above her boob. It is not a birthmark. It is a tattoo.

Lots of girls have tattoos. Even some

girls I have dated. They get things like flowers, unicorns, or even hearts and shit. Some of the tougher girls I have been with have had leopard skin spots, and even one girl had a tattoo of a penis on her arm. But, fuck, I had never seen anything like this on a girl. For all her beauty, what with the blue eyes, beautiful silky black hair, and great boobs, the tattoo ruined everything, or so I thought. I mean, what kind of girl has a tattoo of the word "Skinhead" with a swastika below it on her tit?

"You got a swastika on your breast!" I say to her, kinda really in shock. She just looks at me. I look at her swastika again. And the word, "Skinhead." We both say nothing for a few seconds, and I feel my dick start to get limp in her hands.

"Are you a Jew?" she asks me. I tell her that I am. "Good," she says, "I never fucked a Jew before, and have always wanted to!" I feel myself get hard again. Rock hard.

"I never fucked a Nazi, before" I tell her, "and am not sure I want to." Even though my dick definitely wanted to. "I'm not a nazi," she says to me. "I used to be, back when I was in high school, but not anymore." I ask her how old she is now. She tells me eighteen. My penis goes ape shit, and almost bursts.

"How long have you been out of high school?" I ask her. She tells me she has been out a whole three months. I ask her if she knows what a swastika means. She asks me what a swastika is. I point to her tattoo. "Oh that, that is what the Nazis wear. What my old boyfriend used to wear. I never really thought about it."

I think about explaining to her the significance of the symbol she wears in permanent ink upon her lovely breast. The message of hate it stands for. The millions who died because of one man's crazy dream, and a whole country full of morons who followed him, and who are just rude people, anyway. I think of telling her about the suffering that went on, and still does, and I think of telling her to get lost. But I don't. I do something even better. I fuck her.

So we start going at it, with her on top of me, with her back to the steering wheel. I stare at her breasts and the symbol of hate as I feel her rock back and forth upon me. I watch her cross bounce up and down, and listen to her moans and groans. I have to hold back my impending orgasm.

Then I tell her I wanna be on top, and start to have intercourse with her that way. I plunge in deep, and as I do so, I think about all the horrible things hate has done to this world over the years. I think about the Klan, about other hate groups, and about Nazis. Now I was getting revenge. I pinned her hands down to her sides, and continued the act as she moaned and groaned and got wetter and wetter. I think she was like having orgasms or something. But that didn't matter. What was important was me. Was the fact that I was getting pleasure from her. A Nazi. A good-looking Nazi. But a Nazi.

Finally I couldn't hold back any longer, so I took out my penis, yanked off the condom, and came all over her swastika and cross. As I ejaculated, I felt a sense of power and pride that I had never felt before. I felt like I had climbed Mount Everest, and reached the top. I felt as though I pitched a no-hitter in the World Series. I felt as though I was that Armstrong guy, and set my feet upon the moon. I felt liked I, well, just fucked a Nazi.

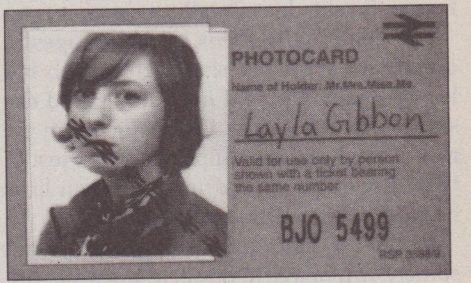
I collapsed on to her, exhausted. She hugged me, and whispered in my ear that she never came so many times. I lifted my head to look at her, and saw her beautiful blue eyes. I also looked at her tattoo covered in white stuff, and her nipples, still erect. I looked at her face again, and she looked at me.

Then, for the first time, I saw her for what she was. A young girl, confused. A young girl, who was easily influenced by those around her. A girl who was learning about the world, and who had made some past mistakes. Like we all do. A kid. I bent down and kissed her, then hugged her. It felt nice. She sighed.

Finally I pulled myself away from her, and took one long last look at her beautiful naked body in my car. It was then that I noticed that the cross around her neck was submerged in come, and upside down. I felt myself getting hard again. I tried not to, but I couldn't help it. Hell, I had never fucked someone who worshipped Satan before.

Take My Life, Please.

1. www.georgetabb.com
2. New CDs I got include the latest and greatest from Luke Kelly. It's called *The Anti-Album*..find it on myspace. I also got a comp called *Destroy This Document* with great bands like The Dials, The Elks, Hellacopters, The Freak Outs and so many more. It's from Speakman/Galvin...check it out...you go Johnny! Also, my old pal Dave from Tapeworm has a new project called Lost Weekend. Fucking hippie. Just kidding.
3. Since I've been unable to work, been playing lots of video games. The new Zelda, Twilight Princess, being the best of the best. But there are other great games out there you should check out, like the new Castlevania for the Nintendo DS, Grand Theft Auto: Vice City Stories for the Sony PSP, and the Sega Collection for both the PS2 and the PSP. Also, people keep asking, is the new Playstation worth it? Me? The truth? Not yet. Wait for the prices to drop and the machine to get all the bugs out. Same with the Xbox360. No truly great games yet...Gears of War, almost, but not yet. And the Nintendo Wii? If you have kids or are one at heart like me, this is the best invention since moving porno. Check out the new Rayman game for the thing and tell it's not more fun than sex. Well, OK, but it's close.


PHOTOCARD
Name of Holder: Mr.Mrs.Miss.Ms.
Layla Gibbon
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Well, I just watched for the first time the X movie, *The Unheard Music*. The girl in the video store told me not to rent it, a long-winded nonsensical explanation ensued that made no sense, relating to the first five minutes of the movie. The part when a letter from a fan is read out that asserts that the fan is not going to sue X even though they re-wrote/stole her life story via the *Los Angeles* LP, because that record is so good she doesn't mind. Hmmm. Maybe the video girl thought it was a lame affected set-up? Not a real letter? I did not think it detracted from the movie at all, in fact I think it kind of added to the world of X, the symbols and codes of Exene's girlness smashed up against the anti-hero masculinities of the dudes in that band (more of that later). In fact, I'm very glad I took the time out to watch said movie; it made me think a lot about myths and how bands create worlds that you can "see" when you are listening to their records or even just thinking about them whilst going about yr business. I read that Exene's sister basically invented/inspired Madonna's style of the early '80s, which resonated with so many girls at that time... and watching *The Unheard Music* it was very clear to me the powerful effect Exene herself has had on rebel girl style and image. Courtney Love seems to me to be a bad xerox of a bad xerox of Exene's iconoclastic genius: the religious iconography, the beauty advertisements of the 1920s through ’60s, silent movies, bad girls...

I think it’s so much easier for men to find an anti-hero identity, if that makes sense. There are Holden Caulfields and Jack Kerouacs and Henry Rollinses and Ian MacKayes falling out of the sky onto every angry white suburban teenage boy throughout the traumatic adolescent period. Think about it; Mark Gonzalez and Aaron Cometbus and Bukowski and Darby Crash and Ian Curtis, providing a million different ideas of “rebel” masculinity to whom one can declare allegiance. All of them provide anti-hero mythologies with which a dude can shape his idea of himself if he deigns to reject the four-walled concrete tomb suburban death camp lifestyle. I remember when I was a teenager it used to really frustrate me that I couldn’t find a female character in a book who I could relate to in that particular, perhaps simplistic, reactionary adolescent way. All the women in *On The Road* are left cleaning up after the beatnik heroes, which for sure was not a lifestyle I wanted.

I recall complaining about this, after finishing Bukowski’s *Ham on Rye,* to one of my dad’s girlfriends, who told me I should read *Bonjour Tristesse*, which was written by a French teenager in the ’50s (Francoise Sagan). I would recommend reading it; it’s about the amorality and frustration of youth. The protagonist, Cecile, is a teenage girl who I would put in the Holden Caulfield school of ’50s rich-kid psychoanalytical rebellion, if that makes any sense... She clearly is not a girl who is going to be rebelling by meekly cleaning up after heroic alcoholic poets, but there’s something about her that seems as if she can’t see herself outside of the male erotic gaze. While her bratty petulant sexuality was very shocking and liberating when it came out I am sure, it did not ring true or call to me really. The first time I found something that felt like it was mine was a semi-autobiographical book by Katherine Dunn called *Truck.* I think it’s out of print now, or maybe just hard to find; the only book by her that’s easy to find is *Geek Love*, which is a good read if a little too Book Club for my liking. Anyway, *Truck* is about a 15-year-old girl who runs away, and being that I haven’t read it since I was about that age, I can’t vouch for its timelessness or if it would now hit me in the same way it did then. It was the first time I can remember reading a book that felt like it was written for a girl like me by a girl like me.

That seemingly random and unrelated literary (ha!) diversion is related to me watching the X movie (I swear!) because it made me think about how we need to figure out how to make identities for ourselves as women/girls, and create our own girl culture and girl heroes that aren’t just based on what we are given, so to speak. I am sure many teenage girls read Sylvia Plath and feel satiated, but what about if you want adventure and freedom rather than fear and suicide? I am not sure if I am even making sense at all at this point really, but I feel like it’s so easy to tread water in a stale ocean of pre-built James Dean forever-frozen-in-death rebel immortality, especially for dudes. The extent to which things and symbols and ideas and people that used to be considered acts of war against decency are now used to sell cars and snowboard lifestyles is apparent and obvious, I know. I am sure most A & R reps at major labels would say that Kerouac was their favorite writer and how deeply he changed their life, *maaaaan*. Male anti-hero mythologies are boring and trite and empty and forever regurgitated, their meaning and power neutered. But then it’s twice as bad when the only women mentioned are the angry girlfriend, the rape victim, the housewife.

There’s that corny quote that I think Kim Fowley always dredges up in regards to the Runaways; how he put them together because of something Jimi Hendrix said in regards to the fact that in his imagined future, girls with guitars were going to be the true musical revolutionaries. Of course the Runaways didn’t really get to be “true musical revolutionaries” because they were formed in Kim Fowley’s cartoon Lolita stadium rocker mold; plus they didn’t “make it,” so they couldn’t fire him and make up their own rules, but I think that’s the point I am trying to make.

When you watch footage of bands like X or even the Clash, bands that have become their own myths now, note the greased back hair, the ’50s teenage pocket tees and motorcycle boots, rebel images carefully cut out from Montgomery Clift and Sal Mineo fan magazines from the ’50s. Punk was a reclamation of the shock and terror of ’50s rocknroll that had been silenced by the cozy non-realities of FM radio rock. The casual sleaze of the Eagles has none of the fear and raw sexuality of say Little Richard or, to go later era-wise, even the Sonics, you know? So of course, punks looked to that prior era for an image to add to the collage of the punk identity. Which in itself adds to the myth of the loner rebel hero dude.

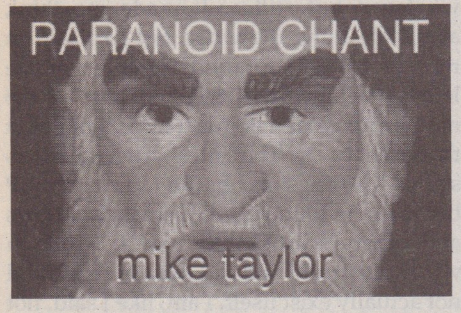
Watching Exene sit in her room with the tacked-up drawings and letters, cutting up pictures for her scrapbook, writing lyrics in a book, on her hands... She looked so self-created. She looked like herself, and also an important part of a line of girl heroes, maybe not all of them remembered or deified in the same way as fucking Kerouac or whatever, but still... It made me think about the thing the video girl had said in regards to the supposed lameness of the letter-writing girl in the first part of the movie and what a bogus way of looking at things that was. The letter-writer saw herself in X’s songs and in the *Los Angeles* LP because she found a myth created for girls and other fuck-ups like her. A world in which she could and did exist in that it did not actually exist itself. I am, like I said, not sure if I have explained this correctly, but I am gonna finish up with a top ten of girls and girl culture artifacts that I would connect with this idea. To quote Patti Smith: “We created it, take it over...” Most of the time I find anti-hero mythologies tired and repressive but here are some that aren’t.

1. Uh, duh, Patti Smith! Especially the first two records, and the *Piss Factory* 45. I would align her with Dylan and even Rimbaud, you know...
2. Linda Manz in *Out of the Blue.* If you haven’t seen this you need to. It’s a classic of punk cinema, she is so tough and cool...
3. *Ladies and Gentlemen the Fabulous Stains* (Hey Andy!) Seriously ladies, this movie will change your life.
4. The Raincoats’ first LP, music for the basement meetings of secret societies of girls.
5. Isabelle Eberhardt. There’s definitely some weird colonial messiness in there but she dressed as a man to explore life in the Middle East in the ’20s. Definitely an answer back to all the swashbuckling male conquerors and exploiters mythologized by Weekend Warrior types nowadays.
6. Exene! Therese from The Brat! Alice Bag! Lorna Doom! Even the fucking Go-Gos—how many rad girls in early LA punk? So many. Then think about SF girls: Penelope, UXA, total punk rock icons for sure, and girl anti-heroes too.
7. The Duchess, from Bo Diddley’s band. As cool and tuff-lookin’ as he once was. I know the ladies in the Cramps were very inspired by her existence...
8. How about Marianne Faithful or Nico and Edie Sedgewick? Maybe they aren’t quite heroic but they all have that doomed mythology surrounding them and they are all total icons and symbols of something.
9. Well, actually I am at work right now and have to, uh, serve a customer, but I will use this point to make a pithy comment

about women rebels (Psycho! Crazy!) male rebels: (Daring! Foxy!) Uh, yeah. Wimmin's Studies 101, yo.

10. Write me with yr girl anti-heroes. OK?

layla.gibbon@gmail.com



Do you sometimes worry that punk rock is a false catharsis, in the pit, in your room, at the protest? Masturbating so much that you come as soon as it's *in there*? If you're an adherent to the *it's gotta get way worse before it gets better* way of thinking, then the logical side effect of so much angry music is that we just express our anger through playing music; or worse, we experience our anger vicariously through *listening* to music. That, regrettably, is no way to enjoy music *or* anger. This experience is the same manipulation that defines ham-fisted melodrama like *American Hardcore* or *Beaches*. The sound and fury clogs everything incoming, leaving no room to question yourself regarding how you really feel.

Can we even feel *anything* anymore? With the assimilation of emo as a valid "artistic" outlet in mainstream music media, complaint is a legitimate form of regret, blame equals hurt, and anger is love. And on paper, that is very, very punk.

Emo alone isn't the culprit. With the right production, almost anything becomes a candidate for mass appeal. Nu-metal, as it is heard on the radio, is only a brief stroll from the most caustic hardcore. The difference is the triggered drums, the mids of the perfect guitar rig. And even if a sound seeps up from the former underground, good to go without perfect studio sound, there are enough music consumers in the US to put it on the charts, with or without the radio; Xasthur, a one-man black metal project, made big, "real" newspaper news when his record, recorded at home on a 4-track, dropped in December. Whether or not you like her brand of faerie tale folk, Joanna Newsom is someone you could *almost*[1] know, and her new record was orchestrated by Van Dyke Parks (you know, of *Smile*, and *The Honeymooners*). That's *crazy*. Again, a distance metaphor: a high school punk, a touring hardcore band, a reviewer at *Vice/Pitchfork/Spin, me, you, and everyone we know*…It takes a village to sell a subculture.[2]

In the late '90s, I had a band that refused to put out a CD. It felt very much like I was proving a point in 1996, like we weren't EMI's toy dogs. Turns out, it was not stubborn hardcore posturing, but a furthering of digital technology that made CDs a quaint medium, while analog has been rendered a rarified aesthete format[3]. For the Artiste. Strictly bourgeois. And for good reason: CD-Rs are dirt cheap, and petroleum is an increasingly embattled resource; 12" printing is more expensive, and simply owning crates of 7"s is an admission that you have the option to sometimes just *sit there and listen to music*! But good for you! Everyone should have that option! But A. They don't, and, B. Punk theory refuses to admit it is largely an aesthetic and thereby, luxury, enterprise. And if that's OK (I think it is), then you have to admit, as a punk, that A. Pictures of war brutality on the covers of records is unforgivably insensitive, B. you're more interested in ideological and aesthetic "purity" than actual social progression, and C. to posture outside of the mainstream grants undue power to an increasingly indefinable "mainstream," and doing so actually *voluntarily* cedes personal and collective power to a self-justifying "marginalized" identity (which is, as all group identities are, dangerous to the individual as well as the whole).

With that, I'll say that this is my last column for this magazine. I'm not withdrawing in anger or anything self-serving like that. Mostly I notice that as long as I have a monthly writing deadline, I tend to not write for my own zine. And zines are still important. Tiny ones, from cities you're never heard of. By teenagers and people older than 30.

Last things: Thanks to Arwen for inviting me on and Paul and Golnar and Chris for keeping me around for five years; I'll have a new record out around summer. The band is called Flaws and this magazine will probably not review it, even though it's got more notes per minute than nearly anything else in the review section. *Scenery* #21 will be out in the spring, except it's called *Late Era Clash* now. And I'll be at this address for a long time:

PO Box 28226, Providence RI 02908.

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[1] Don't front. You have folky friends. You have metal friends, too.

[2] The sub-point being, if you want to evade the mainstream (and I'm not saying that's the most important thing, I just want that we all face this), you're gonna have to start making/listening to music you can't even stand at first. Nearly any permutation of rock music will eventually be heard by your coworkers.

[3] That is, unless you're on tour in parts of Eastern Europe or Latin America, where tape is still king. And you know you still have that mixtape from eighth grade. Unless you're in eighth grade now, in which case I don't mean to alienate you…

"Are you a good team player? Remember, the boss is your best friend. Kill your head…"
—Born Against, "Well Fed Fuck"

This isn't a column about Born Against—although that's one of my three favorite songs by them, the ohers being "Jock Gestapo" and "Resist Control," which is a Life's Blood cover that they definitely made their own. It's the last track on their *Nine Patriotic Hymns For Children* album and, for a glorious four minutes and forty-eight seconds, those three lines are repeated ad-infinitum until it could kill your head. After you hear a recording of a woman saying, "since then I've moved up to a receptionist and now I'm a word processor," the drums lay down a sturdy beat, then the bass comes in and it leads to an absolutely crushing, lurching riff. Dramatic, heavy, numbing in its repetition. It makes you want to stomp around or punch the floor in a way that has nothing to do with tough-guy hardcore. If anything, Born Against were the antithesis of the tougher end of the NYHC spectrum. This is an effective musical expression of the drudgery and the soul-draining aspects of a lot of folks' employment situation. The pain of it—and Sam McPheeters' anguished, howling vocal effectively conveys those sentiments.

How many of you have been told about the importance of being a "team player" at work? Have you been required to take part in motivational or team-building exercises? A close friend of mine recently started a job at a social service agency that provides care for mentally-challenged and mentally ill people, among other things, and her fancy title is "Program Director." She oversees workers who provide direct care to mentally-challenged people in nursing homes. She had two weeks of orientation learning the job and a chunk of her orientation was learning about something called the FISH philosophy. The front page of their website (www.charthouse.com) touts "Essential Conversations that can TRANSFORM YOUR ORGANIZATION." I don't have enough space to fully explain this program but it's based on observations at the Pike Place Fish Market in Seattle and John Christensen, the "current CEO aka: Playground Director at ChartHouse Learning," as the website describes him, observed that "even in a workplace where fishmongers spent stinky, grueling 12-hour shifts stocking, selling and packing fish, remarkable results can occur when people accept the invitation to: 1) Be There for their coworkers and customers; 2) Play; 3) Make someone's day, and; 4) Choose their attitude about how they show up for work." That's from their site and I'm citing "fair use" in case they want to sue me for copying that description. In fact, those four elements are trademarked.

That program is used at my friend's workplace. If someone does a good job, they can be nominated for a FISH certificate, which is issued "for exemplifying one of the four principles of the FISH Philosophy." Not only does the worker get a certificate, they get a sticker to put on their name badge.

This is an expensive program... the complete "FISH Culture" package will run 'ya around $2000. Training DVDs vary in price from $450 to $900. It's all touchy-feely, bright, sunny, and upbeat, meant to create a more "fun" workplace, humanizing it, what have you. And it makes you feel as though you're part of a TEAM! Let's play...let's make someone's day. Whoopie! It just seems so shallow. But, hey, I'm a cynic. I don't trust any boss or company or agency as far as I can throw them because I know that, at the end of the day, it's still the work world and there will always be office politics, backstabbing, sabotage, etc. No matter what the company, no matter what the environment, that's always been my experience. No expensive, light-hearted program will ever change my opinion. If anything, it'll make me more suspicious. I have nothing against collaboration but when management attempts to build up a bogus, forced "team" concept, it just seems like so much bullshit.

Someone who is just as cynical as I am and has also worked in the social services field tells me it's a pretty good program. If it gets this woman's recommendation, maybe there's something to it, but I still find it hard to believe. Incidentally, my disbelief or cynicism is hardly unique. I did a bit of rooting around the internet and the Mutualist blog (mutualist.blogspot.com) directed me to some reviews on Amazon.com. Here are two of them: *"After reading this book, I have only one idea from this book. Since you are being raped, why not close your eyes and try to enjoy it instead of complaining about it."* And here's the second one: *"We have three authors with interesting and challenging jobs telling everyone else with bad jobs, bad bosses, and great big obligations to face the facts that there is nothing you can do about it so be happy instead of miserably depressed. It's not even "make the best of it"; it's "be happy in spite of it all"! I'm sure every business in this country wants all of their employees to change their attitudes rather than the business change the way they treat their employees, the way they structure jobs, and the way they compensate the people who work for them."* Don't worry, be happy. You might as well get in line. Conform or else. And even if you do conform, it doesn't guarantee that you'll have a job next week.

The thing is, a lot of people buy into that whole "team player" concept and the accompanying motivational programs. Goddamn, I hate that crap, all the hoo-hah that people are fed (maybe that's where the "well-fed" phrase comes from in that Born Against song). Not only fed. These people will convince themselves that it's for their own good. Companies spend a lot of money on programs like FISH or to send their employees to those big motivational get-togethers. You know, the "success" type ones where charlatans such as Anthony Robbins or Zig Ziglar appear. Robbins is known as a "coach." His real name isn't even Robbins, it's Anthony J. Mahavorick. I'd like to know how he ended up being a motivational guru—or "coach." It's quite an industry. I mean, there's nothing particularly appealing about Robbins and when I see a few minutes of one of his informercials, it just makes me laugh out loud. It also makes me wonder why people believe one word of that garbage. Or why they'd walk across hot coals, which is one of Robbins' gimmicks. I imagine all of these programs are a way to divert their attention from the fact that they could be laid off at any moment and that there's no such thing as job security anymore.

I also laugh out loud when I see any of those "Successories" items. You know what I'm talking about—those framed affirmation-type posters you see in offices. Teamwork. Goals. Attitude. Challenge. It's more than just that, though. I just took a glance at their website (www.successories.com) and there are all sorts of items to purchase. How about an "Essence of Teamwork" motivational clock? On one side is the clock, on the other is a small version of one of their posters and it concludes by saying, "In the end, teamwork can be summed up in five short words..."we believe in each other." Of course, that's until the company downsizes and you become a "free agent." That's another euphemism—the non biz-speak translation is "unemployed." I suppose, with my attitude, I'm destined to spend a lot of time in free agency.

It's a gigantic industry, this motivational, self-help stuff. Such books as *Who Moved My Cheese* and *The Seven Habits Of Highly Effective People*. Shelves and shelves of it at your local bookstore—likely a chain since the independent store was forced out of business a long time ago! Once again, I'm paraphrasing from different sources, but the apparent idea behind *Who Moved My Cheese* is that you have to accept change, to adapt, in order to succeed. This same friend gave that as an explanation when we were talking about that book. Basically, you should accept this change without questioning it. The concept is about mice in a maze—hmm... interesting choice.

Once my friend got through the FISH training (and, much to her profound disappointment, she hasn't been awarded a fish sticker yet), she finally got down to doing her actual job. There seems to be this obsession with what she wears to work instead of the job she's doing. I imagine that will eventually come under review but, in the meantime, she's constantly getting critiqued for her choice of apparel, which isn't anything outlandish. She's lost weight over the past year—it was part of the inspiration for me to do the same. The other inspiration was being tired of looking at overhanging gut and bloated face in the mirror. In any case, she's been trying to find better-fitting clothes (me too) and, in the meantime, she has to wear what she has. One day, her boss said the clothes were too baggy. Another day, she was told that her skirt and blouse looked good but most people didn't wear skirts there and was asked, "don't you want to fit in?" On "Casual Friday" (another silly biz-type term), she wore an acceptable sweater but was told that her accompanying scarf looked like she was "trying too hard" and that she should take it off. When shopping for work clothes, she now second-guesses whether it's too flashy or too casual or inappropriate. Sure, she shouldn't show up for work in her pajamas but I think her boss and other supervisors have rather warped priorities. Shouldn't making sure she has the ability to do her job competently is a bit more important than wondering if wearing a certain scarf means she's out of uniform? I guess she had too much "flair," whereas the Jennifer Aniston waitress character in Office Space didn't have enough. Although I guess the FISH stickers are acceptable flair. That reminds me that I need to see that movie again—did they nail the outright viciousness of the work environment or what?

I hate dress codes. Sure, it's part of the Real Work World, but it's interesting how bosses, managers, etc. get overly concerned with the most minute aspects of your wardrobe or appearance. When I worked as a bank teller, within the first month I was there, I got criticism for my shirts not being pressed well enough and the fact that I had a tiny bit of stubble on my face because I hadn't shaved the night before—using the "are you growing a beard?" put-down. I think that might have happened at my first post-collegiate job, as well—the one where I was a management trainee for a discount retail chain. That lasted about five months but it's another story for another time. Maybe. Incidentally, since I stopped working in a bank (in 1985), I've made a point of shaving every other day, most of the time. I could probably use a shave every day, but my face gets irritated and, frankly, if people are bothered by my five o'clock shadow, that's their problem.

By the way, there's another, earlier version of "Well Fed Fuck" on Born Against's *The Rebel Sound of Shit and Failure* anthology. I'm not as enamored of this version—although Sam sounds just as agitated, it's just a slightly lesser take of a great song. A different sample starts this one—there's a call to a talk show asking about when a child is no longer under the household authority and the person on the show says that, "speaking with a grandfather's heart, we never get out from under authority." What a shame that so many people are resigned to that concept—or embrace it, for that matter—and employers and other so-called authority figures take advantage of it every day.

DEPT. OF CORRECTIONS

In last issue's Pedestrians review, I said the band had broken up. That's not true and they'll be doing a European tour this spring. Sorry for the misinformation.

MUSIC REVIEWS:

COMPLETE WASTE-s/t (demo)

Five-song cassette demo (also available on CD-R) from this Minneapolis hardcore band. Another band who fits the loud/fast thrash mode and screams out the standard themes of alienation. They sometimes double up on the speed and it may not be a good idea for the guitarist to try a solo, as on "Why Do I Bother." Not bad and it's got good production, as well. (Cavan Reilly, 14 Oak Grove St. #306, Minneapolis, MN 55403, brian@tchardcorejournal.com)

DEADFALL – Mass Destruction (Six Weeks, CD)

Collecting all the 7"s, comp tracks and a rough-sounding demo track. Bay Area thrash—raw and unadorned, angry, etc. Early DRI is a clear influence—short, fast songs and it might be a tad more effective if they eased up on the ultra-fast speed from time to time. The occasional curveball, such as the surf-flavored "What A Bogus." You get your bile's worth, here and don't expect a lot of melody, just fury. (225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931, www.sixweeksrecords.com)

FUK/CHAOS UK – split (HG Fact, split CD single)

Two songs apiece from Fuk and Chaos UK and sharing the lineups. An intertangled history, too confusing to detail, but Mower and Gabba are both longtime Chaos UK people. Moving on to the music (that's the point, right?): Fuk has a fast, ferocious sound—I know how to turn a phrase, eh? The Chaos UK songs are a medley, essentially, starting with a sample saying "you are free to do as we tell you," a moment of Japanese music, and then careeening into a sound closer to speed metal on "All or Nothing," although "Hearts Of Noize" has some of the early 80's spirit. Blazing fodder from both bands. (http://www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact)

JILTED / BEYOND DESCRIPTION – split (Forest, CD)
VARIOUS – The Path To True Independence (Forest, CD)

A two-way split and a four-way split. First, the Italian band Jilted tears through their three songs with flail and scream and adequate ferocity. Beyond Description hammers away with a veteran band's skill—aggressive, rampaging hardcore. They show up again on the four-way split, along with Asbestos, Totsugeki Sensya, and Destruction. The best band here is Totsugeki Sensya—a raw distorted attack that eschews the metal. Beyond Description introduces more of a metallic side on these songs. They have better releases and there's the bass-pedal distraction, but the songs aren't bad. The tracks on the split with Jilted are better, though. Asbestos follow with an excessive, overwrought song, both in length and vocally. Once again, they have better material elsewhere. Finally, Destruction's fast 'n heavy opus is pretty good and it's a shame they're limited to one song here. (c/o Hideyuki Okahara, Ceramica 2 #301, 2-1-37 Minami, Kokubunji, Tokyo, JAPAN, okahara @pop02.odn.ne.jp)

LES HATEPINKS – Tête Malade/Sick In The Head (TKO, CD-EP)

Tres malade, tres bon. Vous écouterez ceci ou vous êtes stupide. I think you can probably figure out what I just typed. If not, all you need to know is this is a fuckin' cool EP. Les Hatepinks put '77 punk snot and post-punk into a scintillating mélange, uh, mix. Jabbing songs with a hit 'n' run quality and an edgy quirkiness. "Sweep The Shit" adds a little roche de garage to wind things up. Les Hatepinks had two previous albums and 2005's *Plastic Bag Ambitions* (also on TKO) is worthy of your time, as well. (8941 Atlanta Ave., #505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646, www.tko-records.com)

MEHKAGO N.T. – s/t (S.O.Y., CD)

Blazing lower-tuned Swedish-style hardcore-meets-metal (at least to my ears), recorded in a no doubt hot/humid summer environment in Florida. So it's natural they'd sound mighty agitated. The growly/distorted vocals make me thing of Gordo from Ratos De Porão. Five fast-paced, punishing songs with brutalizing breakdowns. (www.mehkagont.com)

MIDNIGHT RESURRECTOR – Life and Definition (HG Fact, CD)

M-E-T-A-L! The real stuff, man. Well, thrash/power metal and Midnight Resurrector haven't completely left hardcore behind. "Revert To The Brains" is a sub-minute blast. Kid brays out the vocals in a hoarse cadence—some of the enunciation reminds me of Tom G. Warrior. The axeman, Daisuke Yamaguchi wields an impressive Flying-V. There's even an acoustic interlude that avoids pretentiousness (not an easy feat). The English lyrics do seem clumsy and it may have made more sense to sing in their native language but, in all honesty, it's more the way they read than sound. At least he encourages knowledge, chiding people with "Intellect-Phobia." Maybe they're inventing their own language. Midnight Resurrector aren't writing a new musical language but it's a scorching one, nonetheless. (http://www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact)

MISS 45 – s/t (No Talent, CD)

OOO-WE-OOO-OOO… You hear that a lot on this five-songer by Miss 45. Trash punk/rock 'n' roll outta Sweden. The guitar licks are occasionally Thundersy but they aren't that campy looking. The drummer has a beard, for fuck's sake. In any case, "High Heeled Bitches" may be a tad puerile in the lyric department but it's catchy. So is the creatively titled, rockin' "(Everything's More Fun) When You're High." "Don't Wanna Be Like That" takes a quieter turn and, at nearly five minutes, isn't nearly as scintillating. Good, if nothing to make you lose your marbles. (www.notalentrec.com)

NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE – s/t (CD-R)

Pure negativity, anger, outrage—and the music matches the attitude. Four songs of full-tilt thrash without a break. The guitar lines have plenty of sizzle-wizzle without being excessive. I mean, there are only so many ways to describe straight-ahead hardcore punk but I'll say that this demo begs for a vinyl release. (www.myspace.com/nightstickjusticeba)

OUT WITH A BANG – I'm Against It EP (Fashionable Idiots, 7" EP)

Whoaah. I may tend to overuse the term scorching but it fits here. Out With A Bang, from Italy and featuring the snotty vocals of former Grabbies' mouth Alessandro, play with a devil-may-care ferocity. A middle finger proudly raised as they bash through these short, adrenlain-charged blasts, with no breaks between the songs, except when you pause to flip the record over. Garage, hardcore, and punk on a collision course, even getting a tad weirder for "Hurt Yourself." A little better produced than the Grabbies but still rough. A US pressing of their limited-run 12" and with one extra song. Punk fucking rock. (PO Box 580131, Minneapolis, MN 55458, www.fashionableidiots.com)

PULLING TEETH – Vicious Skin (A389, 10"/Chainsaw Safety, CD)

Vocalist Mike Riley logged time as the singer of The Spark and this band is decidedly more metal-sounding, while hanging on to some of the hardcore influence. But there's a Slayer-like charge to "Prepare For The Worst," especially the opening segment which takes a few notes from "Piece By Piece." That's not the only Slayer-esque moment, either. Plenty of adrenlain and the metal is convincing, instead of some lunkheaded chug chug approximation. The 10" comes with a huge fold-out poster that replicates the cover art. (A389: PO Box 12058, Baltimore, MD 21281, www.a389records.com/Chainsaw Safety: PO Box 260318, Bellerose, NY 11426, www.chainsawsafetyrecords.com)

SPLITTING HEADACHE – Night Terrors (Collapse, LP)

To recap, Splitting Headache include people from Tear It Up, Forward To Death, Dead Nation, and Full Speed Ahead. I think that covers it. All that matters is what's on the turntable anyway, right? And this album has been on there quite a bit since I acquired it. As you'd probably imagine, it's a loud, aggressive hardcore punk sound. Not blindingly fast, either, although they do stick to a quick pace and there are some hot guitar licks. It's a common, perhaps simplistic thing to point out but when there's a punk and rock 'n roll drive to this style, it works well. The lyrics convey alienation, uncertainty, fear and outrage, looking both inward and outward—for instance, the shattered lives of veterans that is the subject of "Another Headstone." Lest it get completely heavy, their cover of the Big Boys' "Narrow View" is an inspired choice and conclusion to this solid effort. (collapserecords@gmail.com)

TERMINAL YOUTH – s/t (To Live A Lie/DeRok/Give Praise, LP)

With their first album, Terminal Youth have taken it up a notch. Hammering thrash and grind/powerviolence moves that don't overwhelm things. Tight playing, easily able to navigate the tempo transitions and the addition of a second guitarist adds to the band's overpowering qualities, as well. Elements of early Dropdead, Crossed Out, while the songs that close each side of the LP have more of an anthemic, mid-paced style that bring 9 Shocks Terror to mind. Will Killingsworth's recording is full-sounding without being too slick. Terminal Youth have evolved into a raging band. (www.terminalyouth.tk)

TOTAL ABUSE – s/t (Drug Money, tape)

A 7" is due from this Texas band pretty soon but, in the meantime, here's an 8-song cassette. The letter says it includes ex-members of the Snobs, who put out a couple of pretty cool 7"s in the early '00s (hard to believe I'm using that term now). Raw, basic hopped-up hardcore punk with aggro and adrenalin. Some early Boston HC, DRI and Poison Idea influences—nowhere near that level yet, of course, and, as usual, the double speed doesn't always work to their advantage. But they definitely get it right on some songs here. (3703 Werner Ave., Austin, TX 78722, www.geocities.com/drugmoneyrecs)

VIOLENT ARREST – s/t (Deranged, LP)

When I first played this record on my radio show, I said the members of Violent Arrest were grizzled UK veterans and that's an apt description. I could list some of the pedigrees here—Excrement Of War, Heresy, Ripcord—three quarters of the band, here—and a couple of 'em were in Dumbstruck a few years back. As you'd guess, these guys play it loud and fast but there's an inherent tunefulness—well, in a hardcore punk framework. Work with me here. They're not completely reliant on speed, either—"Cannon Fodder" pounds away at a more measured pace. "Leavin' With Fuck All," meantime, has more of a DisScandiThrash (© Quint, 2007) feel. I'm around the same age as these guys (maybe a little older) and it's always good to see that, for some, the urge to rage, the need to have an outlet to exorcise life's frustrations, irritations and disappointments doesn't end when you hit 25 or 30. People who scoff at those sentiments are invited to go fuck themselves. Good job by these chaps. (www.derangedrecords.com)

Much abuse has been hurled at Halliburton and other well-connected contractors for overcharging and stealing from the people of Iraq and American taxpayers alike—and rightly so. But focusing on the contractors is a dangerous distraction. War profiteers are mere bit players in one of the biggest con jobs ever: the war itself.

In 2003, when Saddam statues were falling over and the wise white men of

Washington (and one fake black woman) still thought they had a prayer of finding WMDs, the Bush Administration was burning through $4.4 billion a month on Iraq. Now even the most rabid neocons have abandoned their dreams of finding the weapons, planting the seeds of democracy or even restoring electricity, let alone preserving Iraq's territorial integrity. And yet the deficit spending has *doubled*, to $8.4 billion in Iraq and $1.3 billion in Afghanistan.

The more we pay the worse it gets.

Iraq is a scam that Tony Soprano could only dream of. Through their representatives in Congress, arms dealers and energy companies have convinced us to waste our wealth on a war we no longer believe in. As a result we Americans, citizens of the wealthiest nation on the planet, are living like Third Worlders.

Some people, i.e. six billion people who live in other, poorer, countries, think it's funny. I find it bizarre.

Economist David Leonhardt notes some rarely mentioned hidden costs of Bush's misadventure, such as the "gas tax that the war has effectively imposed on American families" in the form of the increase in oil prices from $30 to $50 a barrel. Killing 600,000 Iraqis didn't come cheap; our military occupation troops have already blown up $100 billion in equipment and projectiles. All that materiel will have to be replaced. And don't forget $250 billion for disability payments and medical care for thousands of veterans who left body parts behind.

Leonhardt "didn't even attempt to put a monetary value on the more than 3,000 American deaths in the war." And why should he? After all, the government doesn't value them.

What if we left Iraq tomorrow—no troop "surge," no peace with honor, no Iraqization? Even an immediate cut-and-run would leaves us holding a $1.2 trillion tab—with nothing to show for it. (That's the optimistic view. Aside from the financial debt, the war's likely legacy is negative: weakened alliances, weakened international influence, being targeted by terrorists.)

What else might we have done with the $1.2 trillion we've wasted on the war, asks Leonhardt? Or with the $8.4 billion a month that's still being spent? He'd shift it to the even less winnable war, the one against Afghanistan. His is a dumb answer to a good question.

The Health Coverage Coalition for the Uninsured, a coalition of business and consumer groups, doctors, hospitals and insurance companies recently calculated that they could provide free healthcare for half of America's 47 million uninsured people with less than one-tenth of what we're currently spending on Iraq. Universal healthcare—flash a card, see a doctor and receive meds for free—would run less than half of what we've spent creating an Iranian-backed Shiite theocracy in Iraq.

Alternatively, we could put an end to our shameful status as the only industrialized nation with a system of for-profit higher education. Divvy up $200 billion a year among America's 16.7 million college students and you get almost $12,000 each—which happens to be the average cost of tuition, fees and housing at a four-year college or university. The trickle-up effect of freeing parents and college grads of the burden of student loan debt could give a significant boost to our consumer-driven economy. Aside from the economic benefits of earlier and bigger purchases of first homes and automobiles by young adults, there would be social dividends as debt-free twentysomethings eschewed the rat race in favor of idealistic careers as teachers and Peace Corps workers.

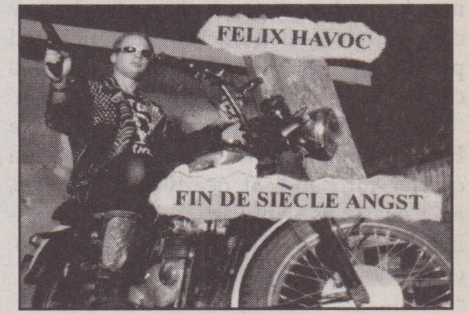
Or we could take a more direct approach: government subsidies of first-home purchasers. A new GI Bill for college graduates could reward their hard work with a check for a cool $75,000 each, to be put toward a down payment on a new house. That's over 25 percent of the price of an average home sale. Goodbye, housing slump!

Conservatives, the old-school kind, would argue that it would be better not to spend that $200 billion at all, whether on a pointless war or on social programs, no matter how worthwhile. Balanced budget über alles, and all that. I write "would" because it's damned near impossible to find an old-school conservative these days, particularly among the Congressmen who get to decide how to waste our money. The guys who pass for "conservative" now are the neocon psychos who got us into Iraq and Afghanistan in the first place.

The government is going to spend us into debt no matter what. If we're going to mortgage our children's future, shouldn't it be on something that makes their lives better?

New Book! *Silk Road To Ruin: Is Central Asia The New Middle East?* (NBM Publishing, 304 pages, $22.95), is out now. You can get the book at any bookstore or comics shop, or on the internet, or order a signed copy by mailing $30 to the above address (include your mailing address and how you'd like it signed).

Silk Road To Ruin, a comprehensive primer to the political powder keg of Central Asia—Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Kyrgyzstan, Kazakhstan, Tajikistan and Xinjiang in Western China—that will soon make the current war in Iraq look like Dick Cheney's proverbial "cakewalk." It includes 100 pages of graphic novella accounts of my trips to the Stans, photos and maps of the region, and in-depth essays explaining everything from oil pipeline politics to buzkashi, the craziest and most dangerous sport currently played by the human race.



I've devoted a lot of column space to early '80s DC hardcore lately. I'd like to turn to another facet of the early '80s DC music scene for a brief look at Go Go. Go Go was probably one of the last totally regional music styles to develop in the 20th century. While other regional styles become known and integrated into the mainstream of musical knowledge, Go Go has remained almost entirely a DC phenomenon.

Whenever I mention the '80s Go Go scene to anyone not from DC, the vast majority just look at me with a confused expression. What's Go Go? Go Go is a style of funk unique to Washington DC and Prince Georges County, Maryland. Go Go was "founded" by '60s-'70s soul veteran Chuck Brown in the mid '70s. I am far from an expert on Go Go; I have only a handful of Go Go records myself. But I grew up in DC and PG County, one of the only places in the US where whites are the minority, and Go Go culture and music was all around me. Stylistically, Go Go has its roots in '70s funk—you can hear the influence of Parliament in the horns and guitars. But the main differentiating factor with Go Go is its percussive drive and vocal patterns.

Almost every Go Go song is powered by a hopped up "jungle beat" of drums, timbales and congas with frequent roto tom rolls. The songs feature a steady percussive drive with melodies often lifted from popular R&B songs, advertising jingles and pop culture. The other main differentiating factor is the vocal pattern and "live" vibe of the music. The vocal patterns feature frequent call and response, and a lot of audience interaction. The synthesizers also mimic a lot of what you heard bands like Parliament doing in the '70s, and also some Kraftwerk influence—in fact, Trouble Funk reworked "Trans Europe Express" into "Trouble Funk Express." Almost every Go Go song sounds improvised, like an extended jam at a party. In fact there are precious few studio Go Go records, and even those feature canned crowd noises to sound like they were recorded at a house party or dance hall.

Go Go took off in DC in the late '70s and early 1980s. This was the era of Reaganomics, the slashing of social programs, and the beginning of the erosion of the gains and promise of the civil rights movement. At the same time, DC was gripped by a recession that hit the poor black communities around DC very hard. The drug trade was one of the only businesses still doing well and a massive crime wave made DC one of the nation's most dangerous and violent cities in the '80s. Unlike early hip hop, which was its contemporary, Go Go was not really a music of social criticism or protest; rather it was high-energy party music. I would liken it to the popularity of big band swing in the depths of the Depression. When the world outside is hopeless, perhaps some escapism and party music is in order. Go Go is 100 percent party music. As mentioned above, every song sounds like it was recorded at a house party or sweaty club. Most of the Go Gos were old dance halls or theatres converted into night clubs. A lot of Go Go bands also played dances and street parties. As a young punk rocker, I went to several of these street parties and Go Go was of course very popular at high schools like mine, where Go Go bands would perform at school dances.

Go Go remains almost completely unknown outside DC. Even in nearby Baltimore or Richmond there was never much of a Go Go scene. Most Go Go was recorded live on cassette by "boom box kids" who brought huge boom boxes to gigs and made tapes, then dubbed them and sold them at schools and on the buses and trains. There were so many of these kids at my school that the school banned boom boxes on school grounds! There is even a Trouble Funk song where they "dedicate one to the tape recorder crew." There are a few Go Go records. The primary label was TTED/DETT, with precious few Go Go bands getting any recognition by non DC labels. The best known Go Go acts are Chuck Brown and the Soul Searchers and Trouble Funk.

Chuck Brown was the godfather of Go Go, and his "We Need Some Money" and "Bustin Loose" were local hits in the early '80s. Chuck Brown actually released a few LPs of standard soul/funk by the Soul Searchers in the early '70s before developing the Go Go sound around 1980s with "Bustin' Loose." There are a number of CDs by Chuck Brown, but I have no idea if they feature the classic '80s Go Go tracks or some later material.

Trouble Funk is probably the best-known Go Go act, and in my mind the quintessential band playing in the genre. Trouble Funk released several live LPs and a few studio albums. There's a CD reissue called *Droppin' Bombs* that features most of the hits.

Their LP *Drop the Bomb* is probably the best studio Go Go record and one of the all time great party albums. The Beastie Boys have sampled off this record more than few times in their career. However, most diehards feel that double LP version of "In Times of Trouble," which features a live LP, is their best material. Go Go always sounds better in a live/party atmosphere and the live versions of the hit songs on live records are usually superior to the studio versions. Go Go had a live jam feel and the songs often turned into medleys and extended jams with recurring melodic themes or choruses. Go Go was all about this driving percussion and funky bass, you could drop in a horn riff, guitar solo or vocal melody lifted from a pop song or TV commercial and it would still sound totally crucial and high energy. Trouble Funk famously played with Minor Threat and the Big Boys at what was Minor Threat's last show. I once saw them play with Government Issue as well. Trouble Funk were one of the only Go Go bands to get any recognition outside DC, with cult followings in the UK and Japan and a brief collaboration with Kurtis Blow.

Experience Unlimited (EU) was another popular Go Go band. They had the dubious honor of briefly signing to a major label in the late '80s and being featured in a Spike Lee movie, a rather laughable attempt to take Go Go to the national R&B audience. Their early '80s material, though, is smoking, there are two tracks on the seminal compilation LP *Go Go Crankin'/Paint the White House Black.*

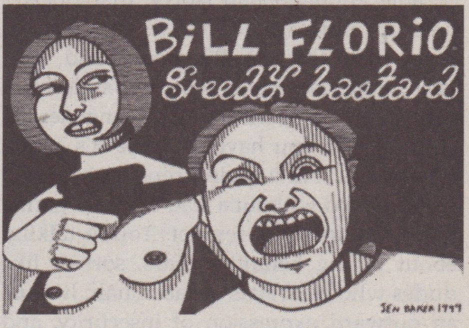
Rare Essence (RE) was another classic '80s Go Go band. I've never seen any RE vinyl, although there are probably some 12"s. There is a greatest hits CD around, but I'm not sure if it's true early '80s material or reworked '90s versions.

Junkyard Band was a band that started out as little kids playing on buckets and oil drums outside subway stations. I used to see this band jamming away busking at metro stations. They were legitimately elementary and junior high kids trying to blaze Go Go in a total DIY street way. They got some recognition by the local press and recorded some songs that got radio airplay. Their song "Sardines" is a scorching Go Go rager. Later on I think the Beastie Boys also sampled or covered this track.

I would note as well that a lot of '80s Go Go acts wore 1930s-style big band uniforms suitably pimped out to '80s standards, the live shows featured a lot of synchronized dance moves, and the audience interaction/call and response was something on par with the intensity of hardcore punk. If you don't believe me, check out some of the Go Go videos on Youtube. In fact, I'd say the quickest way to get an introduction to Go Go would be to check out the vintage '80s video on Youtube of Trouble Funk's "Hey Fellas." If you don't "get" Go Go after watching it you never will.

The other best starting point is the aforementioned compilation LP *Go Go Crankin'/Paint the White House Black,* which features Chuck Brown, Trouble Funk, EU, and others. Outside of a few collectors and fans in the UK there seems to be very little knowledge or interest in Go Go. Most of the Go Go vinyl I have was scored for a few bucks in record stores far from DC where no one even knew what Go Go was about. If you've spent a lot of time in record stores you've probably flipped past some TTED 12"s or Trouble Funk LPs without a second glance.

There was also a pretty active Reggae scene in DC in the early '80s that had some influence on hardcore punk, but I'm even less knowledgeable about this scene, so next month it's back to hardcore.



Last month I was watching my friend and bandmate Neil Halpin's other band the Mercy Killers, a much under-appreciated three-piece based in upstate New York. Anyhow, I realized that they are a pretty straightforward hard rockin' punk band, yet they don't have a front man, lead singer. Well, I thought, it's not really rare for a band to all play instruments yet remain unwussy in the least. You know, like Fear, and…hmm…Fear, and, um, Motörhead—wait, they're a metal band. Well, then, there's always Adrenalin O.D., but then again, they're kinda wussy as far as attitude goes; I mean *Youth Blimp, Nice Song in a Key of D*, the last two albums. Well, you know, Kevin Seconds ended up picking up a guitar at some point and ceased being a front man… Oh crap, *those* records. Ew.

Actually for a while now I've been noticing that certain shows end up providing one with an all-encompassing wussiness IMAX experience. And to really think about it, almost all the bands playing them don't have a front man. All these fashionable new power pop bands with the hair hats and the Nikki Six pants and recycled Knack riffs. They're all a bunch of wusses and hardly any of 'em have front men—some even favor someone pretending to play guitar, it seems. And the craziest thing that happens at a show? Someone spills a beer on a $300 smoking jacket; someone's 16-year-old girlfriend gets carded. Then you got the 15-year run of the dirty Salvation Army-clothes-wearing kids from the suburbs sounding like the wussiest of wussy bands that came out on Lookout Records in 1992 or so. When they have a front man, he/she seems to hide in a corner somewhere, staring at the ground. Yeah, it's so much fun, really.

I brought this up to a few people and they all came up with some half-answer, "What about those crusty bands from Pittsburgh?" Hey, singing those clueless political songs is just as wussy as singing about bubble baths. And you know those folks would play metal if they were sober or able enough—nah, sorry, that doesn't hold up, and Zeke are really more of a '70s metal band than an '80s punk band. And yeah, there are some obscure bands from 1981 here and there that fit, Teengenerate, etcetera, but you have to agree it's a rare occurrence. Nine point nine out of ten times a band without a lead singer is gonna be wussy in some respect. You're talking about hiding behind guitars, sort of like dudes who wear hats or facial hair. It's just an outward expression of insecurity, and insecure dudes make insecure tunes.

But let's expand on this further. When you have wussy bands, you also end up with wussy fans. My friend (who will remain anonymous) actually said, "Wait, "Crimpshrine wasn't a wussy band and they didn't have a lead singer." OK, a band that had whistling parts and gave birth to Fifteen? Probably the wussiest band in all existence? There's something wrong with this world and we need a new regime of crazy front men to scare this element away altogether. I mean, a hippie jam band can be funny in some ways, but don't call them hardcore.

Lemme just say—I have no problem with wussy bands. I have no problem with some of the wussiest bands around. I like a whole lot of them in fact. I also think it's a good idea to keep it mixed up, too. I've already gone into this in other columns, but if we wanna follow some basic rules, punk, to remain healthy and stirred-up, meaning the opposite of stagnant, needs to have three aspects to make it work.

You need a music style. It is hard enough to figure out which sounds actually add up to punk, so to give it some context you need a communication medium—cough—zines. (I guess also message boards to some extent, except for the shitheads that never leave their houses because they live inside message boards. That's pretty Dungeons & Dragons, folks.) Then you also need some sort of physical expression. We seemed to have failed in the dance department, but I nominate heckling and general showgoer mischief. I was recently at a show where a full-size Christmas tree was being tossed around like a volleyball, ultimately pegging some kid squarely on the forehead and turning him into a smiling hamburger. Hey, it's stupid, but you can be sure the band that was playing had a front man. It's hard to get psyched up when there isn't someone up front daring the crowd to fuck with him. Even if it's all in jest, it still adds a whole lot to a show. What we need is all of these elements to make it different than something you'd catch in a sports bar in Yonkers, New York. That's what I'm saying. If you break it all apart, if you have wussy bands playing with only other wussy bands, a year later, you have kids who have no appreciation for a Christmas tree smacking into a kid's forehead and him being totally happy with it. A kid will stagedive, hit the floor, and people will show some concern other than laughing at him and helping him up.

I'll go a little further, to say that this absence of front persons has let some seriously bogus punk offshoots come into play, like World Music Punk and Motel 6 Theme Song Punk. I mean, this is the kind of thing that we will all totally make fun of in five years, but there seems to be a significant amount of people really into this boring sap nowadays. If you threw a front man into that mix wearing a pair of boxing gloves, maybe I could get into it. But the truth is, that's not gonna happen. It takes a wuss to make a wuss event and it would probably be a lot funnier if everyone in the crowd donned some boxing gloves and broke a violin bow over someone's fat ass. Folk and wrestling—I'd buy a ticket to that in advance. Too bad it'll never happen. It's like a Hemp Fun Run. A good band from Philadelphia. Sure, we can make our mark on the world, but no one's freaking Jesus.

There's also the type of person that fronts a band and decides to do away with concentrating on playing an instrument. He becomes an emcee, if you will—a cheerleader for the band. Sure, most of them are psychopaths or sociopaths or taking some path most people wouldn't follow into some woods that are probably on fire, but it makes it much more interesting, and a lot of times a good front man can overcome sub-par singing with some good performance. Look at HR (at least look at him before most of us were old enough to go to shows—fifty bucks to see a dude in a rumpled suit mumble into a Madonna mic and wear a Kawasaki motorcycle helmet; I don't think so).

That makes me bring up two outright prejudices I can't shake. I'm totally cool with anyone of any race, sexual preference or deviance, or gender confusion, Jesus Freaks, Hasids, people who smell bad, people with more pus in their face than piercings—but there are two things I can't get over.

***

Madonna mics. There's no reason for a non-phone sex operator to wear a little creepy mic on their face. This goes for the dudes smoking Kools outside the bar talking into their cell phone headset and anyone using its evil twin that hooks up to a PA. I happen to know it's hard to even buy a wireless creepy face mic without the matching handheld and clip on, both which are also creepy, but there's just no excuse. It makes me wanna unzip my Dickies and pee on you.

Bike messenger caps. I dunno what the proper name for these little organ grinder/breakdancing lawn jockey things is. But they creep me out, I seem to have a problem with bike messengers in general, but someone in close proximity to me wearing that hat makes me check to see if

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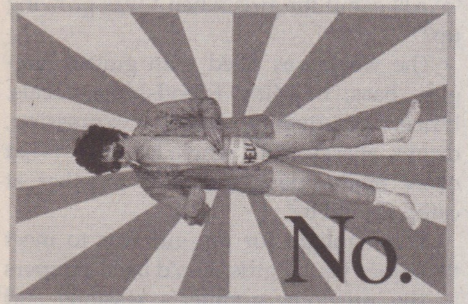
***

OK, back to our regularly scheduled stupid.

The best bands are always gonna have that element that makes a live show worth it, and takes away the wussiness, or at least the thought of being wussy. Can you imagine Poison Idea with Jerry playing bass? Jon Geek from the Fleshies wielding a keytar? Martin doing a guitar solo in the middle of a Limp Wrist mosh part? MDC with Dave strumming an autoharp? Hmmm, I actually could imagine that, but I've probably seen MDC do worse.

Next month: why I love those crayons made of soap that you can write all over the shower with.

bill@candids.com



My column this month is short; it's simply a response to a good question from Dolf of *TRUST* zine in Germany with regard to the debate on race in this space a few months ago…More new stuff next month!

From: Dolf Hermannstaedter
Subject: dec. kolumn
Date: Tue, 06 Feb 2007 17:12:43 +0100

Hi John,

Dolf here from TRUST Fanzine in Germany, I was browsing over your column and found your thought about "race does not exist" interesting. It would be great if it is that way. But by saying that you would also say a German Shepard dog and a tackle are the same race; they are not, same species, yes, but race is by definition lower then species. You probably know that… I liked the part that since all human beings can fuck each other, they are all the same race…. unfortunately not.

Just thought I tell you. I wish I had more time to read all your stuff on gentrification, but I don't…
thx,
dolf

My Response:

Yes, but it all depends on how one defines "race." Do we mean it as ethnicity? Clan? Sub-species? Nationality? The Random House dictionary has all these definitions:

1. A group of persons related by common descent or heredity.
2. A population so related.
3. Anthropology.
a. Any of the traditional divisions of humankind, the commonest being the Caucasian, Mongoloid and Negro, characterized by supposedly distinctive and universal physical characteristics: no longer in technical use.
b. An arbitrary classification of modern humans, sometimes, esp. formerly, based on any or a combination of various physical characteristics, as skin color, facial form, or eye shape, and now frequently based on such genetic markers as blood groups.
c. A human population partially isolated reproductively from other populations, whose members share a greater degree of physical and genetic similarity with one another than with other humans.
4. A group of tribes or peoples forming an ethnic stock: *the Slavic race.*
5. Any people united by common history, language, cultural traits, etc.: *the Dutch race.*
6. The human race or family; humankind: *Nuclear weapons pose a threat to the race.*
7. Zoology. A variety; subspecies.
8. A natural kind of living creature: *the race of fishes.*
9. Any group, class, or kind, esp. of persons: *Journalists are an interesting race.*
10. The characteristic taste or flavor of wine:
Adjective:
11. Of or pertaining to the races of humankind.

In other words, the term is complex. In the US, and historically since Franz Boas promulgated his anthropological theories in the early 20th century, race is generally taken to mean *ethnicity*, to the educated, and *subspecies*, to the uneducated (for the most part). The idea that race constitutes subspecies gives birth to theories that infer genetic differences in cognitive and physical abilities. This has been impossible to prove in any replicable, well-referenced, peer-reviewed scientific study.

In the US in particular, and the world in general, we are all mutts. If humanity is marked by anything, it is a great deal of mobility. Certain adaptive traits tend to be more commonly selected for/replicated in certain environments (sickle cells in sub-Saharan Africa as a mechanism against malaria; lighter skin color in northern climes making vitamin D absorption from the sun more efficient), but if you look at the DNA of any given person, they are as likely to be closely related to populations halfway across the world as they are to their neighbors—research has proven this time and time again. I'm a quarter Slovakian, a quarter Lithuanian, and half Italian in background, but I have "Asian" shovel-shaped incisors, which are a dominant gene. This is probably as a result of some ancestor getting together, voluntarily or not, with an invading Mongolian Hun. But who knows?

But defined as ethnicity, related much more strongly to culture than genetics, race definitely exists. In the US in particular, however, even this is extremely complicated, due to hundreds of years of ethnic intermingling. This is a matter of clearer definition for a term, a term with an extremely loaded history that the vast number of people associate with immutable genetic characteristics. So, in this context? I don't believe race exists, at least not how most people define it.

From: Alvaro
Subject: The last comment
Date: February 8, 2007

You can't drop Boas and not expect Gramsci. Or Laclau, Mouffe, Canclini, and Yuduce. And I wish I could remember which of those wrote that killer sentence that put it all in place and made fun of you, John, too. It's been like ten years since I was in grad school so I'm not too sharp on the exact articulation, even though I just spent an hour, I kid you not, looking through old papers, notes, books, and xeroxes trying to find this line. It was a throwaway, wasn't the main part of the point, and it was in the intro to something else, so it was easy to overlook. But when I read it, it put everything in place. It said something like "Race tends to be seen in one of two ways—determinant of reality by the heirs of positivism, and as nonexistent, really, by the misinterpreters of liberalism, when it actually lies somewhere in between."

Maybe the problem with your interpretation of race comes from taking the Boas route. But of course, you're studying anthro, so you have to. In what I studied, race had much less to do with dominant genes than just plain old domination. Sure, the idea of race comes from the genetic differences, but the institution and application of race is about power. Just like the study of gender has a scientific beginning, it, at least at this point in time, is being understood culturally. And in our time, or ten years ago when I had *my finger on the pulse, the key word was construct.*

Race is very real indeed, as a social construct. Whether imaginary or not, with its roots in the petri dish and its head in a melting pot, and even if you like it or not, race is a functioning member of this world. Sure, you can say that you're a mutt and so is everybody, especially since you have the knowledge to point out the characteristics in your body that map out quite a fun world tour. But the guide to what is real isn't one person's booklearning of what is hidden within us, it's a particular society's understanding of what is obvious in the world.

This complicates the thing tremendously because not everything is obvious in the same way to everybody. And as soon as you even put the word up on a pedestal like that, you quickly notice that nothing is actually "obvious" ever. It is only obvious because we all decided it is. like the way that it is obvious in the US, thanks to particular laws at particular times (construct!) that deemed humans "black" if they had one drop of african blood in them. Thus ensuring that the US would become "black" if the peoples weren't separtated. Which is exactly the same way it is obvious in Brazil that skin color is one's determinant of race, since at a particular time there was a particular push to create a whiter nation out of a population of 10% European decent and a whole lot of "other." So that a child born of black and white parents is as white as his or her skin, and hopefully that lightness will help that child attract someone even lighter to thus procreate into a white future.

So it's not the genes that make a race. It's our societal narratives, our science with our politics with our genetics with our previous understanding of everything we think we know. And at times, it all just goes upside-down and backwards and a new narrative is created. Just ask the Irish, niggers in the US till the early 19th cent., when suddenly they "adapted" (read, it was necessary for the dominant race to include them as "white" so racial re-negotiations occured) and suddenly the Irish were the cops!

My prediciton for the next upheaval?... Latinos are gonna get jumped into whiteness in the US before the 2012 elections. It'll be a weird whiteness, because of the two languages, but you can already see the societal renegotiation taking place in advertising and politics. You know... I think I just wrote the essay I should have written at NYU before I dropped out with an incomplete in race studies.

My response:

You are *exactly* right. It is a construct. I stand corrected: it certainly does exist, and is far from irrelevant. One thing it does not do is make us genetically different at birth, in any substantive way, beyond a few localized adaptive traits. But as soon as a baby is aware of the existence of other people, and how they treat them? There it is, and there it will be for the rest of their lives.

From: Corbett
Date: February 8, 2007

I heart Ned Flanders.

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My Mother Wears Combat Boots
Jessica Mills

George W. Bush Is An Asshole

Yes, the above might be an understatement, a cliché even. But that phrase has recently taken on a new meaning. And to find out what it is, keep reading…

We moved to Seattle just in time for my big girl to catch the last summer of 2006 session of the Rock 'n' Roll Camp for Girls in Portland. (In case you don't know, the RNRCFG is a non-profit organization whose mission it is "…to encourage, engage, and showcase the musical, artistic and individual talents of girls and young women ages 8-18, and to empower them with tools for self-reliance as a means to enhance and affirm positive self-esteem.)

Several months beforehand, I'd called a friend who works there to ask if she could pretty please do me a favor. I asked her to check with the other instructors if there was any way my girl, a year and a half younger than the minimum age requirement, could attend. I pleaded, "She's a head taller than the other kids her age. She'll totally blend in as an eight- or nine-year-old and she'd be thrilled to be able to lie about being older. And it will really, really help her meet new friends and transition into living in the area after such a big move from Florida." She said she'd ask for me but to not get my hopes up.

I went about my business, thinking the answer would be no. She finally called to give me the news that yes, my girl could attend, but under the condition that I stick around to help her out when/if she needed extra help. "Hell yeah, we'll be there," was my thankful reply.

After all the sweaty junk letting, packing and moving from the SE corner of the US map to the NW corner, getting to do something just for fun with my big girl was awesome. (I was able to leave the baby behind in Seattle with Daddy 'Nesto.) At first she was shy being around the older girls, but once one of them offered, "Do you wanna sit here next to me?" at one of the group workshops, she started opening up.

And I found myself wishing I were a kid again. Why couldn't there have been a rock 'n' roll camp for girls when I was growing up?

The week was filled with guitars, giggles, bass, budding friendships, vocals, lyrics, personality, amps, expression, drums, energy and a whole lot more. What every mother-daughter week together at camp should be!

The highlight for my girl was to meet two other young girls who'd been campers at the previous summer's sessions and who'd formed a band of their own, Black Peppercorns, while at the camp. They'd stayed together all year, practicing, writing songs, and playing songs, and had just recorded their first CD. They'd come to play for this session's campers and my girl was in awe. They were nine years old. And my girl wanted to be just like them.

The highlight for me was my girl asking, "Can I get a drum set for Christmas?"

To which I replied a silly, "Uh, let me think about it…yes!"

I didn't want her to lose momentum so once we got back to Seattle, I went out and got her a practice pad, sticks and a beginner's book so she could keep practicing and I could help her learn some new beats. Immediately, there was lots of rat-a-tat-tapping on the practice pad, and on lots of other things around the house too.

She started school a week later. I knew the public school we'd signed her up for was cool and all (it was started by education activists and radical parents in the early 1970s who held sit-ins at the school board demanding an alternative to the current public education crap being offered—and won!) but I had no idea that their idea of "music class" equated to a room equipped with guitars, basses, amps, drums, a PA, keyboards and microphones.

So, so much cooler than the recorders and cardboard-like violins I had to learn when I was in elementary school. Needless to say, she loves her new school and I've never seen the kid happier!

She was tapping about at home constantly, getting weekly music class time at school to bang around and for the first time ever, 'Nesto and I were as excited as she was for Christmas to come. The drum set would be as much for us as it would be for her. (Ironically enough, I'd sold mine to a papa needing a Christmas present for his kid when I was pregnant with her back in '99.)

Around the middle of October, a month after she started school, she told me that she and a few of her classmates were in a band.

"Oh, really?" I inquired.

"Yeah," she said, "I play the drums, Viv plays bass, Else and Maddie sing, and Clare plays the guitar. Well, we all sing if we want to, but it's mostly Else and Maddie making up the words."

"Yeah?" I wanted to know more.

She continued, "We've only gotten to do it once when it's just us and none of our other classmates, but Clare's dad said that if it's OK with the other parents, we can go to his house on Saturdays to practice because he has stuff he said we can use."

I told her, "Well, Daddy and I don't know him. We're gonna have to meet him and check it out first. But we'll see." Inside, though, I was pinching myself. *Could it be that my girl was really going to start playing in a band at the age of six?*

Then I asked, "Does your band have a name yet?"

"No," she said, "We can't think of anything good."

"How about We're Done Playing Dolls?" was the suggestion that popped into my mama brain.

She rolled her six-year-old eyes at me in a way that made her look sixteen.

Over the next week, her enthusiasm didn't waver. Phone numbers were exchanged. Another week later, we finally met Clare's dad at a birthday party that all the girls in the class had been invited to. After talking with him a while, we decided it would be OK for our girl to start going there on Saturdays while one of us hung out there with them.

It was amazing, actually, these Saturday afternoons spent hanging out with these girls. Overhearing their ideas about how a part should "Go like this" and "How does this sound?" I had to remind myself that they ranged in age from six to eight. Listening to their super short and sometimes silly, but always energetic efforts, I couldn't stop smiling. They were really doing it!

A couple weeks before Christmas, there was another birthday party. This time, it was a mix of boys and girls. My girl informed me that the boy "she has a crush on" was there and warned that I'd better not say anything to him to embarrass her. I rolled my eyes at her this time.

When it came time to sing Happy Birthday to the birthday girl, the birthday girl's mom gathered the kids around the cake. Out of nowhere, my girl's crush-boy blurted, "How about we sing George W. Bush Is An Asshole instead?" A few parents (and the birthday girl's grandparents) were too, too stunned to respond. The rest of us cracked the fuck up. The boy's mom had to admit that yes, he'd gotten that from home.

I told her, "Don't worry. Our house is like that, too."

My girl must have been impressed by how much of an uproarious response her crush-boy had gotten because on the way home, she said, "I finally thought of a name for our band … George W. Bush Is An Asshole!"

"Are you kidding?" I asked.

She said, "No, really! You saw Else and Clare at the party, right?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, they like the name, too."

"You're kidding," I replied.

"No, really. We want to make people laugh and that name will definitely make people laugh," she explained.

"Yeah, it's a funny band name all right. But, I don't know … so is "I Farted," but you're not gonna name your band "I Farted," are you?" I reasoned further, "Do you just want to make people laugh or do you want them to like your songs?"

"Both," she said.

"All right, well, it's not my band, y'all name it what you want," I conceded.

At the next Saturday's practice, the Saturday before Christmas, it was decided. The band was officially named George W. Bush Is An Asshole. And it was also decided that they were gonna play their first show in February.

Evidentally, the day before, Clare's dad had taken Clare and Maddy to an in-store show at a record store he used to work at. The girls asked him if their band could play there, too, someday. He didn't know, so he got to talking to the woman who sets up the shows there at the record store and after telling her about the girls' band, she enthusiastically said yes, that they could play in February with The Trucks, an all-girl band, originally from Bellingham but now living in Seattle, that sounded like a cross between Bratmobile and Le Tigre.

All of George W. Bush Is An Asshole was excited, if not a little scared. They decided to try to get five songs tight enough by February to play at the show and to step up practice to two days a week, Saturdays and Sundays.

The next week was Christmas. My girl got her drum set. We'd never, ever seen her so focused on anything, not even the ballet classes that she begged for and totally loved when she was three and four.

Every weekend in January, George W. Bush Is An Asshole practiced both Saturday and Sunday. They got their five songs ready, songs that sounded like nothing I've ever heard before. (One is called "Hopper," about their class pet gecko. And another is "When We're Teenagers.") They're all less than two minutes long and most of the time, they all finish the song at the same time.

I helped them make their first flyer, but because of the band's name, they weren't allowed to pass it out at school. Instead, we passed it out outside of the school's gate after school hours one day. They were covered with sparkly star stickers.

On the day of their first show, all of us band parents decided to meet at the school and car pool to the record store with the kids and their instruments. I think we were more excited than they were because one of the girls said, "Please stop taking pictures of us. We're not even there yet."

Once there, everything was smooth. Roadie style, we helped them carry their stuff in and set up. None of the girls chickened out. None of the parents yelled between songs, "That's my baby!" And everyone there clapped for them. They were clapping for the songs, their efforts and the girls themselves. Of course, the band name got the laughs they were looking for. They were so freaking proud of themselves!

After the show, the guy who does Click Pop Records, the same label The Trucks are on, told us he'd be into doing a 7" with them. My girl explained to the other girls what a 7" is. I collected my jaw off the floor.

We helped them pack up and load out and then stuck around to see The Trucks. The girls thought they were a really fun band and asked if they could play with them again.

"We'll see what happens," I told my girl, "but right now, we need to be getting home. It's past your bedtime."

"But rock stars don't have bedtimes,"

she protested with a silly-sarcastic tone.

Before I could finish my eye rolling, she gave me a nudge, "I know, I know. Let's go."

I helped her and her swollen little girl ego into her booster seat and fastened her seatbelt.

And I couldn't help smiling to myself, thinking that everything's more than all right – so far so good, I've escaped being a soccer mom by being a band mom instead.

Rock on!

Punkparents, get in touch.
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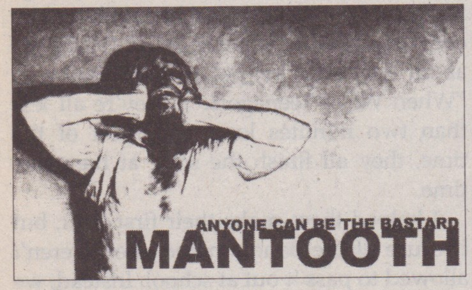
ANYONE CAN BE THE BASTARD
MANTOOTH

High School Mosh Redux Vomits Nostalgia (a Primer)

I was first turned onto hardcore/punk in a strange, although not atypical, environment. My hometown, orbiting 45 minutes outside Philadelphia, is of no particular note other than the original *Blob* movie being filmed there. I take some sense of pride from being able to say that my teenage mischief was had on the same streets down which Steve McQueen might have once strode his mighty stride. While I'm told that downtown Phoenixville is now experiencing a "revival," to me it will always be a place grasped tight in the stranglehold of antique dealers that swooped in like hawks after the local steel mill shut down. I weep for Phoenixville's youth because chic coffee shops and expensive bistros will never be appropriate hideouts from the cops like those dusty Goodwills, managed by near blind and deaf elderly, once were.

I was in eighth grade the first time I heard anything "punk." Up until that point, I hadn't really listened to music besides Weird Al Yankovic tapes I found in abovementioned Goodwills. I snuck into the YMCA with my friend Ho. He had a mixtape someone had made for him with Subhumans, Crass, and, The Mighty Mighty Bosstones. We hid in an empty classroom eating pretzels we shook out of a vending machine and listened to the tape. I honestly can't remember my reaction to it. I probably said, "oh, cool," but most of my memories after that day seemed to revolve around going to shows, buying records, hot gluing patches on my clothes (I didn't know how to sew), and painting my own band shirts (I didn't know how to screen print).

And for some reason I was immediately straight edge and wore my hair in liberty spikes, going through at least a can of hairspray a week.

I was never picked on in high school for being "punk." The jocks left me alone for the most part. Only two groups ever picked on me. The goths would throw tater tots at me during lunch and would later sieg heil at me when they became Nazi skins; the "hawdcore" kids shoved me into lockers. I credit these two crowds for being the reason why I never got into big pants, Earth Crisis, or Type O Negative. And for that I'm eternally grateful.

Never able to secure transportation into the wilds of Philadelphia, little Mantooth was left the scraps of punk that played at the local Hungarian club. I'm sure I'm somehow a better person for having to endure such torment, but under my belt are the likes of All Out War, Vision of Disorder, Fury of Five, Hatebreed, and almost, Madball. Before the show, Freddy Madball got into a fistfight with some local in the street. Freddy was taken to jail before the show even starts.

Then there were the two local bands consisting of the entire "crew" that one time tried to take my lunch money: Kazm and Headstrong. Kazm was fucking hard. Shit was rap metal before there was rap metal. Well, not really *before*, but more like *during*. The singer would later find a career in homeless schizophrenia, battling dragons down by the Schuylkill River.

Headstrong was also fucking hard. The singer was the same guy who started www.pahardcore.com, which I guess turned into some kind of big internet thing amongst douchebags who probably frequent the Bridge 9 message board nowadays. He was also pretty fucking hard in case you couldn't guess by the URL. I think my brain has successfully extricated their sound out of the deepest crevices of my brain, so I'm afraid I can't lavish you with a hilarious description of their music other than that it was probably just a bunch of palm-muted bullshit dry humping drop d.

Of course, I had my own shitty band. We were called Urination and started off as a cover band. We covered Kazm and Headstrong songs with cleverly reconstructed titles. "The Toughest" became "The Dumbest," and the lyrics "I will be heard" became "I am fat." Sheer fucking genius. Why did I ever break edge? I wonder how many baby kernels of hilarity were aborted by the drink.

Later, our songs would mature and become a bit more personal as we switched to original compositions about robbing ice cream stores and having blood in our stools. I believe the opening lines to the latter, called "Bloody Stool," were, "stabbed your ass with a plastic fork and then I plugged it with a cork." Unfortunately, those are not Greg Mantooth originals. My friend Ho wrote and crooned those (like most high school bands should, we had two singers). My song "Details at 11" was a ballad attempting to convey my misgivings and distrust of the media. Something about airplanes falling from the sky and believing all their lies. I don't know what the hell I was talking about. I think I wrote it after someone gave me one of those triple CDs of Jello Biafra tellin' it like it is. I couldn't think of a shittier gift. Why would anyone do that to me? I still carry that pain in my heart till this very day and is the hidden cause of most of my neuroses.

We had several practice spaces because we hardly ever resembled a "real" band. Practice, for the most part, was just the five of us sitting around, talking shit, and explicitly wanting to go break laws. Down the street from one of our "practice spaces" was a Herr's Potato Chip plant. One night we decided, in lieu of practicing our songs, to practice theft.

The chips were always shipped out early in the morning and the packed trucks would sit in an unmonitored and unsecured parking lot overnight. So for no other reasons than suburban boredom and a natural teenage desire for fucking delicious snacks, we took bolt cutters to one of the trucks and emptied its contents into an abandoned railcar down by the river. Practice soon moved to said railcar every day after school.

Until one Saturday we somehow conjured the *genius* idea to break into the trucks in broad daylight. Of course the cops came. Exeunt Urination into the Schuylkill River and into downtown Phoenixville where we hid out, soaking wet, in the back of a Goodwill.

Believe it or not, this whole trip down Mantooth's Memory Lane began as a simple introduction to a completely different story involving completely different high school bands. I recently had a chance to catch two of suburban Pittsburgh hottest high school acts—The Stuff and The Stinky Butts. I went all the way out to Ambridge to some hole-in-the-wall bowling alley surrounded by oily and jaded teens to watch some band cover Slayer and Metallica songs through practice amps. Their last song was supposedly an "original," but sounded incredibly like Metallica's "Orion" with a bunch of other crap thrown in for good measure. The Stuff used to be a brutal one-man (although I don't think he's even close to 18 yet) acoustic act that spoke from the heart with such songs as "FUCK YOU" (lyrics reprinted with permission).

Fuck you
Get ready to suck it
Get ready to suck it
Suck my dick
Suck - my - dick
Real hard, real hard
Suck my dick so hard
Fuck you
It's getting really, really close now
Suck my dick, my dick, it's hard
Like a light in the night it'll go far

Unfortunately, The Stuff sold out and acquired a backing band and now sounds like a motherfucking jam band.

As a side note, I don't understand why Microsoft Word's spellcheck underlines "Metallica" like it's a typo. It's fucking METALLICA. Who doesn't know that? Idiots.

The Stinky Butts tore it up with their minimalist wall of sound and in-your-fucking-face attitude. Unfortunately, their potential was cut short by the unscrupulous games of 15-year-old promoter Steven Easter. They were left without time to perform their skits. The singer was forced to remove his diaper and put his pants back on. Still a brutal set, but it wasn't the same. It would be like seeing Fucked Up without all the vague mythical rhetoric or without some dork standing behind them in a gold mask.

Right next door to the bowling alley was some dive bar and, beside that, was an old folks' home. It was like you condensed the entire life cycle of the average Ambridge, PA resident into half a city block. Except this old folks' home had these giant windows in the front making it more of an old folks' aquarium.

I can't say I learned anything from my trip to the suburbs other than that Pantera can still be heard at any kind of "alternative" youth gathering if you just pray hard enough.

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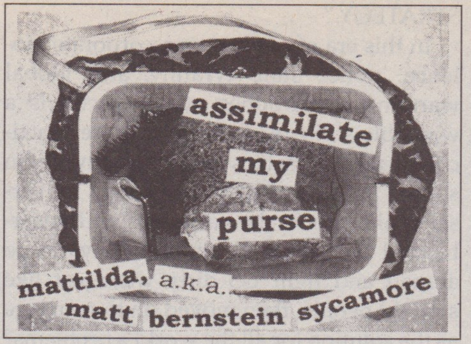


Making Me Speechless

First of all, I will be touring for my new book anthology — *Nobody Passes: Rejecting the Rules of Gender and Conformity* — from mid-February through mid-April, and of course I'd love to see you at any of the readings — you can either visit my website (www.mattbernsteinsycamore.com) or my blog (http://nobodypasses.blogspot.com) for tour details. Following is my first attempt to respond to a public document that was released over six months ago that left me feeling sort of paralyzed—my response is maybe a little bit formal right now...

I first heard about the statement "Beyond Same-Sex Marriage: A New Strategic Vision for All Our Families and Relationships" in July, 2006, when Kenyon Farrow, one of the writers of the document, sent it to me to see if I'd be interested in signing on before it was released to the public. As someone who has long been involved in anti-assimilationist queer activism, I was curious about this project even if immediately skeptical—why had I not heard of this before? Why were they sending it to me after it was done? Why on earth did a supposed activist document include an "executive summary"? And, most importantly, what in the world was indicated by the pitch letter when it said that the statement "recognizes the importance of marriage equality."

Nevertheless, I tried to suspend disbelief—as someone involved in the radical queer direct action group Gay Shame, I'd seen the anti-assimilationist politics I held dear grow steadily more marginalized as privileged San Francisco gays supported straight, ruling class anti-homeless crusader Gavin Newsom, then heralded him as the savior of gay civil rights after he briefly "legalized" gay marriage. Suddenly a reactionary Mayor's give-back to the powerful gays who got him elected was seen as "civil disobedience," his publicity stunt a "revolutionary gesture." Where did that leave Gay Shame? Depressed, disillusioned, and horrified.

I wanted BSSM to feel like something hopeful, but I already felt alienated and aghast after reading the first sentence: "We, the undersigned—lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender (LGBT) and allied activists, scholars, educators, writers, artists..." Lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender *and allied*, but no queers. Already this exclusionary agenda in the first sentence. No place for anyone who doesn't pick one of five bounded categories, for anyone more fluid or politically invested in difference than LGBT(A) allows.

Keep in mind that the people who wrote the statement identify themselves as "activists, scholars, educators, writers, artists, lawyers, journalists, and community organizers." Surely this group agonized over every word in the statement. Many of them probably even identify as queer. Nevertheless, this immediate exclusion of queerness from the initial laundry list (and instead the inclusion of "allies") reads as a calculated gesture to make BSSM a "mainstream" document instead of an outsider challenge—welcome the straights, but leave out the queers. BSSM even embraces the grossest false acronym of the mainstream gay rights industry, "LGBT," which generally means gay, with lesbian in parentheses, throw out the bisexuals and put trans on for a little bit of window dressing. Address the needs of the most privileged while stepping on everyone else. This "LGBT" movement is what needs to be challenged, not invoked.

It's taken me eight months to write anything about this document and in part that's because it's signed by so many academics and politicos on the left — including many whom I respect and admire — and therefore it carries its own sort of silencing power. Here is a document claiming to offer an alternative to the gay marriage agenda, while championing scary corporate nonprofit-speak like "Why the LGBT Movement Needs a New Strategic Vision" or "A Bold, New Vision Will Speak to Many Who Are Not Already with Us."

There is no doubt that Beyond Same-Sex Marriage statement has actually fostered more complicated conversations in the media beyond the simplistic "you're either with us or you're against us" bullshit of the gay marriage agenda, like if you oppose gay marriage (or any marriage—remember feminism?), then you're automatically a foaming-at-the-mouth Christian right homophobe. In fact, there was an article in the ghastly *New York Times* as a result of the statement that was actually much more strident in its challenge to gay marriage hypocrisies then BSSM.

But what is most striking to me is that BSSM does not call for any sort of accountability on the part of the assimilationist gay elite. This document does nothing to challenge the way the gay marriage agenda has redistributed resources in the wrong direction by funneling funding away from important resources like domestic violence prevention, drug treatment, AIDS services, housing, healthcare, etc. and into the hands of a wealthy gay elite who see gay marriage as the last thing standing in the way of their full citizenship (no need to talk about fighting US imperialism or ending the war in Iraq or immigrants systematically murdered on US borders, sweetheart – let's just get the state to sanction our carnal coupling!) Remember, marriage is still a central institution through which women, queers, transpeople, and children are systematically kept vulnerable and abused. Instead of calling attention to this ongoing legacy, BSSM goes out of its way to assure people that marriage is a valuable choice, mentioning nothing about the tyranny of marriage, either historically or in the present.

Instead of challenging the violence of the gay elite, BSSM furthers the gaystream agenda of cultural erasure by embracing the lie of the "LGBT community," that monstrous illusion by which wealthy gays and lesbians gentrify and evict and "redevelop" and say that it's all for "the community." There is no LGBT community, and there never has been one. There are lesbian communities, and gay communities, and bisexual communities and trans communities, and communities of lesbians and trans people, and communities of gay men and lesbians, and even communities of lesbians, gay men, bisexuals and transgendered people, but this notion of one community is horrifying in its silencing agenda.

It's true that a large part of BSSM does profess a broader agenda, such as the section, titled "The Longing for Community and Connectedness," which states in part, "Our vision is the creation of communities in which we are encouraged to explore the widest range of non-exploitive, non-abusive possibilities in love, gender, desire and sex — and in the creation of new forms of constructed families without fear that this searching will potentially forfeit for us our right to be honored and valued within our communities and in the wider world." That's perfectly fine—I just wish it didn't come within a document filled with language so inescapably dull it's hard not to let your eyes glaze over, all of it building towards the invocation of "A WINNABLE STRATEGY."

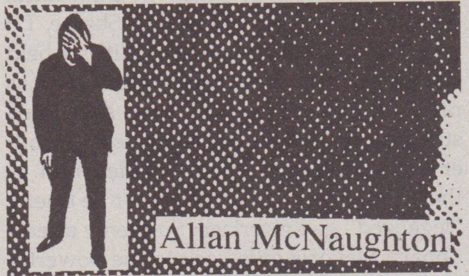
In this era of endless war, corporate violence, police state tyranny, and global warming catastrophes, what exactly is a winnable strategy? Is it really more practical to ally ourselves with the gays who shifted public attention away from universal healthcare in the early '90s and spearheaded the campaign to allow gays to go abroad and fight US dirty wars just like straight people, then moved on to marriage as the solution for all the world's problems? Is it truly possible to decenter marriage within the gay marriage assimilation agenda, as BSSM would like us to imagine?

What is so striking is that this document strives so clearly to speak to the center, which is exactly the strategy that has failed the assimilationist gay movement. The gay marriage industry gives us smiling gays and lesbians with golf club memberships, real estate portfolios, and the limitless ability to spend money on cocktails, lawyers, Hummers, and cruises. Then they present these GMO gays to the world and say: see, we're just like you! It's no surprise that so-called "middle America" takes one look and cries "special rights."

While BSSM does not invoke this assimilationist model, it also does little to challenge it. It's this hypocrisy that has made me speechless.

Check out my new anthology, *Nobody Passes: Rejecting the Rules of Gender and Conformity*, and tell me what you think!

You can also check in on me and my tour via my newish blog, http://nobodypasses.blogspot.com. The expanded second edition of *That's Revolting! Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation*, originally scheduled for October 2006, has been delayed—who knows when on earth it will arrive. I live for feedback, so send me love letters and/or delicious threats via www.mattbernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past *MRR* columns. Or write to PO Box 640047, San Francisco, CA 94164-0047.



My Rules.

Flip-flops should not be worn unless you're at the beach or pool. Girls have a bit more leeway but not much. I don't have too many rules, but that's one of them. I know that in warmer climes even the punks wear flip-flops. In New Mexico I've seen punk bands rock living-room concerts in footwear that is ordinarily only appropriate for sand-bound applications. I'm not a haberdasher or tailor, but some things just have to be said. Enough with the flip-flops. Israeli combat boots, Goodwill penny-loafers, topsiders, sweatshop-free Adbusters gutties, box fresh ltd. ed. kicks etc., I don't care. Just put some proper shoes on. And no sweatpants either. OK, the more I think about this, the more rules I apparently have. I suppose it's about being casual. Casual equals hippy, and not in a good way. (I'm not talking about football casuals; obviously they are far from being hippies. Not a lifestyle I'd recommend emulating either.)

I realize I'm talking about fashion here and punks are supposed to be anti-fashion. Of course, that's total bullshit and everyone knows punks are as into fashion as anyone else, if not more so. I don't think it's a bad thing at all. Style is hugely important. Would the Ramones have been as iconic without the leather jackets? Would Discharge have been as enduring without the charged hair and bullet belts? The Misfits without the devil lock? Even the supposed "non-style" of the flannel shirt around the waist suburban skatepunk hardcore vanguard became a fashion pretty quickly.

I suppose I equate loose, casual clothing with loose, casual thinking. As Joe Strummer allegedly had it, "like trousers, like brain" although you could read that to imply that narrow trousers equals a narrow mind, which is the opposite of what he was getting at, I'd guess.

To me, looking like you think about what you are wearing demonstrates that you actually think about things. I don't mean that you scour the pages of fashion magazines looking for the latest craze, but the way you dress says something about you whether you like it or not.

Years ago my mate Colin suggested I dye my hair bright red. He had some leftover dye. At the time I thought of myself as a serious political activist punk rocker and wouldn't consider anything so frivolous. He called me out on this. "Of course, you can't be constantly thinking of the problems of the oppressed peoples of the world *and* have dyed hair" or words to that effect. He was right, I took myself way too seriously. Since then my hair has been a few different colors but now it's back to its normal mousy brown with bits of grey. I'm 36 now and I'm through with dying my hair.

What the fuck is a 36-year-old man doing writing in a punk fanzine about clothes? I know it's ridiculous but it is something I think about. I've been through some embarrassing stages. Someone sent me a photo recently of me from about fifteen years ago with a short Travis Bickle mohican and baggy chinos. What a combination. Baggy trousers will be to '90s punks what flares are to anyone who grew up in the '70s. I wish I'd had the foresight or self-possession to forego that fashion disaster, but we all make mistakes. Unfortunately both flares and baggy jeans are still with us. "Like trousers, like brain." Remember it. Live by it.

The Correct Use Of Soap is the title of an album by Magazine, the band started by Buzzcocks founder member Howard Devoto when he left the band after recording the *Spiral Scratch* EP. It is also the name of an instructional pamphlet that may or may not exist, but which ought to be handed out with the membership cards at Gilman and maybe slipped into mailers with crusty distro orders. You're not too busy thinking about the world's problems to take an occasional bath or shower. Or to shave, while you're at it.

What's with the beards? I've been boycotting Gillette since before I was old enough to shave. Got some leaflet about them testing on animals off some crusty at a gig once and never looked back. All my post-pubescent life I've used the crappy shop brand of razors and my poor beautiful mug has suffered as a result. As if whatever faceless Taiwanese manufacturer Superdrug gets their blades from doesn't test on animals anyway! I tried tracking down the PETA-approved razor blades and while they might be OK for hippies who hack their beards off once a year to visit mummy and daddy and ask for another loan, they don't stand up to the rigorous frequent shavings of the manly McNaughton beard. On a recent trip to Los Angeles I forgot my shaving kit and was forced to purchase the predominant brand for once. The scales fell from my eyes! It was a revelation. Gillette really *is* the best a man can get. The smoothest, most comfortable shave I've experienced. Over twenty years of inferior shaving products. Well I've learned my lesson.

I've just re-read this column and it's ridiculous. All 20 readers are now nodding their heads in unison, in agreement with the previous statement. However, it's deadline day and I've been late a few times lately. I'm determined to get this one in under the wire. I know it seems frivolous but what we wear is part of who we are, it's part of our culture and it's something we have in common, whether we're serious political punks or crusties or bike punks or garage punks or bandana thrash skate punks or aging BMX riders with a knack for tracking down discount mod clothes or whoever. Maybe I'll write about something serious next month. Or maybe I'll dye my hair and write about that; who knows?

If you've got any green size medium Paul Weller limited edition Fred Perry shirts you don't want, you can send them to PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609.

For further fashion advice or shaving tips email me at allan@dropout.cc or check www.dropout.cc. I know what's what. Or you could make it easy on yourself and just go to www.maximumrocknroll.com and click on "merch" to buy a Maximum Rocknroll T-shirt. P.S. This column goes out to MRR's consistently most stylish shitworker, Sean Dougan, with Shane White a close runner-up.

RaNSoM
NoTE$
by Erika Ransom

Fuck You

February 2, 2007.

I'm going to be honest with you. No sugarcoating it, just cruel, painful fact, printed here in black and white.

Two simple words, Fuck You.

I am sick of writing for *Maximum RocknRoll* every month. I used to think an all-volunteer staff was something to be proud of, meant something in the larger scheme, was a hopeful glimmer of what we could do together. Now, I realize I was fooled all along. *MRR* isn't worth the cheap paper it's printed on.

Fuck the punks. I have seen a thousand sets, I have been to hundreds of shows, and I have met punks in a dozen countries. All I can say is, Fuck You All.

After fifteen years of punk, I have finally come to my fucking senses. I can't believe it took me so goddamn long. It's pathetic. What a cruel twist of my fate that I heard "Holiday in Cambodia" on a shitty tape player in '88. Thinking of that moment now makes my stomach turn.

Your make-believe world of "DIY" is such a sham; it disgusts me to think I wasted so much time being a part of it. Traveling in stinky vans, sleeping on floors, drinking shitty beer, and listening to even shittier bands, I am glad to be free of it. I only hope that the rest of my life will be more useful.

This news may come as a shock to the few people pathetic enough to still read this shitty magazine, and the crap I've been spewing as *Ransom Notes* these past few years. I know, it's a change, but as I've always said, you have to be true to yourself. And finally, after an eternity wasted looking for it in squats and collectives and four-chord songs, I have finally found the love and understanding that I needed in this world.

I came to realize that it isn't the *world* that is fucked up. It was *me*.

If you have been reading my column, I apologize. Looking back on it, everything was a lie. The punks in Boston, the punks in Germany, London, Minneapolis, the punks *especially* in San Francisco, the punks playing in basement shows around the country, you reading this right now–can all drop dead for all I care. The world would be a better place. You are a pack of selfish, insane, misguided children who never grew up, and I will be glad to never see any of you ever again.

January 3, 2007.

I was biking on my way to work, another blurry Saturday morning shift at the cable access station. Little did I know that everything was about to change.

At Market and Valencia, I saw a small hand written sign for "FREE COFFEE" taped inside to the window of the Nation Builders Ministry church, a cheap storefront I've passed by many times on my way to work. What could be wrong with free coffee?

I went inside, the glass and metal door swinging softly closed behind me. A woman with a broad smile said, "Hello" and handed me a small styrofoam cup and pointed to an old coffee maker. On the table there was a paper plate full of old pastries and even a carton of soymilk next to the milk. A man in an old suit was reading something at the table, and talking in whispers to the woman who gave me the coffee, who was still smiling. I was hungry and tired, and the coffee was hot and just what I needed for my hangover from the Friday night show at Balazo. I was thinking about how Peligro Social had a good set, and how I could use a refill before I left, when suddenly, everything changed.

The florescent lights glowed yellow, the metal of the brown folding chairs shined bright, and I heard Prince singing "Purple Rain" on the radio from a back room. I was starting to think everything seemed just a little odd in this place, and I should get going, and then—I will never forget this—the colors of the world opened for the first time, and God spoke to me, through the voice of Father Jones.

I walked next door and quit my job, and have been following the righteous path ever since.

February 5, 2007

Every day since that first fateful cup of coffee at the Ministry, I have been so thankful to see a better path, to know that the true utopia will not be here on earth, it will be in Heaven. My soul has finally been saved.

This, you useless depraved cretins, is my final column. Golnar and Chris refused my latest column, "Notes from the Lord," and that is why I've had to write this so close to deadline. I know they both will burn in Hell, listening to the Gits, but that is their choice, and I will pray for their damned rocking souls, that they will eventually see the True Path, as I have, Amen.

The Bound Together Collective also refused my intention to burn the *Ten Reasons to Abandon Christianity* pamphlet and several other blasphemous writings being sold to the unwitting public. At the last meeting, I turned in my keys, and renounced the ideas of Anarchism, as it promotes sin and denounces God as the true force in our lives. I will also pray for their lost souls, their shelves of godless books promoting personal freedom burning in Hell for eternity, Amen. Anarchism is corrupt not only because it allows for sinful social structures, such as polyamorus sluts on the loose, but also because Anarchism is based on the flawed ideas that people will help each other, can create their own social rules, make decisions collectively, and live though some sort of "mutual aid." Fucking hell. It is all complete and utter garbage.

Now that I can see clearly, it is obvious. The problem is not with the existing power structure or some imagined hierarchy, the problem is that people have turned away from God. Men and women need to be governed by moral laws from God, as enforced by the state, or there would be utter chaos and destruction. People need God, people need leaders; it is the natural order of things, Amen.

I have also erased the La Rivolta website I created, doing my small part to stop their pathetic organizing efforts. I've realized it is not some imagined patriarchy that is hurting women. Quite the opposite. It is the damn Feminists who are destroying our lives. Life was so much better when everyone knew his or her place. This is why it is so important that our children learn at school that "sex education" means *abstinence*. Girls need to know that sex outside of marriage is not only dangerous, it is wrong, and they will suffer the consequences by having unwanted children at an early age, unsupported by society, or catch a terrible disease that will destroy their lives. There is no such thing as safe sex. All sex outside of marriage is wrong. I will pray for all the depraved women wanting sex only for screaming orgasms, and the witches who defy men's will, as you will certainly all burn in Hell without your bras, Amen.

For years, I have wondered why the US citizenry has allowed its armies to march unchecked around the world. Now, President Bush's words ring true, "There are evil doers, doing evil things." Exactly.

There are evil people in this world, who don't believe in God, who want to hurt us because they are jealous of our Christian society and democracy. And here at home, the state is needed to protect us from the *evildoers among us*. The confused and sick people who have not accepted the good teachings of Jesus are trying to contaminate our society, and we must not let that happen. It is our *duty* to preserve the morals of our society, and to help others in the world. I was so confused before, it must have been something in the Pabst. The US military isn't killing people in Iraq to control oil; the military is there to *liberate the people from the evildoers*. I do pray that the people of Iraq, and Palestine, and Afghanistan, and everywhere else the US military machine is hard at work, will eventually be liberated and let the good troops go home, Amen.

God has forgiven my sins, which were numerous and wicked, and shown me a righteous path to walk. The Bible's teachings have given me insights into proper morals that Emma Goldman's writings never did. But I forgive Emma for her blasphemy, and for her devilish influence, as she was also a lost soul in the wilderness of this bleak world. God has forgiven me for being queer too, and I am now recovering from those sick and delicious thoughts, Amen.

But, as Father Jones teaches us, it is not enough to wait until we are reunited in Heaven, we must do His will in this earthly world. Finally, free from the stink and lies of punk and the so-called "counter-culture," I can finally make some *real* change in the world, and my path seems clear.

This September, I will be attending the graduate school of Princeton, and will be working on a Master's Degree in Business. The Ministry is so proud of me for my new life changes and dedicated service, the congregation has decided to pay my way, as we are all planning and working for the future. When I graduate, I'm particularly interested in working with the stock market, as it is the fastest and most powerful way to make money out of money.

In five years, if I'm lucky, I will have a good associate position, sitting in one of those offices I delivered packages to as a bike courier, overlooking the Boston Harbor, in a comfortable padded swivel chair, feeling the pulse of the world, watching CNN and the New York Stock Exchange numbers tick by. I will be drinking a soy latte and wearing red pumps with a black silk business skirt, planning how to get my next raise.

In twenty years, with luck and hard work, and scheming and climbing the ladder, making the company more profitable every year, I will become an Executive Officer, who knows, maybe even a CEO. I will be making over a half a million dollars a year, perhaps a million if you include my own stock investments, while you are still going through dumpsters and buying from the bulk bin at the cooperative grocery store.

If I'm a CEO, and even if I'm just a Vice President of my own division, I'll have my own car and driver and vacation home on a beach in Mexico. And you, sorry slob, will still be listening to punk and fixing a leaky roof. What a waste of time.

My plan is to gain enough wealth that I can influence the system the way it was designed, by paying politicians directly. When I'm that rich, and on several Boards of major corporations, then I will be one of the people influencing the world.

The idea of puppets in the streets changing anything is ridiculous. Smashing a bank or setting fire to an SUV, starting a squat or living collectively, all these things are beyond trivial and stupid. It is time that you all woke up to that simple fact. Capitalism is as natural as evolution, and some people were just meant to be on top. I plan to be in a high office, looking down on all you.

Bush was the only honest President

when he said, "I don't make decisions by a focus group." Your opinion doesn't count. But, when I become the CEO of Citibank, my opinion will. I will spend tens of thousands of dollars on the campaigns of the Mayors, District Attorneys and Police Chiefs of major cities around the country, and the small investment will be well worth it. My money will influence the elections of Governors and Senators in key states, and even who will be the President in 2028.

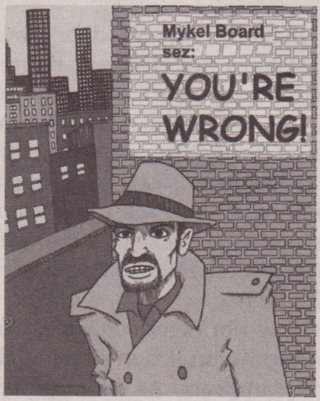
Now that I think about, why stop at becoming a CEO? Once I have made my millions, I will be in my sixties, and I can retire. In 2038 or so I will run for Governor of California, a powerful state with idiots who go to the ballot box. In 2042, I will make my bid for President. I can be charming, I can say what people want to hear, I can remember lines and I've been on TV. I love dogs, can shoot a gun and will have a nice place in the country to meet the press. My time in the punk scene will be quietly forgotten and referred to as a "lost time" before I was saved. God willing, I will have a family and cute grandkids and the support of my Christian brothers and sisters. The corporate interests will back me and the people will vote for me. And, the District Attorneys and Mayors I've bought along the way will help me out if the votes add up wrong.

Then, as a good Christian, protecting our moral way of life, I will decide where to send the bombs.

Fuck you, punk.

I'm out of here.

Love through Jesus Christ Our Lord,
Sister Erika Ransom
(e_aprilfools@jesuschristlovesbombs.com)



There shall be no compulsion in religion. —The Koran

Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven. —The Bible

It's more satisfying than a Christian Scientist with rabies. I sit here, letting the brown semi-liquid pour out of me. Feeling the relief down to my naked toes. Sometimes, I think I drink just for this. Just for this moment of release. Just for the ecstasy of draining myself. I can feel it for hours. A joyful emptiness. A relief like an innocent defendant must feel at a *not guilty* verdict. A masterful AAAAHHHHH.

April is the date of this issue. Like an April morning, I feel renewed. Back from the depths of an alcoholic winter. Blasting my way to spring.

Each blast loosens another, higher up, further to the right. Blaaatzing out, spraying green or okra or whatever color that fried calamari has become overnight.

Oh my God. This is wonderful. I'm going to get drunk *every night* just for this experience. It's better than sex!

Then, the headache hits... and the nausea. *Agony* and *ecstasy*. If only I could separate them.

Freshly empty, I pop an Advil and pad nakedly to my bedroom and turn on the computer. Before I check with PornoTube—to increase my total evacuation—I tune into Gather.com.

The *New York Times* called that site "a MySpace for Adults." *Adult* usually means sex. I check it out.

Instead of sex, I read an attack on my hero Jimmy Carter. Written by Alan Derschwitz, Israel's chief apologist, it completely ignores Carter's arguments and attacks him—or his foundation—for accepting money from Saudi Arabia. The group is "anti-Semitic," says Derschwitz.

Being a shill, Derschwitz uses typical shill tricks. I wonder if the Israel lobby trains people to paint everyone against them as anti-Jewish (if they're not Jews) or "self-loathing" (up from "self-hating"), if they *are* Jews. It's called an *ad hominem* attack. It means if you can't attack the ideas, attack the people and no one will notice.

With Derschwitz, it's easy to see that his ideas are wrong. His methods are wrong, and he's scum as a human being. (Is that ad hominem enough for you?)

"What is this crap?" I ask myself, embarrassed to be in the same tribe as this guy. "I've had enough."

I click on PornoTube and write *Scat* in the search window. Not much. One ugly guy with a hairy belly. That, I don't want to see. Here's one that looks like Kitty Porn. Oh I get it: SCAT!

Hmmm, looks like they tightened up. No shit! Well, I might as well click on the news icon. Here's something from Israel:

The Israeli human rights group B'Tselem has said that last year Israeli security forces killed 660 Palestinians. In the same period, 23 Israeli civilians were killed by Palestinians.

Jeezus. 660 to 23! This is getting nasty.

Whoever killed a human being should be looked upon as though he had killed all mankind; and whoever saved a human life should be regarded as though he had saved all mankind. —The Koran

"For I will at this time send all my plagues upon thine heart, and upon thy servants, and upon thy people; that thou mayest know that there is none like me in all the earth."—The Bible

Newly limp, I dress and walk down Bleecker Street. You know how we deal with ethnic minorities as *special friends?* You refer to people as *my black friend, my vegan friend, my gay friend, my Japanese friend.* It gives you a feeling of tolerance. You're such a *mensch* because you have all kinds of friends. You trot them out for special occasions. You invite them to parties. You let your *real* friends know how liberal you are.

I'm walking to the subway to go to Amal's place in Brooklyn. Amal is my Muslim friend. When I get out of the station on the Brooklyn side, I hear some loud music. It sounds vaguely Middle Eastern. That's OK. I'm on Atlantic Avenue. Everything is vaguely (or not so vaguely) Middle Eastern.

I look over at the source of the music. It's a huge van with a giant menorah on the side. A guy comes up to me. A chubby guy, dressed in black. A chubby guy, dressed in black, with long curly sideburns, and a big hat. A chubby guy, dressed in black, with long curly sideburns, a big hat, white fringes, carrying a big book.

"Are you Jewish?" he asks.

I'm ready with my usual. *"I'm a Jew. No -ish about it!"* but I don't say it. I'm not in the mood today.

"Why?" I ask.

"I just want to invite you inside to bind tefillim. Jews are special people, and as a Jew you should celebrate that."

"Who said I was a Jew?" I asked.

"Your face says it," he replies.

I shrug, and continue walking.

Amal lives on Harriet Tubman Avenue. It runs parallel to Atlantic Avenue. It used to be called Fulton Street. His morning prayers are over, so he comes down to meet me for lunch. We're going for shish-kabob.

Amal knows the best places.

Over lunch, I tell my friend that I've been depressed lately. All *my people* seem to be jerks. Worse than that, the history of *my people* is a history of jerks.

"Maybe it's time you change people," he says.

I laugh. But then I don't.

[Aside from *The Washington Post, Oct. 9, 2006: Two major American Jewish organizations,* The Anti Defamation League *and* The American Jewish Committee, *helped block a prominent New York University historian from speaking at the Polish consulate saying that the academic was too critical of Israel and American Jewry.]*

Requite evil with good and he who is your enemy will become your dearest friend... Allah loves the equitable...Allah is forgiving and merciful. —The Koran

For every one that curseth his father or his mother shall surely be put to death. —The Bible

Test 1: I sit at a desk. It's bare. Not a book, candle or paperclip on the shiny wood. I'm behind the desk where I'd sit in any office or home that actually has a desk.

"Now rest your elbows on the desk," says Amal.

I do.

"Next, make a fist with both hands and stick out the index fingers. Let them point to one another. Leave about six inches of space between them."

I do as he says, though I'm not sure what to expect. Sparks?

"Focus your eyes on the wall, on the other side of the fingers," Amal continues. "I mean, look past the fingers. When the wall is in good focus, think of Allah. Think *Allah is great. Allah is great.* Then slowly bring your fingers together. If Allah is truly great, you'll see the great unification."

And there it is. Floating in the air between my outstretched fingers. Looking like a sausage or a half moon, with a fingernail on each end. There, suspended between my fingers, is the great unification.

"I see it! I see it!" I shout to Amal. "It's like a dildo suspended in space."

From the corner of my eye, I can see him smile.

"That's not what I would call it," says Amal. "But I'm glad you see it. Now you know. Allah *is* great."

Test 2: It's dark. I walk down a long corridor. A candle glows from a single candleholder attached to the wall. There's barely enough light to see the candle stem, let alone the entire hall. I have to trust my punkrock-damaged ears and follow the footsteps ahead of me. Ptht. Ptht. Ptht. I can only just make out the stocking feet against the hard floor. Suddenly the footsteps stop. I stop close enough to feel the light cloth of the kameez on the man ahead of me.

There's a faint rattling, like a knob turning. Then a sudden rush of light as a door opens, temporarily blinding me in its brightness.

After a few seconds, my eyes adjust to the room. It's white. About ten feet by ten feet. There are no windows. The walls are white. The ceiling is white. The floor is white. There is no furniture in the room. In fact, the only thing in the room besides Amal and me is a scale. I don't mean an old hanging scale, like that naked lady holds in Washington. I mean a white scale like you see in the gym locker room or the doctor's office.

Without speaking, Amal motions for me to stand on the scale. I do. He adjusts the weights. 134. Just what I expect.

"I want to show you the power of Allah," says Amal. His voice is a whisper. So faint I wonder if I'm hearing it at all—or if it's coming from someplace inside my head.

"Yes," I answer, "show me."

"Concentrate on your left leg," he continues. "You must ask Allah to remove the weight from your leg. You must pray that your leg will weigh nothing. Allah will reduce the weight of your leg, like the oppression of your soul, to zero."

I nod and close my eyes. I concentrate on my leg. I ask Allah to show me his power. I ask Him to make my leg empty. To free it from its weight, like he will free me from the weight of the world.

Little by little, I can feel it. I feel the weight lessen. I feel my leg getting lighter, gradually free from its earthly attachments. It wants to float. Amazing. I've never felt anything like this before. Tears come to my eyes.

"Now," whispers Amal, "lift your left leg."

I lift my leg from the scale, holding it straight up in the air.

"Look at the scale," says Amal.

I do. 134! Jeezus fuckin... er holy Allah! My left leg weighs nothing! Through the power of Allah, I have reduced the weight of the leg to zero! I weigh exactly what I did before: one leg less. That means the leg has NO WEIGHT!

"Do you believe now?" says Amal. "I mean *really* believe."

I can feel myself sweat. My answer at first is as quiet as Amal's voice. An almost psychic whisper. *Yes.* Then louder. YES. Then loudest. YES! YES! YES! I shout. "I believe."

There's really not much to the actual conversion ceremony. After all, I am... er... had been... a Jew. The necessary surgery was already performed. It's only a question of learning how to read Arabic. Not so difficult. Each letter matches a Hebrew letter. Just a squiggle where there was a line.

After I learn to read, I learn to dress. For someone who's used to wearing black all the time, the white dishdash takes some time getting used to. And putting on the checked keffiyeh takes some dexterity. It's adjusting that agal—you know the black headband that holds the towels on us towelheads—that's most difficult. Now I've got it. I like the way I look in the mirror. Like Yassar Arafat—a young(er) Yassar Arafat. Maybe I'll stop dying my beard.

Yeah, it'll be a strain living without the booze. I'll have to arrange for spicy cous cous and lamb to make my morning shits. I may be able to avoid the headaches. And yeah, it'll be annoying to have to stop what I'm doing in the middle of the day to find east and let Allah know I'm thinking about Him. So what? Easy lives are boring lives. A little strain will be like that spice in the cous cous.

Do not say to any one who offers you peace: You are not a believer. —The Koran

Anyone arrogant enough to reject the verdict of the judge or of the priest who represents the Lord your God must be put to death. Such evil must be purged from Israel. —The Bible

So, what can I say? My door is still open to you. I have not changed, though I *am* changed. I no longer have to live a hypocritical life where people "like me" are always on the wrong side, where "my people" are the liars, sleazebags, oppressors, and landlords. I'm back again among the deli owners. I'm back with the underdog, with the freedom fighters trying to bust out of their ghettos.

You may not agree with me. But, as it says in the Koran, I don't care: as long as you come in peace. As for me, I've found peace. Thank G-d... er... Allah.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to email comment on the column]

Christians should like this one dept: BBC News reports that a quarter of the girls in Cameroon undergo a practice called "breast ironing." The way it works is that mothers heat coconut shells then use them to pound and iron the newly budding breasts of their just pubescent daughters. The idea is to protect the kids from unwanted sexual advances. The pain is supposed to be incredible, but not as bad as sex, right?

A better use for coconuts dept: Rather than tit flatteners, Peruvian scientists have found that coconuts work as bacteria incubators. But it's a GOOD kind of bacteria. The Bti bacteria kill mosquitoes. Put a q-tip filled with the bacteria in a coconut. Allow it to ferment. Before you know it, the coconut will breed enough of the little buggers to clean up a whole mosquito-filled pond. According to the Peruvians, the bacteria are only harmful to mosquitoes. It's fine for the rest of the world.

First Paul Newman, now PETA? dept: *Animal's Agenda* magazine reports that PETA has reached an agreement with McDonald's and suspended its "McCruelty to Go" campaign. In exchange for the pressure release, the giant burger chain will "increase hen's living space, ban forced molting, and phase out debeaking."

Whew! Wadda relief. Now those vegetarians have a place to go for a double cheeseburger!

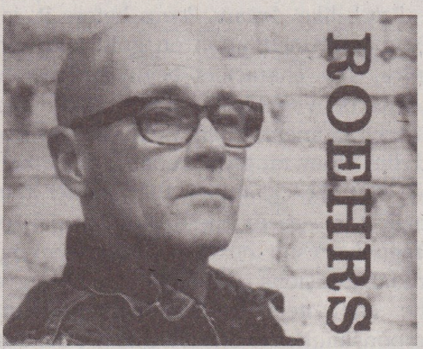
Modern Times for Old Folks dept: Gives me hope. Bob Dylan's *Modern Times* LP opened at the number one spot on the Billboard 100. Sixty-five-year-old Dylan is the oldest person ever to launch an album in that spot. Gives me hope for my next book.

Yet another Norway story dept: While American churches are taking over the government, in Norway we have the right way to do things.

The Lutheran Church has been of "Official Church of Norway" since 1537. (That's even before I was born.) This year, the church officers voted to abolish its status as official church. They want to be just another church—*not* a government institution. Yowsah! Christian leaders with integrity? What's next? Feminists for free speech?

Yet the reverse: Christians here want to see the wall of Church-State separation topple. Maybe they can learn a lesson from China, where it happened. The Chinese government has chosen Wang Renlei, a vicar, to be a new bishop. They've ignored the Vatican, and picked their own Bishop. Previously, they've picked their own Dali Lama. Hey Christians, beware of what you ask for in a government-religion mix. You just might get it.

Health Notes dept: What's wrong with this picture? Why do so many people (doctors and patients alike) believe that drugs are the answer to all our health problems? The statistics, after all, are dismal. Healthcare spending has gone up by 73 percent over the past five years, mostly for drugs. We're now spending more than twice as much per person as the 21 other industrialized countries, but we're dead last in healthy life expectancy. Could the American (mis-)belief in its health have anything to do with drug commercials? Naw, that can't be it.



War of Nerves

Fuck yes! Deranged Records continues their relentless attack on the listening public! The newest salvo is the VIOLENT ARREST self-titled LP. This ferocious music is the work of veteran hardcore troopers. Ex-members of legendary hardcore bands RIPCORD and HERESY show the young hardcore kids how it's done! The music VIOLENT ARREST has created starts out screaming and accelerates from there! The VIOLENT ARREST LP is seething with anger and comes straight at you with unstoppable force! Former RIPCORD vocalist Mr. Steve Hazzard imbues his intelligent lyrics with a dangerous edge. Steve Ballam, (RIPCORD, HERESY), overwhelms your brain with his guitar bludgeon! Rounding out this band of highly respected hardcore journeymen is Leigh Rocker on bass (EXCREMENT OF WAR) and John Millier (RIPCORD) on drums. Fucking brilliant! For two years these bad men from Bristol, England have refined a larger than life hardcore hell spawn! VIOLENT ARREST harnesses a full-speed hardcore beast and rides the fucker to the last line of the final attack. There's no stopping to catch your breath on this ride! If you lose your handhold on this hell bound train, there's no chance to climb back aboard! With poignant songs such as "Take the Power Back," "Down the Drain," "War of Nerves," and "Born on Your Knees," these lyrics cut to the quick! Song six on side A is "Cannon Fodder." This hardcore masterpiece builds to an unbelievable momentum that will reduce many tough guy hardcore individuals to tears!!

Side two of this VIOLENT ARREST triumph is equally challenging! These elder statesmen in the pantheon of hardcore gods show no mercy, offer no quarter! If you young fucks can't keep up, get out of the fucking way! VIOLENT ARREST hew and hack their way through "Rain on the Parade," "Here to Last," "Fit for Abuse," and "Time to Conform." Absolutely inspirational! This kind of true hardcore makes the goddamn hairs on the back of your neck stand up! VIOLENT ARREST finished the damage with a JERRY'S KIDS cover, "Wired" and an original "Leavin' with FX." Fucking mind-crushing HC! Order this LP today! Deranged Records, 1166 Chaster Rd, Gibsons, BC, VON IV4, Canada, www.derangedrecords.com.

Dirty Mick Records from Torrance, California has a couple of punk rock/skinhead items to rock your world! The first Dirty Mick selection you must order is a handsome reissue of the AGNOSTIC FRONT/DISCIPLINE split LP from 2001. This elaborate package has a heavy cardstock gatefold sleeve with the artwork completely cleaned up and crisp! The colors jump right out at you! Dirty Mick has also improved the sound on this "live" recording from the Lintfabriek In Belgium on June 27th, 2001. Dirty Mick has collaborated with Laurens Kusters from I Scream Records to deliver a beautiful, thick, colored vinyl product—all hand-numbered out of 500 for you collector types!

AGNOSTIC FRONT powers through fourteen originals including a substantial number of skinhead/hardcore classics including "Believe," "Victim in Pain," "Last Warning," "No Fear," "United Blood," "Police State," and a great cover of the IRON CROSS song, "Crucified." Fucking great! DISCIPLINE turns in a top-notch set of originals including "Now or Never," "Young + Restless," "Rejects of Society," "Fuck You Anyway," and "Front Line Skins." You also get cover versions of LAST RESORT's infamous anthem "Violence in Our Minds" and COCK SPARRER's always popular "Running Riot." This is a great double LP package!!

The next musical contribution from Dirty Mick Records is a real strong CD compilation of twenty-two bands entitled *Show 'Em Watcha Got California*. This CD runs the gamut with musical styles ranging from melodic punk to brute-force skinhead music. The CD includes KILL NINE NINE, MISLED CITIZEN, DEKOIZ, THE SORE THUMBS, LOCKED AND LOADED, Oakland's favorite sons, NUTS AND BOLTS, 2ND HAND JUSTICE, DEAD END STIFF, CHEAPSKATE, NOISE ATTACK, and the mighty STRONG ARM AND THE BULLIES. Fuck yes!

Some other bands that are represented are: THE IGNORANT, THE DESTRUKTIVES, THE TRIGGERS, WASTE SIDE RATS, THE HUDSON DRAGS, 2ND CLASS CITIZENS, ADS, JAIME SOL BLACK, WOLFGANG BANG, CIRCLE ONE, and the legendary BEOWULF from *Welcome to Venice* fame. Fuckin' A!!!

For your Dirty Mick merchandise, contact Mick at 19106 South Normandie Avenue, PO Box 311, Torrance, California 90502, telephone: (310)515-9921, email mick@dirtymickrecords.com, or find him on the web at www.dirtymickrecords.com.

For you punks that like to thrash your brains until they turn to mush, you must obtain the NEVER HEALED/VIOLENT MINDS split EP! This blood-thirsty example of raw, unbridled punk venom is called *Armoury of Fearless Truth Against Whispering Rumour*. NEVER HEALED strikes the first mortal blow with "The March"—fucking fierce hardcore! In case you weren't driven to your knees, NEVER HEALED follows "The March" with "War All the Time." Fucking brutal! Flip the EP over and VIOLENT MINDS continues to lay waste to all that lies in their path! VIOLENT MINDS turns in the great song "Take the Money and Run" and then pulverize you with "Silent Panic." Excellent! Contact Vexed Records for your copy of NEVER HEALED/VIOLENT MINDS split EP.

Until next month—see you fucks at the bar!

CrimethInc.
Workers' Collective Bullet-in

To keep you on your toes, fellow MRR readers, this issue we depart from our standard instructional fare to offer you a couple reviews. The latter review deals with others' instructional fare, but to keep things lively we'll start with some Hollywood movies. Talk about out of character! If you want to read our more "in character" material—that is, revolutionary anarchist tactics and analysis—consult www.crimethinc.com or write to The Latest CrimethInc. Address, PO Box 494, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

Babel, *Children of Men*, and *Pan's Labyrinth*

At base, these three Hollywood movies by Mexican directors share the same chilling fixations and questions. All three derive their edge from focusing on grievous threats to children while dwelling upon whether adult humanity deserves to—or even can—survive its self-inflicted catastrophes.

Babel, like *Amores Perros* before it, is a long, grim meditation on guilt and penitence. The characters begin in personal Edens, oblivious to the weight and danger of each moment. These Edens are far from idyllic—they range from banal to tormented—but the calamities that shatter them make them seem blissful by comparison. Tragedies result inexorably from seemingly trivial decisions, ultimately humbling all the characters before their immense responsibilities to one another. Of the three movies, the greatest number of protagonists remain alive at the conclusion of *Babel*—not because it ends more happily than the other movies, but because in this secular fable they must be alive in order to serve their time in hell.

Speaking of hell—the thing that makes *Children of Men*, a near-future dystopia, so horrifying is that dystopias are never predictions of the future so much as reflections of the present. Forget what the world will be like in 2027—this blood-curdling nightmare is simply Lebanon, Guantanamo Bay, and the US-Mexico border brought to the silver screen, an animated version of the everyday newspaper headlines of 2006. Midway through the lengthy tracking shot in which the movie descends to the deepest circle of inferno, four spots of blood land upon the camera lens and remain there. One would think this would undermine the suspension of disbelief on which Hollywood cinema rests—but instead these drops of blood invoke the real-life video most viewers are already familiar with, if not desensitized to, from internet pornography, disaster reporting, and footage of war and terrorist attacks.

Like dystopias, fairy tales are not about the world of make-believe, but the deepest, realest level of daily life. Accordingly, the fantasy plane of *Pan's Labyrinth* is frighteningly inflected by the brutality and treachery of adult reality. The viewer would like to see the young protagonist retreat from her difficult situation into a sheltering dreamland, but the denizens of that dreamland range from untrustworthy to carnivorous.

Children of Men takes a dim view of revolutionary solutions—they're just one more excuse to kill and die. Your humble reviewer was particularly affronted by the filmmaker's choice to depict the most amoral and vicious of the terrorists as a white, dreadlocked youth most moviegoers in the United States and Europe will instantly read as a tree-hugging Earth First!-type. The message is clear—those kids may seem idealistic and well-meaning, but they're really just hooligans ready to shed innocent blood at the service of the first ideology that presents itself. On the other hand, *Pan's Labyrinth* courageously takes a stand in favor of them, investing its portrayal of the shabby remainder of the anarchist forces of the Spanish Civil War with sympathy and respect. At the end, the movie unequivocally concludes in favor of violence as a response to oppression and tyranny. It's hard to imagine a similar message from any director from the United States, in which totalitarian slaughter of "the bad guys" is glorified while holier-than-though pacifism is palmed off as the only acceptable expression of opposition to authority.

It isn't lost on me that these movies came out in the same period that full-fledged revolt erupted in Oaxaca. The uniformed murderers of *Pan's Labyrinth* are the same mercenaries that killed Brad Will and dozens of Mexican freedom fighters last fall, and the bullets aimed at them by the director imply a call for concrete resistance outside the theater that many in the US will miss. I fear most viewers north of the Mexican border don't know what the Spanish Civil War was, or that anarchists played such an important role in it, or that the fascist dictatorship that slaughtered them and that generation's last chance for freedom was eventually supported by the United States government as well as Adolf Hitler. I hope the ones who do know these things don't stop at just knowing them, or at watching movies.

Shut Them Down: The G8, Gleneagles 2005, and the Movement of Movements
published by Dissent!

Every good review should begin with a scandalous confession, and who am I to disappoint? I am writing this review with a hangover. More precisely, a hangover from drinking wine we just stole from Russian postmodern artists gathered under the august personage of none other than Frederic Jameson (the Marxist father of the word "postmodern") to discuss the relationships between literature, philosophy, and some weird variant of autonomist Marxism. While occasionally inspirational and relatively interesting—in the same psychotic way a new species of butterfly sounds "interesting" to someone who likes to pin dead insects up in little boxes—the gathering of the ordained postmodern "Marxist" intelligentsia was, overall, a rather sad affair. First, almost no one was there: attendance was split evenly between graduate students and professors who were forced to be there and bored anarchists looking for free food. Second, it is unclear what resonance, if any, Marxism actually has for people in Russia, who seem to be more interested in either anarchism or nationalism at this point—seeing as both Soviet-style Stalinism and capitalism have failed them so miserably. In total, my verdict must be that "autonomist Marxist" is a polite way to say "ineffectual and mildly confused anarchist with a hang-up about Marx trying to get or maintain a role in the professorteriat."

After moderately interesting discussions about reviving Marx—and, more perplexingly, even reviving Lenin—in post-Soviet Russia, followed by grouchy comments from the esteemed Frederic Jameson on the status of literature and philosophy in the post-Soviet era, the gathering came to its gloomy end. Absolutely dozens of bottle of wine and huge blocks of moldy cheese had been dragged in by actual proletarian cafeteria workers to feed these self-proclaimed revolutionary theorists; we resolved to steal the wine from the postmodern Marxists. As we homeless anarchists threw bottle after bottle into our bags and gorged ourselves on endless amounts of fancy cheese, I fantasized that we were striking a blow for the millions of people who disdain latter-day revolutionary theory. Yet I couldn't help but feel a tinge of despair at the current state of revolutionary theory: Why is it so utterly disconnected from practice? Are we anarchists just doomed to steal the wine from the wine-and-cheese Marxist theorists? Is there nothing better going?

Like a breath of fresh air, books like *Shut Them Down! The G8, Gleneagles 2005, and the Movement of Movements*, published by the Dissent! network and Autonomedia, have swept away the cobwebs of endless theory for theory's sake. As opposed to attempts to resurrect the decaying and disreputable corpses of Lenin and Marx, this book is grounded in the real experiences of protesters organizing the G8 protests, offering a blend of personal accounts, strategy, and theorizing about where to go next. Given our current impasse in strategy and tactics in the United States, this is exactly what the anti-globalization movement needs. It was embarrassing that the best analysis of what happened on the ground at the Seattle WTO protests was not written by the anarchists or activists themselves but by the RAND Institute in their excellent "Netwar in the Emerald City" (now available at: crimethinc.com/downloads/n30.html). Like a baby, the movement in the US seemed mute, barely able to comprehend its own actions, let alone find words to describe what was different about the "anti-globalization" movement. A host of books has been published recently by a legion of would-be academics, socialists, and professional activists hoping to make their careers on the back of the anti-globalization movement—and most of these people have had little to do with the actual organizing of the mobilizations and communities that have been so crucial to the movement. In contrast, the vast majority of this book consists of reflections by people actively involved in the mobilization and in all levels of organizing, as one can tell by the amount of "inside" information.

It's clear that this book — and the entire G8 mobilization in Scotland — was an extended response to the "Give Up Activism" article (available on the web at: www.eco-action.org/dod/no9/activism.htm) released by Johnny X after J18, when activists attacked the center of finance capital in downtown London, breaking windows and terrifying bankers at the beginning of the height of the "anti-globalization" struggle. Johnny X made a number of trenchant points, the main one being that the very concept of activism is bankrupt and authoritarian, as it makes the "activist" a specialist in social change—which implies that non-activists cannot change the conditions of life without having some (usually middle-class and college-educated) person parachute in to save them. For that matter, mass mobilizations after September 11 seemed more and more to be hollow—and dangerous—rituals with no visible effect on the structures of power. This book and the mobilization it chronicles offer a response to the self-fulfilling doom-and-gloom outlooks of critics who don't have anything better to suggest.

As with any compilation of writings, the pieces range over a wide variety of styles and content. John Holloway kicks things off by noting that autonomy is usually conceived as cracks in the capitalist domination space—autonomous zones ranging from Barcelona to Chiapas—rather than cracks in the dead time of capitalist globalization, such as anti-capitalist mass mobilizations. A piece by Alex Trocchi and Petrus Alamire gives a blow-by-blow account of the organizing and events that led up to the mobilization; this would be a useful primer for others trying to prepare for a similar mass mobilization elsewhere. Most interesting of all are the critiques; one recurring theme is the inability of radical activists to engage openly with the spectacle put together by the government-sanctioned "Make Poverty History" protest and the rock-star driven Live8, events that again forced anti-capitalists back into the activist ghetto and prevented them from connecting with the people living nearest the mobilization. There are stories of how to counteract this: the Trapese collective recounts how they went around the UK giving "pub quizzes" on the G8, while Counterspin details their ordeal trying to create a truly decentralized way to communicate with the media without spokespeople. Lydia Molyneux offers an account of how ordinary people showed up and fought the cops for control of public space when anarchists called for a "Carnival of Full Enjoyment" to counter demands of the government for "Full Employment"—despite the fact that anti-capitalists barely even put together flyers for this at the last minute.

There are a lot of reflections here that are relevant to people in the US, even if they verge on what would appear to be "theory." George Caffentzis presents the inherent contradiction at the heart of neo-liberalism: "though the wageless were not supposed to be reproduced by the capitalist system, they still survive"—in effect, the very existence of the poor is proof of non-capitalist ways of survival. Rodrigo Nunes points out a number of contradictions in some of the pre-conceived notions that have become de facto assumptions among many anarchists: How are we supposed to be both using consensus to agree on a course of action and accepting a diversity of tactics in which people choose their own levels of action? Are our movements—as networks—really anti-authoritarian, or does the position of many activists as hubs of connection allow them to shape and control what happens at mass actions? Kay

Summer and Harry Halpin argue that the overwhelming crisis of the next century will likely be the death of millions through climate change, and the main crisis for the movement is the brutal truth that "our ability to avert ecological collapse and the death of millions of people is, at present, minimal." To prefigure the ecological world they want, the protesters did their best to tread lightly upon the Earth in their everyday life and actions—from Starhawk managing compost toilets to the guerilla gardens created by anarchists in inner-city Glasgow. It is this message of hope against all odds—and a realistic engagement with the difficult questions of organization and tactics—that shines through in this book.

There are brilliant cartoons by Isy Morgenmuffel detailing the myriad uses of a shopping trolley, which range from both carrying stones to throw at cops to bearing potatoes to anarchist kitchens. There are first-hand accounts by Kolonel Klepto of how the "travelling anarchist circus" of the Insurrectionary Rebel Clown Army used the tactic of "clowning" to disrupt the normalized fear of protests through creativity and good-old-fashioned British humor. One of the most joyous pieces in the book is a mediation by Kate Evans on how having children changes the way one relates to protests: "as an activist, I had made a point of interposing my body into confrontation situations. Now I had something else to protect, a new little life"…yet in order to truly protect her children, she decided that she had to create a world that could respect not only her children's lives, but all lives. So Kate "unleashed her children from their carseats" and a children's picnic helped blockade the G8.

While the protest in Gleneagles is now quite long over, it is in this record of the voices of the normally faceless heroines and heroes that I find the connection between theory and practice lacking in so much of the resistance in the United States, particularly in postmodernism and Marxism. This link between theory and practice is called "praxis" by some: it is defined as a cycle of theoretical challenges and real-world responses, followed by the emergence from the success or failure of these responses of a new set of reformulated theoretical challenges. This process continues ad infinitum—and it is thus that we find the "movement" that escapes the dead time of shopping centers and death camps that so characterize our era.

It is for precisely this reason that I recommend that anarchists pick up this book, not so they may read it as an inspirational account of some distant protest in a far-off country, but to use it as a template for thinking about how resistance in our country can be put into motion. Have we not been frozen by the long and slow nightmare of the "War of Terror," as our friends die in distant lands and others are dragged out of their houses in the night? Instead of fighting back both in theory and practice, our practice is far too often merely a reaction to whatever our current situation is, without a thought for the future or a realistic consideration of how we can overthrow capitalism. It is a monument to the sad state of affairs here in the United States that so many theoretical debates are framed to pose the resurrection of a century-old "Platform" of questionable anarchist credentials against the eager awaiting of an industrial collapse that will most likely lead to fascism and genocide. Enough already!

All over the entire globe we anarchists know what our goal is: the abolition of wage labor and the victory of life itself over hierarchy. It is a question of strategy and tactics why we are not making more headway, and it shocks me how little time we spend on this question. Here is one set of questions and some answers, far from complete. For us to succeed in the larger struggle, not just against the "leaders" of the G8 but against the entire social structure of our society, we must lay out our own questions and answers. We must be magicians capable of creating situations, such as mass mobilizations like those against the G8 in Scotland, in which the logic of despair no longer applies and we instead directly partake in the fight against capital. It is in moments like those documented in this book that this struggle magically crystallizes and we discover "how good it feels to succeed," in the words of Haley Burton, who goes on: "if I could feel like that all the time, I'd be walking about ten feet off the ground; I'd know we are powerful enough to do anything, and I'd love everybody." The effects of these moments live with us, transforming our lives; in concert with strategies and tactics suited for spreading them, they may be our best hope.

This book is available for free as PDFs on the internet (www.shutthemdown.org) and or for the relatively cheap price of $9.95. The proceeds from sales of this book go back into prisoner support and sending funding "to Russia, with love (and rage)" for their own G8 protest, which took place the following year. Our friends in the British Isles have laid down the gauntlet, and it is up to us to pick it up. The quote by Winstanley of the Diggers on the back of the book says it all: "Words and Writing are all Nothing and must Die, for action is the Life of all and if thou does not Act, thou does Nothing."

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS…

WITH ARWEN CURRY

Dear Golnar's Parents,

I am sorry I didn't get to meet you when you were in San Francisco. I was hoping to maybe go to the Cliff House with you, or out for some Ethiopian food.

I've heard rumors that, as I have long feared, your daughter might move back to New York. Like everyone here, I'm distressed that Golnar is leaving MRR. She really has done such a good job, and made me so proud. It's a difficult job, and not in the way that people usually think. It's certainly more complicated and multiple than any other job I've come across, requiring a person to actually be ten or twelve people, working together or in shifts. The praise trickles in only sporadically, and may or may not hit the mark.

Golnar was so young — really young! — when she started working at MRR, and with taxed resources, a huge conflict on her plate to resolve immediately, and with no preparation and little support, she stepped up to the task of running the magazine with a grace I will always admire. Although serious, she never has been too serious. *Maximum Rocknroll* surely owes its survival to her courage, integrity, and intelligence. And I really like her.

Thank you for lending us your daughter. We hereby return her — well, to her life, at least — in more or less decent shape.

Kind regards,
Arwen

THREE CHORD POLITICS

chris hubbard

I met Golnar when we both lived in New

York. She was working at the time with my best friend, and had helped open a lending library/info shop in Brooklyn that did occasional punk shows. I'd been to a few of these shows and shared a few conversations with her, but didn't really get to know her until we started a band together. Our debut, opening for Forca Macabra, Voetsek, and Last Words, was probably my favorite show that I've ever played—though we were only ever able to play out a handful of times altogether as Golnar soon moved to San Francisco to take the coordinator position at *MRR*. I was disappointed about the band's split and also admittedly a bit jealous that she had just landed what I figured was the best job in the world. So, when a room at the *MRR* house in SF opened, and Golnar offered to sublet it to me while the magazine decided on a new coordinator, I didn't have to think about it for long. I was unemployed, band-less, and basically stuck in a rut after nearly seven years in New York—I jumped at the chance to move across the country to California. If Golnar hadn't provided me the opportunity to live out here, who knows where I would be today. Surely, without her support, encouragement, and patience, I would not be helping to run *MRR*.

In the years she's been at the magazine, I've seen Golnar faced with a number of challenges, both major (dealing with a coordinator who was stealing from the magazine and the aftermath of his dismissal, the months and months of delinquent payment from and eventual collapse of our main distributor) and minor (far too many to mention), and she has handled each and every one with a level of ability, dedication, and—for lack of a better work—professionalism of which no one else I know is capable. On the eve of her departure from the coordinator position, I'm reminded once again of how much the magazine owes her for her time spent working here. Certainly, *Maximum Rocknroll* would not be what it is today without her hard work and leadership.

Thank you Golnar.

* * *

I have one announcement to make before signing off—this one has to do with a new *Maximum Rocknroll* policy. In the last few years, we, the tireless watchdogs and selfless protectors of DIY punk culture—the punk police, if you will—have seen the rise of a great threat to our fuckin' way of life. It's an insidious corporate virus that has infected our proud community, silently and quickly integrating itself into our everyday routines, to the point where many among us suffer from an addiction so strong that we would not be able to function without it. My friends, I am of course talking about MySpace. And *MRR* is taking a stand!

Effective April 1st, *Maximum Rocknroll* will no longer review records or feature interviews by bands associated with MySpace. This is not just limited to band pages, this includes any band members with their own personal page. No exceptions! In order to preserve a punk scene that is truly pure, we must eradicate this menace from within our ranks. Eternal vigilance is the price of eternal punkdom and whatnot. (Exceptions will be made for Japanese and Scandinavian bands in some cases.)

It's quite simple: *MRR* is a punk zine, and that shit ain't punk!

* * *

You can hassle me direct via email at: chris@maximumrocknroll.com

YOU AXED FOR IT!
golnar nikpour

The End

It's been busy here, very busy. I have a to-do list about a mile long, which is the usual for me but I am feeling fucking stressed out because I only have about four weeks before I am supposedly moving out of this house, going on tour, moving out of San Francisco, moving on with my life, etc. I remember when I left New York, I felt a little bit anxious, but not weeks in advance and not *this* anxious. Maybe it's because I didn't have a lot of loose ends to tie up in New York? The shit I want to get done at Maximum in the next few weeks is over the top—big interviews, lots of financial stuff, taxes, the *How To Make MRR Work* manual that hasn't been updated since Tim Yo wrote it, not to mention just getting this next issue done, writing my last column, getting the second press of the comp shipped out to people, etc. I think about everything I want to do and it gets me really emotional, like on the verge of tears emotional, because on top of the regular work I am wondering after every conversation—with shitworkers, contributors, advertisers, solicitors, friends, enemies, etc.—am I gonna see this person before I go? Am I ever gonna talk to them again? It's kind of the same with every little tasks—my last mail day, my last layout, my last radio show, my last columns to edit, my last time calling X because their reviews are late, my last check signed, my last meeting to run. Fuck.

When I left New York, I left behind a lot of people that I love. And a city that I am totally head over heals crazy about. It was a really happy time in my life, and I was half-way or all the way involved with a bunch of projects—and people—that seemed crazy to leave. But I have to admit, in the end, it was easy to go; when I got the call from MRR, it was hardly a decision at all. Life felt really open, like I could—and should—go anywhere. And what better way to celebrate that feeling than to strike out West? It's where you go when the world feels pregnant with possibility, and has been so for a really long time.

Now, after close to three years and thirty-three issues of work (and play) at MRR—not to mention the other things that come with living in any city, friends, projects, lovers, awkward interactions, hidden away places, food, drinks, drama, bad jokes, etc.—I am making my way back to New York. There will be some time on tour with friends (first with Condenada and then Signal Lost—come say hi if we pass through town!) and some time just loafing around, enjoying the left coast before I leave, but it's all in lead-up to one thing—I am going home.

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It took me a while to feel like I really belonged here, and longer than that not to feel like an interloper, like somehow people would discover that maybe I wasn't the person they should've picked to run their magazine after all. Everything about this place is huge—the house, the record collection, the mythology, the history—and there was me, all 5'2" of me at 22 years old, trying to figure out where I fit into it all. The first issue I did by myself, still trying to navigate my first (and biggest, not to mention most heartbreaking) crisis at the magazine, was brutal. Without the help of the people around me, who knows what would've happened. The day that that issue went to print found me exhausted after a string of very long nights, with my nerves pretty shaken. I explained to Clara, who kept trying to assure me that everything was alright (even as we both ran around in a frenzy, leaving the oven on, leaving the keys in the car by accident, etc.), that not only did I want to get the magazine done, but I wanted it done really well, and that I wasn't sure I had it in me.

We were on the verge of sending the digital file of that issue—*Maximum Rocknroll* #261—to the printer when the PDF I had just created gave me an error message: "Warning. Corrupt File." Shit.

For the first time all week, Clara and I very nearly turned on each other. Frustrated and tired, we just wanted the damn issue done. Wisely, Clara picked that moment to leave, before our mounting tension further misdirected.

"You're almost done here, Golnar," she said, "Why don't you just re-do these couple of pages and send the PDF in without me to distract you." I nodded in agreement, as we made plans to meet up later for dinner.

I sat there and re-did the book reviews layout, which was the inexplicably corrupted file. I was still new and really slow and awkward with the layout programs, so I tinkered with those three pages for a long while before I decided they looked passable. Finally, I put together the master document and sent it off to print. By this point, it was late afternoon and I felt defeated instead of excited; the house was empty and I didn't really know anyone in San Francisco well enough to call them and have them come over to celebrate.

So I went to the record store. Actually, I just got on my bike and rode around for a while, eventually settling on Amoeba as a good destination and distraction before I made my way to Clara's for dinner. I flipped listlessly through piles of records I wasn't really looking at, but neither could I get myself to leave, despite not looking for anything in particular and not finding it anyway. After an hour or so, with my little remaining energy dulled, I finally decided that it was time to go.

"I'll just look through the comp LPs" I said to no one in particular, and then laughed out loud for talking to myself as I continued my fruitless search. Record by record I went—no, no, no, no—until I reached the last LP in the bin. That record was *Not So Quiet on the Western Front*, the comp co-released by MRR and Alternative Tentacles over twenty-two years before. I pulled it out, dumbfounded by the coincidence. Written on the plastic sleeve: "magazine inside." I turned the record over and examined it—there was the photo of the early MRR staff, Tim Yo, Jeff Bale, Jello, Ruth Schwartz, Ray Farrell, and this blurb: "Maximum Rocknroll is a weekly nationally syndicated one-hour program covering the best new independent record releases and cassettes of hardcore, punk, and garage bands. The show presents not only the newest noise, but also…regularly features interviews with bands or discussions on social and political subjects of concern to young people attempting to *think*." That comp also included MRR #0, which was the print origins of the fanzine I had just labored over not hours before; incredulous, I shook my head, walked up to the cashier, paid for the LP, and rode my bike home. On that ride the weight of the last few months hit me, thinking as I was about the history of Maximum and my newfound place in it. Of the handful of people on the back of the *Not So Quiet*…comp, all of them were dead, extremely sold out, or more or less irrelevant, but somehow the ideals behind MRR had managed to survive, and even thrive. DIY, political, focused, punk, thoughtful, and engaged, the magazine has been through its highs and lows, but it is still around, and (to quote Tim Yo, in a quote I've stolen before), offers a "functional alternative to the ugliness in this world." This even as rampant apathy and alienating (not to mention moronic) anti-"PC" culture runs rampant through punk. This even as war is waged brutally, criminally, and with increasing deadliness all over the world. How could I be anything other than proud to be part of this magazine, with the eccentric but charming little family of freaks that have worked here all along and that work here still?

Frankly, I am at a loss for words. Thank you, *Maximum Rocknroll,* I am gonna miss you.

***

The list of people who have helped me and *Maximum Rocknroll* through these last three years is literally too long to put into this column. I'd reach my two thousand word column quota just trying to squeeze them all in. But I would be remiss not mention at least a few people, whose work and friendship has been a constant source of inspiration and motivation for me in my time here. First and foremost are my current co-coordinators Chris and Martin, who are not only the people I work most closely with every day, but are also two of my favorite people (and two of the most radical punkers) in the world. I am stressed out just imagining living somewhere where I don't see these two all the time, but I know I will be able to sleep a little easier knowing that they are the ones in charge of keeping the ship afloat and sailing, breezily. Good luck guys. Then, of course, is the person I spent the longest co-coordinating the magazine with, Paul, who—to give you a little peak behind the scenes—is here almost as much now as he was before, making bad puns and extolling the virtues of obscure Deutschpunk, Ribzy, and the Belching Penguins. There's Paco, who spent so many hours here in the months that I coordinated the magazine by myself that I probably should have put his name next to mine on the masthead. And there is Arwen, who I called in time of crisis—both personal and uh, professional—time and time (and time and time) again. Did I mention Allan? Or Ariel? Or Layla? Or Tim? And of course there's the aforementioned Clara, who is pretty much the gold standard as far as I'm concerned in terms of honesty, hard work, integrity, etc., and who taught me nearly everything I know about coordinating this magazine. As far as I'm concerned, she's still the boss. Oh shit, and I nearly forgot to thank Tim Yo!

Well, that's it for now. I'll be writing a monthly column that'll pick up in an issue or so, as well as doing other kinds of shitwork for MRR for a long time to come. So this isn't really goodbye.

See you 'round, friends.

***

You can still write to me via my old email addy: golnar@maximumrocknroll.com

(Though for now, and until further notice, if you want to mail me something in non-electronic form, you should do so via the MRR PO Box.)

Playlist: V/A—*Not So Quiet On the Western Front*, Sex Vid—*Tania* EP, Kieltolaki (both EPs), Signal Lost—new recordings, and lots of CCR.

[redacted]

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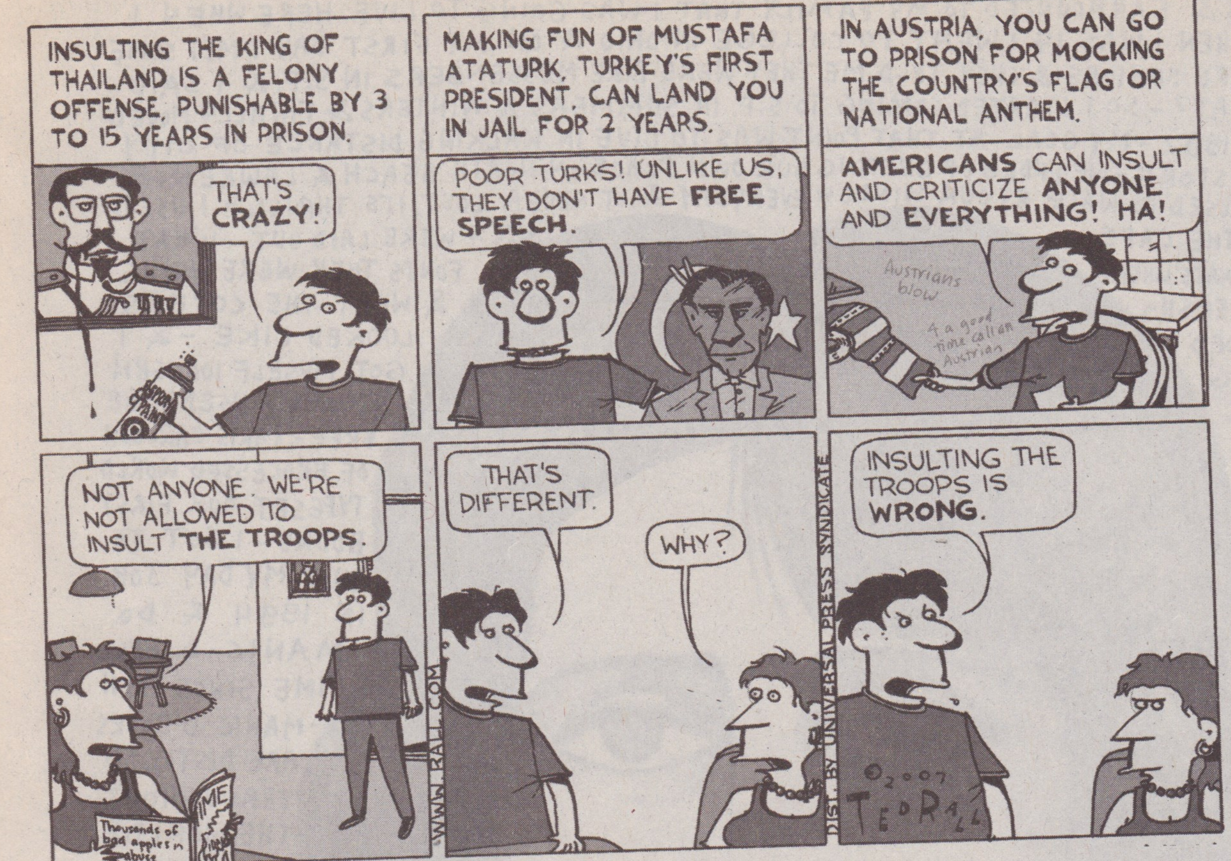
INSULTING THE KING OF THAILAND IS A FELONY OFFENSE, PUNISHABLE BY 3 TO 15 YEARS IN PRISON.
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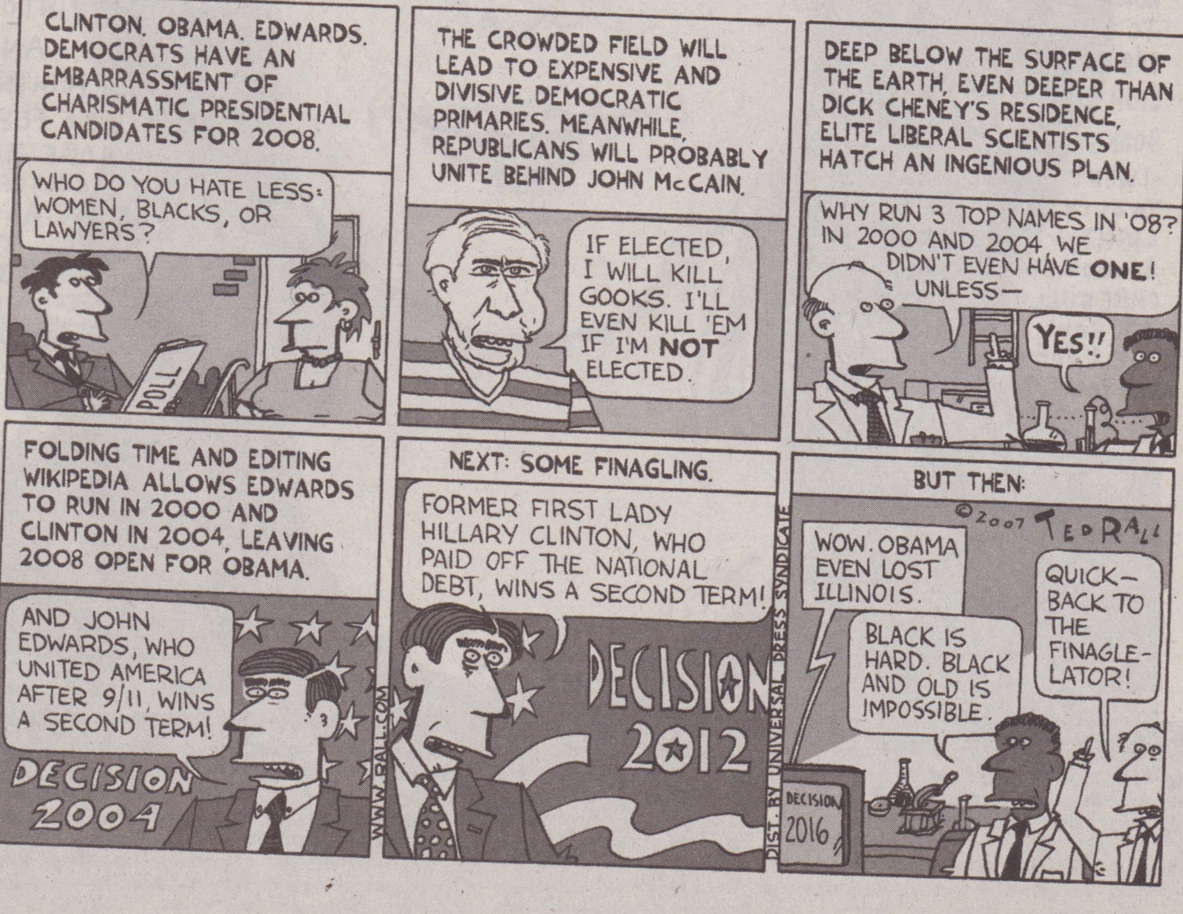
CLINTON. OBAMA. EDWARDS. DEMOCRATS HAVE AN EMBARRASSMENT OF CHARISMATIC PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES FOR 2008.
WHO DO YOU HATE LESS: WOMEN, BLACKS, OR LAWYERS?
POLL
THE CROWDED FIELD WILL LEAD TO EXPENSIVE AND DIVISIVE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARIES. MEANWHILE, REPUBLICANS WILL PROBABLY UNITE BEHIND JOHN McCAIN.
IF ELECTED, I WILL KILL GOOKS. I'LL EVEN KILL 'EM IF I'M NOT ELECTED.
DEEP BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH, EVEN DEEPER THAN DICK CHENEY'S RESIDENCE, ELITE LIBERAL SCIENTISTS HATCH AN INGENIOUS PLAN.
WHY RUN 3 TOP NAMES IN '08? IN 2000 AND 2004 WE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE ONE! UNLESS—
YES!!
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BUT THEN:
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WOW. OBAMA EVEN LOST ILLINOIS.
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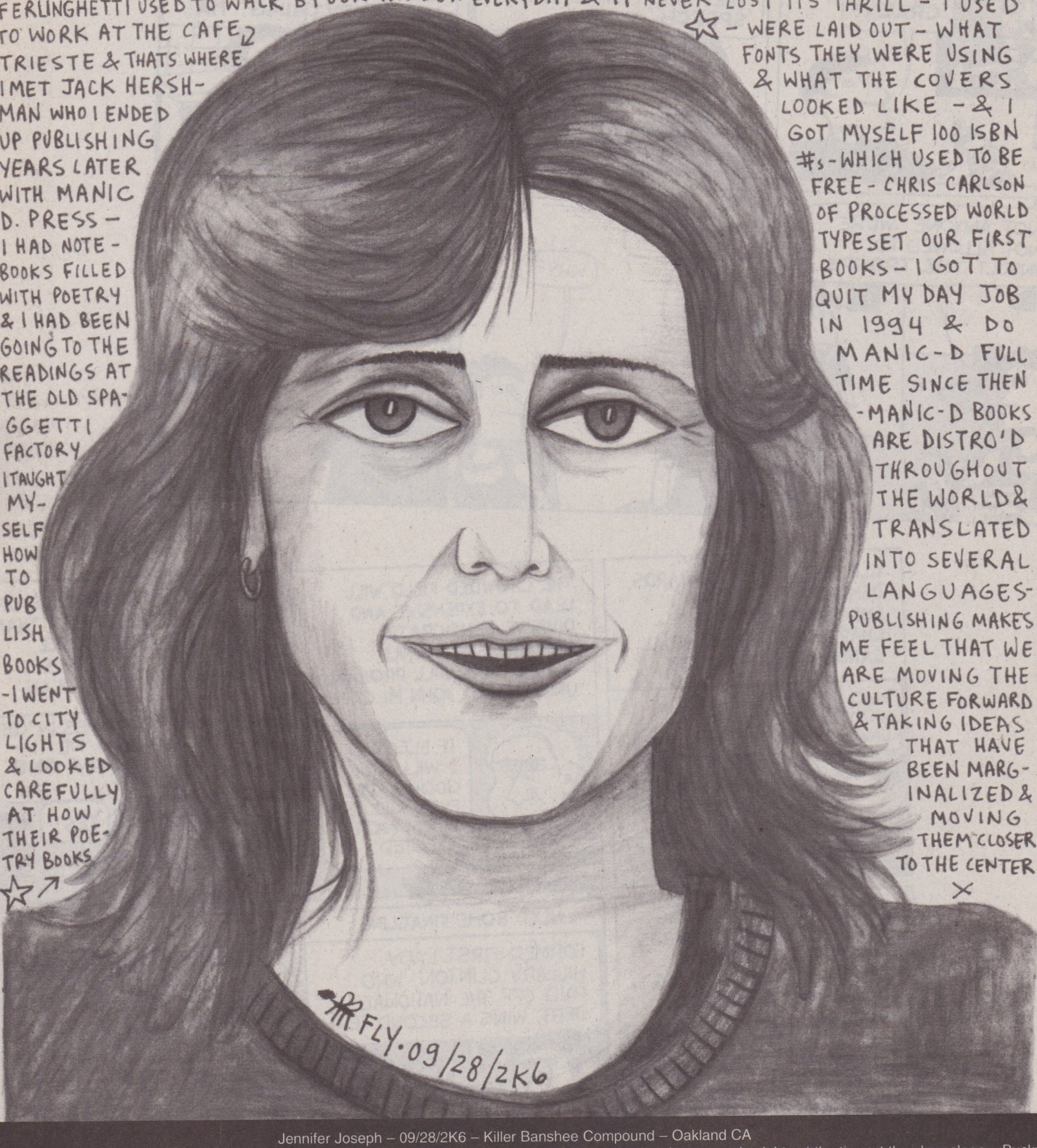
QUICK—BACK TO THE FINAGLE-LATOR!
DECISION 2016

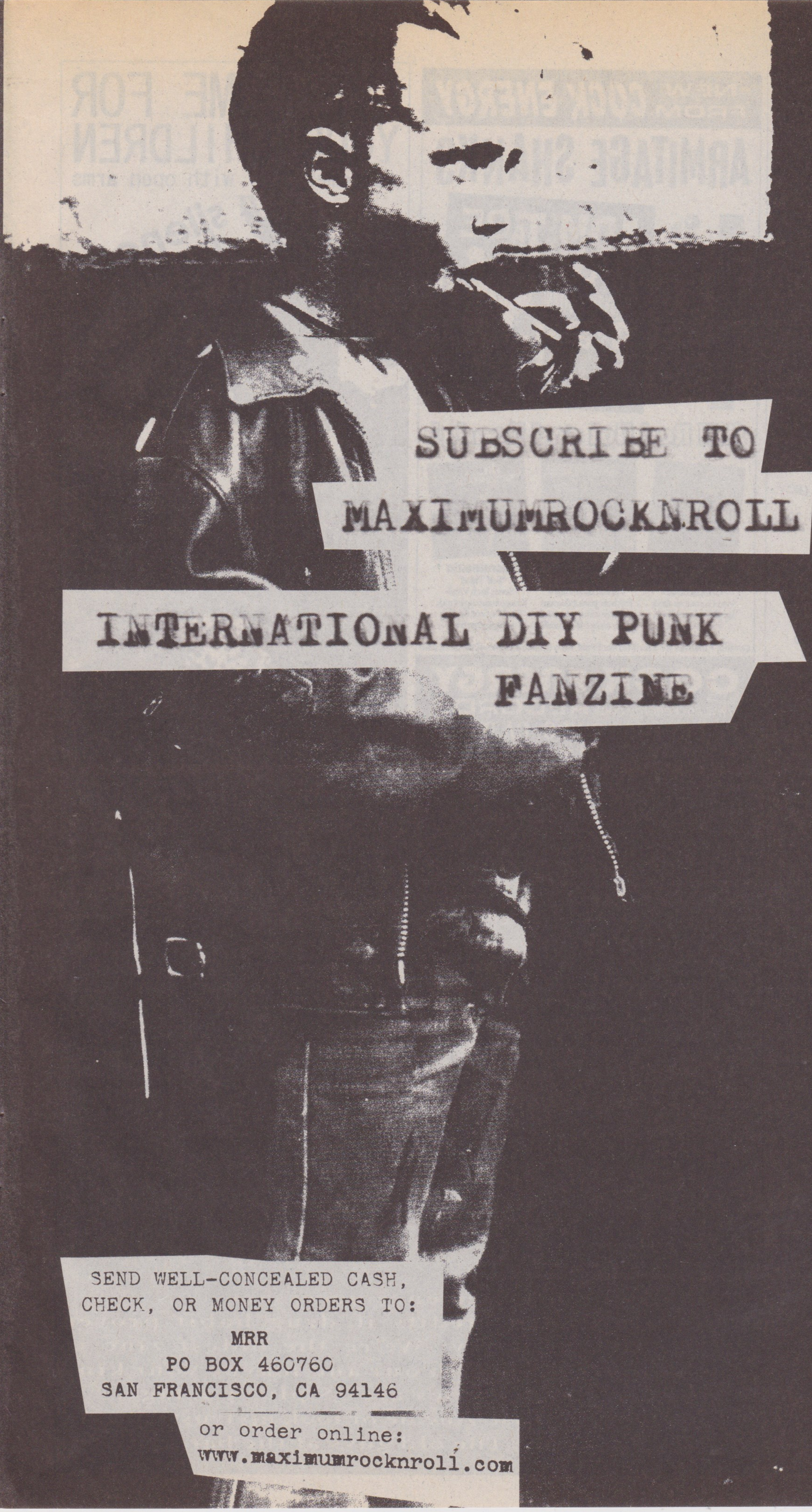
PEOPS

GINSBERG IN THE 8th GRADE - WHEN I WAS 12 WE CAME TO S.F. FOR MY UNCLES WEDDING IT WAS 1973 & I ANNOUNCED TO MY FAMILY THAT I WAS GOING TO LIVE HERE WHEN I GREW UP - WHEN I WAS 17 I WENT TO COLLEGE IN OHIO & ON MY FIRST DAY I MET SOME GUYS WHO WERE SENIORS & THEY TOLD ME THEY WERE BIKE MESSENGERS IN S.F. & I SAID CAN I DO THAT? - SO I STARTED COMING TO S.F. IN SUMMERS & WINTERS & FINALLY MOVED OUT HERE IN 1982 - MY GOAL AT THAT POINT WAS TO LIVE IN WALKING DISTANCE OF CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE - WE ENDED UP GETTING OUR OWN PLACE IN NORTH BEACH & LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI USED TO WALK BY OUR WINDOW EVERYDAY & IT NEVER LOST ITS THRILL - I USED TO WORK AT THE CAFE TRIESTE & THATS WHERE I MET JACK HERSHMAN WHO I ENDED UP PUBLISHING YEARS LATER WITH MANIC D. PRESS - I HAD NOTEBOOKS FILLED WITH POETRY & I HAD BEEN GOING TO THE READINGS AT THE OLD SPAGGETTI FACTORY I TAUGHT MYSELF HOW TO PUBLISH BOOKS - I WENT TO CITY LIGHTS & LOOKED CAREFULLY AT HOW THEIR POETRY BOOKS ☆ - WERE LAID OUT - WHAT FONTS THEY WERE USING & WHAT THE COVERS LOOKED LIKE - & I GOT MYSELF 100 ISBN #s - WHICH USED TO BE FREE - CHRIS CARLSON OF PROCESSED WORLD TYPESET OUR FIRST BOOKS - I GOT TO QUIT MY DAY JOB IN 1994 & DO MANIC-D FULL TIME SINCE THEN - MANIC-D BOOKS ARE DISTRO'D THROUGHOUT THE WORLD & TRANSLATED INTO SEVERAL LANGUAGES - PUBLISHING MAKES ME FEEL THAT WE ARE MOVING THE CULTURE FORWARD & TAKING IDEAS THAT HAVE BEEN MARGINALIZED & MOVING THEM CLOSER TO THE CENTER ×



Jennifer Joseph – 09/28/2K6 – Killer Banshee Compound – Oakland CA

I first met Jennifer in 1993 in San Francisco – I think I met her through Bucky Sinister who was emceeing the open mic nights at the time at the chameleon – Bucky is one of the many amazing authors published by Manic D Press – Manic D was founded by Jennifer in 1984 & since then has continued to remain true to its mission statement to publish those who are shunned by the mainstream & told they are not comercially viable – Jennifer also for a long time booked readings at the Paradise Lounge in the Mission – she set up a show for me & my spoken word comrade Terri Pain – that was such a great show! – I had just met Frank's Depression on the street that day & he came & even read some of his stuff during the open mic segment even though he was self conscious because he had just gotten his front teeth knocked out in a fight – Jennifer Joseph is a truely awesome instigator!! – please check out the website! – www.manicdpress.com - (i highly recommend Love Like Rage by Wendy-O Matik but there are lots of other great titles!) to contackt Fly email fly@bway.net (put MRR in the subject so I know its not spam) – *PEOP(le)s* zines #2 & #3 (& soon #4!) available for $5 each (pp USA) send to Fly PO Box 1318 Cooper Station NYC NY 10276 USA



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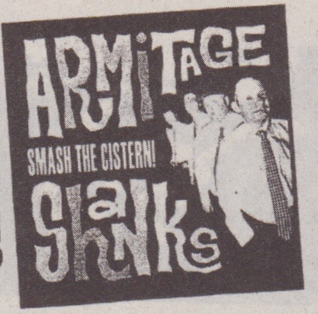

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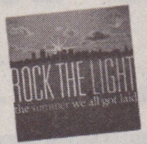

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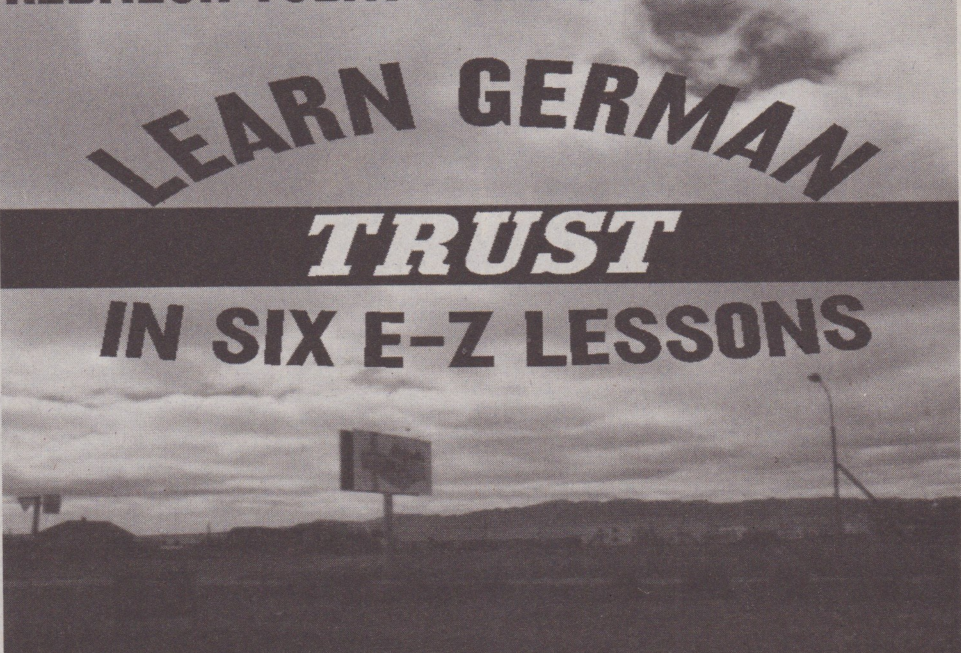

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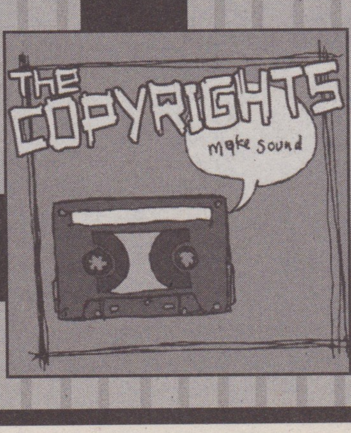

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MRR NEWS

MRR NEWS FOR ISSUE #287 COMPILED BY ARIEL CELESTE

THE HISTORY & FUTURE OF UNGDOMSHUSET: DANISH SQUAT UNDER ATTACK

By Noah Greene

The Youth House (Ungdomshuset) is a legendary punkhouse located at Jagtvej 69, Nørrebro, (the Northern sector of Copenhagen)—a collective, a place for creation, for honesty, and unhindered activity. In a city (and world!) where free thought and creativity are rarely encouraged, Ungdomshuset has provided *free* space for all sorts of projects, and virtually anyone can get involved. The House was assigned to the resident punx in 1982, though the city still "owned" the building in a capitalist sense. For over 18 years the house functioned as a vibrant (if at times gritty) center for leftist activism, art, and punk rock with only a few minor hitches. However, in December of 2000, the city municipalities, looking to get the House off their hands, sold the building to the highest bidder, a company called Human A/S. This company, in turn, sold the property to a right-wing, independent evangelical group known as Faderhuset.

Faderhuset claimed "legal" ownership in 2003 and has since been fighting the residents of the Youth House, in both city and national courts, for physical control of the building, which they intend to demolish and rebuild. They have refused a significant monetary offer from the Youth House collective to buy the property "back," and seem totally intent on ousting Ungdomshuset no matter the cost.

Things have repeatedly become violent and tensions have risen. Faderhuset, backed by the courts, proclaimed an official takeover date of December 14, 2006 but failed to actualize as opposition boiled over. When the eviction date was announced, the residents of Ungdomshuset posted the following letter to anarchists, punx, and leftists the world over:

"Troublemakers of the world—We bid you welcome. We invite everybody who supports Ungdomshuset to come to Copenhagen in December. From the 13th through the 17th there will be actions, workshops, concerts, and at least one demonstration.

For seven years we have struggled for a political solution that could remove the eviction threat against Ungdomshuset. These efforts have been in vain.

We are still trying to find a peaceful way to save the house but there is not much to hope for. Though the politicians have spoken a lot they have not done anything. The right wing Christian sect whom the politicians gave our house is refusing to sell. In stead the have asked for permission to tear it down.

From just about everywhere there have been statements of support. From local citizens to revolutionary political groups abroad. Danish labour unions, artists, musicians and many more have spoken in our favor. We are very grateful for this support. But so far it has not had an effect on the leadership of the Church that is crusading against us. They still push for war.

We are still hoping and working for a political solution but from December 14th the question is no longer if we are going to be attacked by the police in an eviction attempt. From that day on it will be a question of when we are attacked.

This is why we are calling all the friends of Ungdomshuset to come to Copenhagen from the 13th of December. Activities are planned until December 17th but you are welcome to stay longer. We need you. Hope to see you here!"

On December 16 these same residents hosted a large demonstration/protest that ended in teargas, violence, and more arrested (over three hundred) than Denmark had seen in years, some sources say since WWII. Anarchists and supporters from all over Europe and the United Kingdom rallied to the cause in response to the Youth House collective's invitation. Having exhausted all options within the legal system, what choice did the Youth House Collective Have? Yet, as a result of the violent actions of the demonstrators, the Copenhagen police have accused the Youth House collective of fascism and take a firm (and physical!) stance against Ungdomshuset.

Today, February 2007, the punx are literally besieged with the looming threat of a forced eviction by armed police. Fearless, they hold strong—hosting shows and gatherings on an almost daily basis, stockpiling defenses and broadcasting pirate radio to the world via http://www.myspace.com/piratradio69. In addition, these incredible folks have outlined a three-step plan to immediately follow a loss of property control, posted in plain Danish all across the city.

Sadly, my own time here in Copenhagen is cut tomorrow morning and I'm afraid I'm going to miss the climax. The thing is, this fight belongs to all of us—to punx and free thinkers worldwide! As one spokesperson for the Youth House said in an interview last November, "No matter what country we are in, we are all fighting the same battle...when we listen to each other, which we are quite good at, we see people in other countries having the exact same struggle. This normalizing everything tendency that there is in Denmark, happens all over Europe. We see it in Alter Meirei in Germany, and we see it in Blitz, in Oslo, and we had a mail from Japan the other day...saying we're having the same fight as you are. It's a worldwide thing." The powers that be don't want such things as Ungdomshuset, or any free-standing, and particularly anarchist, institutions to exist in "their" world. In fact, they're going to attack and defame them by whatever means possible (and they got a hell of a lot more $$!) In order for any sort of freedom to prevail, we cannot sit quietly by.

So, what do you want to do about it? For starters , visit the following sites:

—Letter to Supporters from Ungdomshuset:
http://ungdomshuset.info/spip.php?article48
—Stephen Castle, *The Independent:*
news.independent.co.uk/europe/article2083845.ece
—News page from Ungdomshuset website:
http://ungdomshuset.info/en.php3?id_rubrique=4
—Indymedia.dk interview with Ungdomshuset resident: http://indymedia.dk/article/735

AGRO-BUSINESS AND THE STRUGGLE FOR ORGANIC STANDARDS

From an article in the *SF Chronicle* by Jake Whitney

Marin Sun Farms, in Point Reyes, is a collection of ranches on more than 2,000 acres of rolling, certified organic pasture. All year long, cattle and chickens speckle the hills, free to roam and graze at their leisure. The Hereford and Angus cows, in fact, are never confined. They are grass-fed, except during winter, when they also eat hay and silage. The chickens' typical diet of plants and insects is supplemented with organic grains, which they eat at night, in the winter and in otherwise foul weather when kept in their portable coops. When you imagine an organic cattle ranch, Marin Sun Farms is probably pretty close to what you picture—though maybe not exactly.

No synthetic fertilizers or chemical pesticides are used on the pasture, and the animals are hormone- and antibiotic-free. But even though most of the land is certified organic, the cows and chickens raised there are not. One reason is because the owner, David Evans, obtains cows from partner ranchers who use synthetic "wormers" to control parasites—a violation of organic standards. But Evans has been slowly accumulating a base herd with an eye toward becoming entirely organic.

Lately, however, Evans has begun to wonder if the USDA "Certified Organic" stamp will be worth the annual fee, which could run more than $1,000. His pastures—the largest certified organic acreage in Marin County—may seem large, but they are dwarfed by their corporate counterparts. As Evans knows, organic food has become big business. According to the Organic Consumer's Association, sales could hit $18 billion this year, with half coming from conventional supermarkets. Though still only about 2.5 percent of the agricultural market, demand for organic has grown 20 percent annually in recent years, and most of the top-selling brands are now owned by agribusiness behemoths. Dean Foods, for example, owns White Wave (maker of Silk soymilk) and Horizon Organic, the No. 1-selling organic brand across the country. Unilever owns Ben & Jerry's Organic. Groupe Danone, a French corporation, recently bought Stonyfield Farm. Even Wal-Mart is plunging deeper into the market, announcing it would dramatically increase its organic offerings.

And if you think Evans' 2,000-plus organic acres is a lot, take a look at Earthbound Farm, which grew from a 2 1/2 acre raspberry and lettuce farm to the largest organic produce operation in North America, with $350 million in annual sales and more than 150 growers on 30,000 organic acres under its control.

Evans worries that the influx of these big companies—with their industrial production methods, profit obsession and political muscle—will dilute organic standards and, potentially, render the USDA stamp irrelevant. "If big business kills the name," Evans said, "why go organic?" He's not alone. Many critics foresee an erosion not only of organic standards but also of the movement's true ideals, which include localism and sustainability as much as eschewing chemical pesticides and synthetic fertilizers. Indeed, a battle is raging in organic food production, and it has already split the industry: between those willing to sacrifice ideals for growth and those who think organic should remain small, local, and transparent.

The 2006 Agriculture Appropriations Bill hacked the split between these groups into a chasm. A rider on the bill legalized, for the first time, the use of synthetic substances in the processing and post-harvest handling of organic foods. What particularly worries purists is that the rider was sponsored by the Organic Trade Association, a lobbying group that represents the interests of big corporations. And, though virtually all of the 38 synthetics are considered harmless—and in fact were already being widely used—some believe that codifying their use may pave the way for others that may not be so harmless.

The very existence of any synthetics in organic food remains unfathomable to some, perhaps no one more so than Arthur Harvey, a 74-year-old blueberry farmer from Maine. Harvey believed that the organic standards of 2002, and their inclusion of a national list of allowable synthetics, violated the original 1990 law, which he believed banned all synthetics. In January 2005, a federal appellate court agreed with him. The court's ruling would have banned all synthetics had it not been for the OTA rider. But Harvey didn't give up; he found fault with the rider, too, and is back in court.

Though a Maine district court dismissed his latest case in November, Harvey is appealing the decision. At issue is a category of synthetics known as "food contact substances." The USDA is currently allowing more than 600 of these in the processing of organic foods, in addition to the 38 synthetics legalized by the rider.

Not only would these FCSs be exempt from listing on ingredient labels, they would not be required to be on the national list thus they'd be exempt from review or approval by the NOSB. And, according to Riddle, some are toxins, such as dimethyl dicarbonate, an antimicrobial added to fruit juices (even those that say "100 percent juice"); and a substance containing methyl chloride, a flammable gas once used as a refrigerant.

"There's no language in the Organic Foods Production Act, the regulation or the court ruling to empower this invisible allowance of substances that don't even appear on the national list," said Riddle, "which never have been reviewed by the NOSB, and have never gone through a rule-making process or even a public comment period."

Caren Wilcox, executive director of the OTA, would not comment on the rider because she was not with the organization when it was attached. She also declined to comment on the issue of "food contact substances" because of Harvey's suit. She asserted, however, that "there has always been a place for synthetics" in organic foods. She added that it would "be impossible to produce" organics without synthetics such as ozone, to resist bacteria; chlorine, a disinfectant; and bleached lecithin and ascorbic acid.

Harvey disagrees. A producer of his own blueberry jams, Harvey was motivated (during the brief period when it appeared synthetics would be banned) to find an organic alternative to a synthetic pectin he'd been using as a thickening agent. It took some experimentation, but eventually he discovered that apple pomace would do the trick.

Wal-Mart's burgeoning market presence is another divisive issue. At a shareholder's meeting in early 2006, Chief Executive Officer Lee Scott declared that Wal-Mart would significantly increase its organic offerings. The announcement panicked critics who feared that Wal-Mart's business model of low prices—Wal-Mart has said its goal is to sell organics for only 10 percent above conventional prices—would pressure organic suppliers to cut corners, thereby diluting the label.

In September, the Cornucopia Institute, a Wisconsin watchdog group, published an analysis of Wal-Mart's early influence on the organic market. The study found that not only was Wal-Mart "cheapening the value of the organic label" by sourcing most of its products from "industrial-scale factory farms and Third World countries," but also—on multiple occasions and in multiple stores—labeling non-organic food as organic with misleading in-store signs.

Karen Burk, a Wal-Mart spokeswoman, replied to the charges by saying, "we believe it to be an isolated incident should a green organic identifying tag be inadvertently placed by or accidentally shift in front of the wrong item."

The study also found that because of its stringent price demands, Wal-Mart obtained little organic food from US family-scale farms, but most from major agribusiness companies, industrial-scale farms and foreign countries. Kastel illustrated how Wal-Mart's low-price-only policy has hurt small farmers and "cheapened" the organic label.

After one of Wal-Mart's original organic milk suppliers, Organic Valley— a co-operative of small organic dairy farmers—refused to acquiesce to Wal-Mart's demands, the giant retailer turned to Horizon Organic (owned by Dean Foods) and Aurora Dairy, both of which have been accused of exploiting ambiguities in the organic standards to confine thousands of cows in feedlot-like conditions with little time spent grazing on pasture. (The law says cows must have "access to pasture," but doesn't say how much or how often.) "Wal-Mart's dependence on factory farms," the study concluded, is a typical example of its "philosophy of sourcing products from the least expensive supplier regardless of the impact on product quality, the environment or our nation's workers."

Which brings up another concern: how to insure that organic products grown outside US borders are actually organic. The USDA's National Organic Program is ultimately responsible for the integrity of all organic food sold in the United States, but it does not conduct inspections. Instead, it accredits third-party agencies to inspect the farms, processors and retailers that seek certification. Currently, there are 40 accredited foreign certifying agents (and 55 domestic). But serious questions remain about the integrity of the process in some countries, especially China. The USDA, in fact, has yet to make an inspection tour of what Kastel described as China's "government-controlled certification system," even though the United States is already importing huge amounts of Chinese organic products.

"I'd rather spend $5 on some locally grown, organic strawberries than $2.50 for some strawberries at Wal-Mart," David Evans said. "Why would I want to save $2.50 on those strawberries when I don't really know how they were grown, under what conditions or if they were really grown organically?"

But, as even the most vehement critics of industrial organic concede, there are benefits to Wal-Mart's and other big corporations' market presence. Perhaps the most significant is the removal of toxic pesticides and chemical fertilizers from the ecosystem: As demand rises and huge retailers like Wal-Mart seek to meet it, conventional acres will transition to organic, and whether those are in the United States, Chile, or China, it will be good for the environment.

Drew and Myra Goodman, the owners of Earthbound Farm (one of Wal-Mart's top suppliers), estimate that their business alone has been responsible for eliminating almost 10 million pounds of synthetic fertilizer and 313,000 pounds of chemical pesticides. This is a significant boon to the environment and to national health, not only for the removal of pesticide residues from food, but also by preserving petroleum, which is used to create synthetic fertilizer.

A study by the Rodale Institute found that organic farms fight global warming by removing carbon from the atmosphere by sequestering it in the earth at a rate of 3,670 pounds per acre. With the Goodmans' 30,000 acres, that would mean Earthbound Farm alone has removed the equivalent of more than 7,500 cars from the road.

Peggy Miars, executive director of California Certified Organic Farmers in Santa Cruz, one of the nation's largest organic certifiers, believes the benefits of big businesses' market presence outweigh the potential negatives. Miars said the USDA standards are strict enough (though she acknowledged ambiguities existed) that the label would remain strong, and, in addition to the environmental benefits, she said big corporations would create greater awareness, boost demand and create more markets. "If consumers who never thought much about organic foods see them at their local Wal-Mart," she said, "they may investigate more, maybe even stop by a farmers' market. This would increase demand and the end result is it would be good for organic."

"We're still losing 400 family farms in the US every week to development," said Helge Hellberg, the executive director of Marin Organic, an association of organic producers dedicated to "creating the first all-organic county in the nation."

"The industrial model, even if it's organic, will not stop that. We're still shipping food an average of about 2,000 miles from where it's grown to where it's consumed. The industrial organic model will not address that."

But will the local model address skyrocketing demand? While much of agribusiness's market presence can be chalked up to profit seeking, even some proponents of small-scale organics think the industrial model may have its place—for supplying populations in less agriculturally sustainable areas, such as Las Vegas or Albuquerque, for example.

When asked if he thought some ideals needed to be sacrificed to meet rising demand, Hellberg said: "No, I think the opposite is true. Smaller scale agriculture, artisan food production, true relationships, integrating agriculture in your local region and building upon it: That is the model that shows the most benefits. It is the closest to the heart and there's no place on earth where you can't apply it."

Evans agrees. "The most conscious way to buy food is straight from the farmer," he said. "There's a lot of room for growth in this country for that kind of relationship. Even better than organic is local organic, and that's a niche that the big guy just can't get in on."

IAN MACKAYE DEFENDS ALL AGES RIGHTS IN DC

From http://www.washingtoncitypaper.com/blogs
Posted by Jessica Gould

"I'm a musician," D.C. punk legend Ian MacKaye testified at Councilmember Jim Graham's roundtable on minors and nightclubs. "You may not know me. You may not even recognize my band Fugazi." But many music fans across the world do, he said. And "I knowingly have not played a show that was not all ages."

Addressing Graham and fellow councilmembers, MacKaye spoke passionately and provocatively against any action that would prohibit people below the age of 21, or even 18, from attending venues where music is played and alcohol is served.

"Obviously, this place that you're talking about is insane. It's insane," he said, referring to Smarta/Broadway, where 17-year-old Taleshia Ford was shot and killed early in the morning of January 20. DC's Alcoholic Beverage Control board summarily suspended the club from operating Jan. 24.

"The problem is the gun. The problem was that club," MacKaye said. The problem was *not* the music or the age of the patrons, he said. In fact, he pointed out, venues that provide a gathering place for young people serve an important function, particularly in DC "I come from a community of musicians who have worked with venues like the Black Cat, the 9:30 Club," he said. "Over the years, we've really tried to make music accessible."

Then the punk star got personal. Over the years, MacKaye said he participated in a variety of benefits, some at all-ages venues. He even played a benefit for Whitman-Walker Clinic. "And you, sir, received a check," he said to Graham, who served as the clinic's executive director from 1994 until he was elected to the Council in 1998.

"I understand people are scared," but "teenagers are human beings, and to treat them like fodder for predators or business people is insane," he said, referring to earlier testimonies and councilmembers' comments about the dangers of mixing minors with older patrons.

DEMONSTRATORS PROTEST GAY SALVATION SEMINAR IN SAN FRANCISCO

Tyche Hendricks from *SF Chronicle*

An evangelical Christian minister from Missouri, who came to a San Francisco church to teach gays and lesbians how to become straight, was subject to a protest led by a gay theology student who said the preacher's conversion therapy was so psychologically damaging that he twice attempted suicide when he tried it.

Inside the Promised Land Fellowship Church on Market Street, 70 or 80 people participated in a daylong seminar by Desert Stream Ministries aimed at overcoming homosexuality and healing other forms of "sexual and relational brokenness."

On the sidewalk outside, two dozen protesters, many of them seminary students, held signs proclaiming, "I am openly Christian and openly gay" and "I thank God for making me gay."

"We're here because we believe ex-gay therapy is not only poor science but poor theology," said Corey Hidlebaugh, 29, a student at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, who said he used the seminar's curriculum during an eight-year attempt to overcome his homosexuality. "I went to an ex-gay ministry in Oklahoma City, and it didn't work," he said. "I went through depression, major anxiety, panic disorder and attempted suicide."

But Promised Land's husband-and-wife pastoral team emphasized that workshop participants were there by choice and that, gay and straight, they were all searching for healthier relationships.

"I've had gay friends all my life," said the Rev. Michael Brodeur, who said he came of age in San Francisco's counterculture. "I'm not homophobic or anti-homosexual. But I am very pro-Jesus."

Brodeur said his evangelical congregation of a couple hundred parishioners includes "some who are in the gay life, some who are struggling and some who've come fully out of it. Our goal is to help people at whatever point they're at in their life."

The fact that Kansas City, Mo.-based Desert Stream Ministries chose to present its message in the heart of the country's most gay-friendly city, and just blocks from the heavily gay Castro district, was "a bit of a coincidence," said co-pastor Diane Brodeur.

The Brodeurs—who do weekly outreach in the Castro to encourage gay people to re-evaluate their sexual orientation—said they invited Desert Stream to use their church for the seminar. It cost $35 and drew participants from congregations around the Bay Area.

"Their message is about bringing the love of Jesus into people's hearts," she said. "It's not 'Don't do this. You're evil, you're going to hell.'"

But a workshop handout written by Desert Stream founder Andy Comiskey ticked off a list of "wickedness," including lesbianism, sexual violence, and child molestation, and stated: "For those who overcome the darkness, a rich and eternal inheritance. For those who refuse to overcome, eternal judgment."

Comiskey was busy running the seminar and unavailable to comment, but his Web site said he is a former homosexual who created the program "for those seeking to come out of homosexuality."

The American Psychological Association, however, emphasizes that "homosexuality is not a mental disorder." And the American Psychiatric Association states: "Altering sexual orientation is not an appropriate goal of psychiatric treatment."

When Desert Stream participants stepped outside for lunch, they were confronted by the peaceful vigil. Most walked by, but Michael Laird, a San Francisco tax preparer with a Bible in his back pocket, struck up a debate with the protesters.

"Any church trying to go by the Bible would tell you, 'You are a sinner. There's something wrong with you,' " said Laird, 44, who added that he was heterosexual but was attending the workshop to heal another kind of "sexual brokenness" he didn't offer to discuss.

"We don't believe homosexuality is a sin," countered Meghan Bean-Smith, 24, a lesbian studying to be a minister in the United Church of Christ. "One of the markings of a sin is that it harms other people. Two people loving each other aren't hurting people."

Growing up in a fundamentalist Christian church, Hidlebaugh said he was taught that gays would go to hell. It wasn't until he stumbled on a chapter of Parents & Friends of Lesbians and Gays in Stillwater, OK, that he decided that it was possible to be Christian and gay. That's the message he went to offer the PL church: "God is big enough to love people just the way they are."

JOSH WOLF SPEAKS ON SERVING LONGEST EVER INCARCERATION FOR PROTECTING SOURCES

www.anarchistnews.org

After 169 days in prison, Josh Wolf earned the dubious distinction for incarceration intended to force him to make public videotape of a 2005 anarchist demonstration. Wolf maintains that as a journalist, it is his right to protect his sources from the government. The courts are hoping that after enough time in jail, the journalist will surrender the tapes.

"Free press in a democracy can not be an extension of the (judicial) system. This case is not about a videotape, it is about eroding the rights of journalists...in what has become nothing more than an anarchist witch hunt. The media is under attack...without a free press, we cannot [as a society] be free."

The issue allegedly revolves around a piece of foam bedding that was lit under a police car at an anarchist demonstration in 2005. The foam did not burn, but the federal government took over the case, it claims, because the car in question was partially paid for by federal funds.

February 8, 2007 was Wolf's 169th day of incarceration. Media activists and professional journalists, including representatives from Reporters Without Borders, the Media Alliance, Society of Professional Journalists, and the SF Bay Guardian came out to support Wolf, whom the court, as well as many mainstream and left wing media outlets alike have been distancing themselves from, calling him a "blogger" rather than a journalist. Wolf did sell his stories, but insists that his rights as a journalist stem from his commitment to reporting the truth, not his ability to claim to be a media professional.

"The federal government is not content to let the Shield Laws stand," said Michael Cabanatuuan from the Northern California Media Workers Guild. "They are not content to let the first amendment stand.

"As friends and colleagues, we all need to step forward to support Josh Wolf," Said Kevin Epps, who in 2002 made waves with his film *Strait Outta Hunters Point.* "This is important for people who believe in free speech." Epps produced a video about Wolf's incarceration and struggle to maintain his right to free speech in the face of judicial coercion. "I look forward to coming home to San Francisco," says Wolf, "when the government comes to its senses and realize that I can not, will not be coerced."

For more info, see http://joshwolf.net/freejosh/ or http://joshwolf.net/freejosh/

GERMANY TAKING STAND AGAINST "WAR ON TERROR"

Pushback against US "war on terror" German solidarity with the indictment of 13 CIA operatives underscores a shifting tone across Europe.

By Robert Marquand from *CS Monitor*

Reaction in Germany was hardly neutral when a prosecutor in Munich indicted thirteen CIA officials early February for kidnapping a German of Lebanese descent and interrogating him in Afghanistan before apparently realizing they had the wrong man. Germans solidly backed the prosecutor.

Since Christian Schmidt-Sommerfeld took the unprecedented step, both the right and left in Germany have supported the "rule of law" principles he articulated. The media have been unified as well. Typical is the centrist Süddeutsche Zeitung: "The justice system has stood up for the rule of law. Whether the government will do so is a different matter. Berlin must push for the kidnappers to be extradited, or...tried in the USA. But it is unlikely to have that much courage."

The solidarity underscores a shifting tone in Europe. As changes of leadership loom in Britain and France, and capitals contemplate relations with a post-Bush US, Uncle Sam may expect stronger "pushbacks" from Europe, experts here say. Public disapproval of the US-led "war on terror" is also growing, spurring the change.

"There is a deep gap between government policy and public opinion in Europe, and that opinion may be shaping the direction here right now," says Frederic Bozo, professor of European Studies at the Sorbonne in Paris. "Europe doesn't want to upset the careful balance with the US. I don't think there is a united opposition against the US at all. But Europe is setting the groundwork for its own identity."

Gordon Brown, who is shortly expected to take over as prime minister in Great Britain, opposed the Iraq war from the start, and has made no secret that he plans to carve out an independent line on the venerable "special relationship" with the US. Many anticipate that British troops will leave Iraq by the end of the year.

In France, even the avidly pro-American Nicolas Sarkozy, current front-runner in the French elections this spring, stated in an interview taped in New York last week that Americans need to "get interested in the world, and the world will learn to love you."

To be sure, European cooperation with the US on a wide range of areas, including counterterrorism, is extremely strong, even in France, where the Chirac government has steadily gone it alone in Europe in opposition to the Iraq campaign. Yet Europeans have steadily refused to accept the concept and phrase, "war on terror," a sentiment that extends to its application to Iraq.

Last week, European Union officials in Brussels sought to reduce the amount of information given to US agencies on air passengers leaving Europe. An official in charge of data protection for the European Central Bank similarly advised that millions of pieces of financial information being sent regularly to the US after Sept. 11 were in violation of EU privacy codes.

The "secret, routine, and massive access" by US agencies to banking SWIFT codes – needed to transfer in and out of European financial institutions—is "unacceptable," stated Peter Hustinx, the Brussels official responsible for EU data oversight.

Boosting this sentiment is Europeans' recognition that the US is also in flux with an election season starting up, and that President Bush's term appears to be winding down with the United States in a vulnerable position overseas.

The US legal basis for conducting interrogation centers at Guantánamo Bay, for example, has long rankled in Europe. "Most of the French opinion, many of the German people, a large share of the Labor constituency in the UK, the Spanish, and now Italy, don't just oppose the policy, but the basis of US policy," says Georges Le Guelte, of the Institute for International and Strategic Relations in Paris. "You can't have renditions and Guantánamo and talk human rights at the same time. That is more clear to many of us."

In Italy, prosecutors put out warrants several months ago for 25 members of a CIA team that abducted a Muslim cleric in Milan. Nor is Europe alone in its willingness to speak more pointedly to the White House about its foreign affairs. On page one of last Thursday's *People's Daily*, a newspaper of record in China, a Chinese official criticized Mr. Bush for inflammatory rhetoric that turned the war in Iraq into a "religious war."

The comment was unprecedented in a state where official decorum is rigidly maintained. (For nearly a decade, China has conducted a brutal campaign of summary executions of Muslims in its far-west Xinjiang region, as documented in human rights reports.)

In the case of the Munich renditions, announced Jan. 31, 13 American CIA operatives allegedly apprehended German citizen Khaled el-Masri in Macedonia in 2004 and whisked him to an Afghan prison called "the Salt Pit." Realizing he was the wrong man, they left him on a hillside in Albania five months later, warning him never to talk of his experience. Mr. el-Masri instead filed suit in a Virginia court. Masri's case was dropped in Virginia after arguments that a trial would jeopardize US security operations.

But with help from Spanish police, the Munich prosecutors discovered the identity of the operatives through flight and hotel records in Palma de Mallorca, where they stopped to relax.

On Friday, in Washington, German foreign minister Frank-Walter Steinmeier told US Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice that the Munich warrants were only valid in Germany at present, but that Berlin felt the local court might issue an international warrant, according to German papers. Ms. Rice said the warrants would not harm US-German relations. Justice Department officials have not responded to approaches by the German prosecutors.

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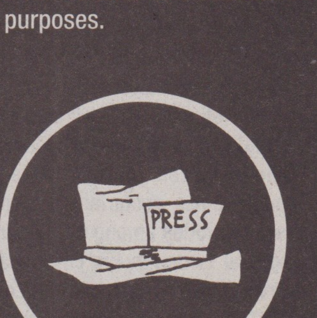

SUNNI AND SHI'ITE ARABS FEAR THE US AND ISRAEL – NOT IRAN

By Jim Lobe, IPS News

Despite Condi Rice's talk of a "Sunni Crescent," a large poll conducted across the Middle East shows that 80 percent of Arabs consider Israel and the US the two biggest external threats to their security. Six percent cited Iran.

US and Israeli hopes of forging of a Sunni Arab alliance to contain Iran and its regional allies may be misplaced, at least at the popular level, according to a major survey of six Arab countries released last week.

The face-to-face survey of a total of 3,850 respondents in Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, Morocco, Saudi Arabia, and the United Arab Emirates found that close to 80 percent of Arabs consider Israel and the United States the two biggest external threats to their security. Only six percent cited Iran.

And less than one in four Arabs believe Iran should be pressured to halt its nuclear programme, while 61 percent, including majorities in all six countries, said Tehran had the right to pursue it even if, as most believe, the program is designed to develop nuclear weapons.

The poll, the fifth in an annual series conducted by Zogby International and designed by Shibley Telhami, a senior fellow at the Saban Centre for Middle East Policy at the Washington-based Brookings Institution, was carried out in November and early December—after last summer's war between Lebanon's Hezbollah and Israel, but just before the controversial execution of former Iraqi President Saddam Hussein.

The latter event has widened the divide between Shi'a and Sunni Muslims throughout the region, according to some reports, and played into recent efforts by the US to forge a de facto alliance between Israel and Sunni-led Arab states, including Egypt, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, and the Gulf sheikhdoms, to contain what they see growing Iranian influence in Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, and Palestine.

But Telhami, who will present his findings at a major Brookings-sponsored conference of Islamic leaders in Doha this week, said he doubts these sectarian tensions are changing basic attitudes among the general public on key regional issues in the countries covered in the survey, with the exception of Lebanon.

"The public of the Arab world is not looking at the important issues through the Sunni-Shi'a divide," he said. "They see them rather through the lens of Israeli-Palestinian issues and anger with US policy (in the region). Most Sunni Arabs take the side of the Shi'as on the important issues."

Indeed, the survey strongly suggests that the US, whose image in the Arab world has fallen to an all-time low over the past year according to this and other recent polling, faces a steep uphill battle in rallying Arab public opinion behind it on critical regional questions.

More than three out of four of all respondents described their attitudes towards Washington as either "somewhat" (21 percent) or "very" (57 percent) unfavorable. Negative feelings were strongest in the three monarchies: Jordan, where 90 percent of respondents described their views as unfavorable, Morocco (87 percent), and Saudi Arabia (82 percent).

After aggregating the poll results in each country and weighting them by national population, the survey found that nearly four out of 10 Arabs named President George W. Bush as the foreign leader they most disliked, far ahead of two Israeli leaders, Ariel Sharon (11 percent) and his successor, Ehud Olmert (seven percent).

That result was particularly remarkable, according to Telhami, because, in his 2005 survey, Sharon led Bush in the "most disliked" category by a 45-30 percent margin. Even in Lebanon, Bush was found to be more than twice as disliked as Olmert, despite the latter's responsibility for destroying much of the country's infrastructure during last summer's war with Hizbollah.

The most effective way for Bush to improve Arab views of the US, according to the survey, would be by brokering a comprehensive peace between Israelis and Palestinians based on Israel's return to its 1967 borders.

Asked to choose among six possible steps Washington could take to improve its image, substantial majorities or pluralities of respondents in every country except Saudi Arabia opted for a comprehensive peace settlement. The other choices included withdrawing US troops from Iraq and from the Arabian Peninsula, stopping aid to Israel, promoting democracy and providing more economic aid to the region.

Ironically, only 16 percent of respondents in Saudi Arabia, whose leaders have pressed Bush hardest in recent months for a more vigorous US effort to achieve a peace agreement, chose the Arab-Israeli option. That was their fourth choice, behind withdrawing US forces from Iraq and the Arabian Peninsula and stopping aid to Israel.

Asked to rate the importance of the Arab-Israeli conflict in developing their attitudes towards the US on a five-point scale, 76 percent of Jordanians, 65 percent of Moroccans, 62 percent of Lebanese, and 54 percent of Saudis gave it a five, or "extremely important."

Majorities in every country said they were prepared for peace with Israel based on its return to the 1967 borders, but, among those who said so, majorities also said they did "not believe the Israelis will give up the territories (it has occupied) peacefully."

On the other hand, pluralities in both Saudi Arabia (42 percent) and Jordan (36 percent) said that "Arabs should continue to fight Israel" even if it returned to its 1967 borders.

Weighted by national population, the survey found that 61 percent of Arabs would accept such an agreement. "That is much more than I had expected," noted Telhami. Twenty-nine percent said Arabs should keep fighting.

If Bush displaced Sharon as the most disliked leader in 2006, the Iranian-backed leader of Hezbollah, Hassan Nasrallah, has displaced French President Jacques Chirac as the most admired, according to survey.

Asked to volunteer their favorite for that category, the weighted aggregate of 14 percent named Nasrallah; eight percent, Chirac; four percent, Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad; and three percent, Venezuelan President Hugo Chavez. "These are people who are seen to have stood up to the US," Telhami said, adding, "Not a single one is a Sunni Arab."

As in the past several years, large majorities of Arabs attribute less benign objectives to US policy in the region, including "controlling oil" 75 percent, "protecting Israel" 69 percent, "weakening the Muslim World" 68 percent, "the desire to dominate the region." Only nine percent of the weighted aggregates they believed one of Washington's main objectives was promoting democracy.

Majorities, ranging from 51 percent in Lebanon to 68 percent in Jordan and 77 percent in Morocco, believe Iran has the right to pursue its nuclear program.

"Even in Saudi Arabia and the UAE, whose governments are really frightened about Iranian power, their publics do not define Iran as the major threat," noted Telhami, who added that tended to confirm that Arab leaders and their citizenries do not see key issues through the same prism.

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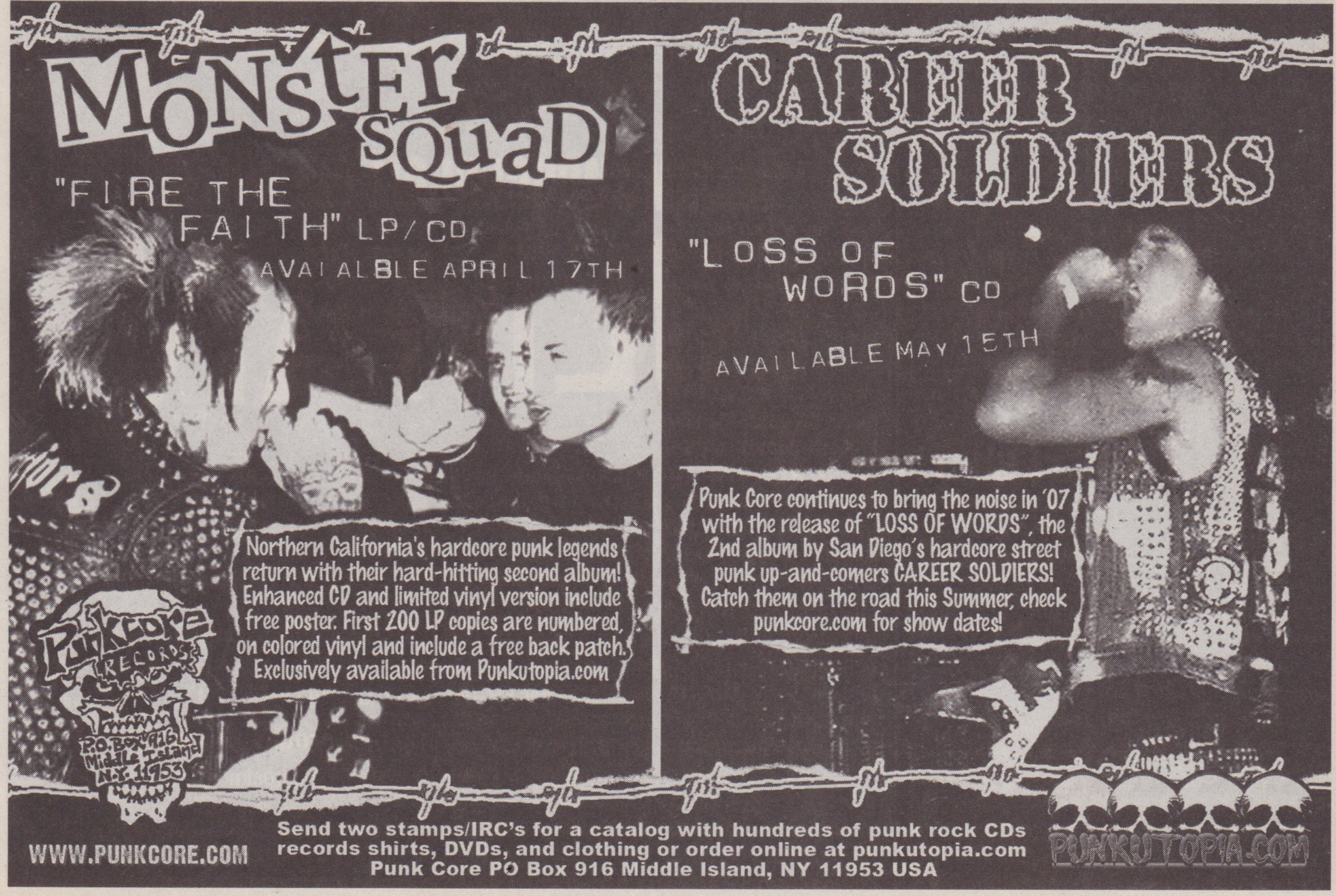

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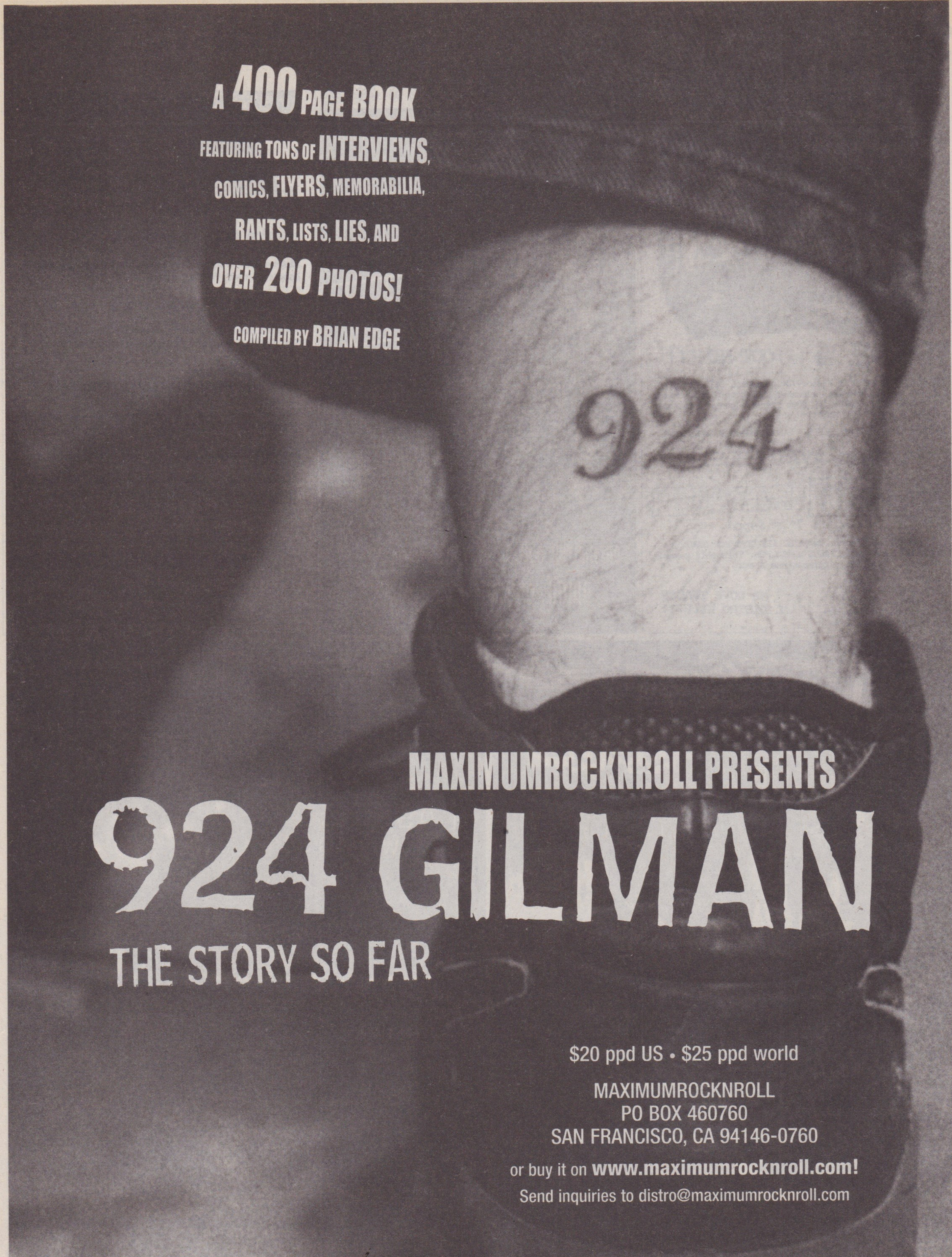

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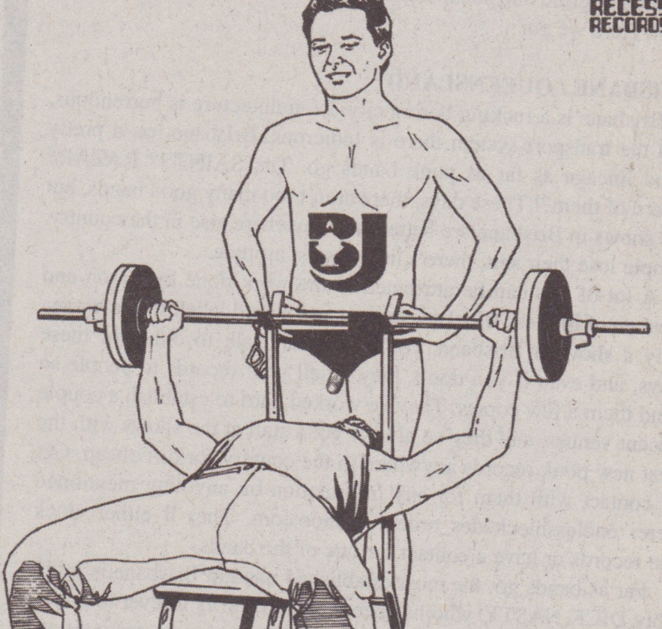

AUSTRALIA SCENE REPORT

AUSTRALIAN PUNK HARDCORE IN 2007

Far as I know, three kinds of people read these scene reports. One, they want to tour the country and want to know who to send their records to, who to set up shows with, what bands are worth playing with. Two, they want to travel the country, and want to know what the punks are doing. Three, they read MRR cover to cover, including the bootleg MISFITS 7" reviews and "put some pussy in your punk" ads, and this is just another page to 'em. I hope this scene reports satisfies all three of you. For the resta you, who skip through the reviews unless your favourite band is mentioned, and who skip through the scene reports unless it's your town / country: well, read it anyway. For contacts here, I left emails. If you want postage contacts, write to me and I'll chase them down…I'd like to think that luddites still exist and I welcome your brave stance, but I wanted to save space for more adjectives like "brutal," "raging," "ripping," etc.

So Australia's punk hardcore scene can be broken down state-to-state and city-to-city as follows. I won't talk about the NT scene…as far as I know, it doesn't exist. These are the punk/hardcore bands… for the hardcore hardcore, the drunk punk, the metal, metalcore, grind and such, scene reports from those scenes coming soon. Here we go.

BRISBANE / QUEENSLAND

Brisbane is a fucking boring city. Its architecture is horrendous, and the transport system there is ludicrous. Brisbane has a pretty good lineage as far as punk bands go. The SAINTS? RAZAR? Heard of them?! These days, there aren't too many good bands, but the shows in Brisbane are better than anywhere else in the country. People lose their shit, there's little fascist attitude.

A lot of this can be attributed to the work done by Aaron and Reuben of Endless Blockades distro and record label. If you wanna play a show in Brisbane, you'll probably talk to either of these guys, and even if you don't, they'll sell your records to people so send them a few copies. They've worked hard to establish a couple decent venues, and they've always got a stall at the shows with the best new punk records anywhere in the country for dirt cheap. Get in contact with them for any information on anything mentioned here: endlessblockades_orders@yahoo.com. They'll either stock the records or have a contact for one of the bands.

Far as bands go, the most established band in Brisbane is probably DICK NASTY, who has been playing shows forever to a fairly devoted Brisbane crowd, but have little interstate recognition. They are fairly representative of the entire Brisbane punk ethos: 1. They have a retarded name. 2. They get loaded when they play. 3. They are unpretentious. 4. They express some level of admiration for MOTÖRHEAD. They've released a new full length CD which is raging fast punk.

Then, there's DRAFT DODGER, who hasn't been around as long, but whose members have all been involved in the Brisbane scene for a long time. They've been described often as sounding like POISON IDEA meets BORN AGAINST, so I'm gonna stick with that. They are about to release a new full length LP, and play a few more shows. These guys break up and get back together all the time, so expect to hear more from them in future.

Other Brisbane bands? Shit…I'll give a brief rundown. STATE FUNERAL is the band Neil from DRAFT DODGER formed with some local scumbags, they have played a few shows and sound like Sweden did twenty years ago mixed with how Sweden sounds now. They are either about to break up, or have broken up. R.A.D. is a skate punk band. RADIATION NATION is power violence / thrash.

As far as Brisbane zines go, *Personality Liberation Front* comes out so sporadically that the years between the last issue and now could mean anything, but if you can track down any back issues, do so. Well written and smart, good interviews and considered reviews. Out 2011? In *Til Stumps* is another great yet sporadic zine, always threatening to drop another issue, but it doesn't happen… here's hoping it will, and as with *Personality Liberation Front*, track down any back issues.

Now, Queensland is a big fucking state. Two other bands worth talking about from this state would be JUST SAY GO!, who has one of the most ridiculous names in the history of ridiculous bands from that state (which include TWO DOLLAR WRISTIE, for example). One guess as to the style of music that they play. I don't know too much about this band, but they seem to be playing a fair bit. Check them out if you like to like GORILLA BISCUITS. The other band is BENCHPRESS, who sounds like Boston in 1982, and they sound good at it. The singer, Cade, is the editor of *Cut Sick*, probably the only frequently publishing Australian hardcore zine, up to #5 at last notice. Get in touch with him for new issues or a BENCHPRESS demo. fightthem@hotmail.com.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES

Sydney is a fucking shithole. I say this all the time about Sydney whenever it comes up, because I hate that city. I lived there for brief periods a couple times and I found it unbecoming. Fortunately for people who live in Sydney and spend their life working hard to pay exorbitant rent for even the shittiest townhouses, there are plenty of bands playing fast angry hardcore to express how shitty life is when you live in Sydney and spend your life working hard to pay exorbitant rent in a shitty townhouse. And, remember, Sydney has always had great bands, from BIRDMAN, X, fucking everyone.

There are a few decent record stores in Sydney. I'll talk about two of them in depth. The most important, as far as I'm concerned, is Paint It Black—this has been around for a couple of years now and sells their records for really cheap. They don't have a huge stock but they turn it around quickly, and they're involved in running an all ages venue just down the street called the Compound, which has featured local bands and also international tour shows as disparate as REGULATIONS and CHAMPION. Check out www.paintitblackrecords.com.

The other record store is Resist Records. I haven't been in there for a couple of years, but they stock the more popular contemporary hardcore bands, and Graham (owner, etc.) does a lot of work touring overseas bands, from MUNICIPAL WASTE to, like I said, CHAMPION, AVAIL, etc. Resist is also a label that puts out the more metal / emo related hardcore bands in Australia, and someone else will be writing about these bands some other time. I'm not interested in these bands, so I'm not really capable of writing about them. www.resistrecords.com.

The most established punk run venue was Maggotsville, which was also a home to many Sydney punks over the year. They apparently just held their last show, but will hopefully be hosting events in the future.

As far as bands go, Sydney has so many fucking bands that it's difficult to talk about any of them in depth without having to talk about them all. Seriously, you just have to do some fucking research. My favourite Sydney band at the moment is MASSTRAUMA, who plays dirty scumbag thrash and they plays it well. They're gonna go on an extended hiatus quite soon, but will have a new record coming out to tide you over. Other Sydney bands? OK, here's a brief list of band names from recent fliers: AVO (fast, angry hardcore punk played by angry old guys), CRIME SPREE (fast angry hardcore punk played by angry young guys), CRUX ("epic crustcore," to quote someone else), SMASH N GRAB (violent thrashcore), SCUM SYSTEM KILL (mid-'90s style crust punk), HEADLESS HORSEMEN (energetic fast hardcore, recently reformed), ROFL (kinda goofy power violence), JUNGLE FEVER (late '80s NY styled hardcore), THE BLURTERS (street punk / scumfuck rocknroll), I could seriously go on for a while.

There are no notable zines coming outta Sydney.

Regional scenes in NSW include Newcastle and Wollongong. Bands from these towns are as varied as THE DEAD WALK! (mosh metal / hardcore) and BABY MACHINE (riot grrl / punk). Of course there are more, but I haven't been to these towns in a while and know little about them. Far as I know, people in these towns are planning to write their own scene reports soon…

Other zines in this state include *Us Vs Them* from Coffs Harbour. xbeauvsthemx@hotmail.com is the email contact for editor Beau who has put out a couple of issues now.

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA

To get it outta the way, there are a few regional towns with their own regional scenes happening, but most of these centre around playing in Melbourne, so I will talk about what I know and save the regional reports for those kids. There are a lot of great punk bands in Melbourne, a few good pubs which host shows and no all ages show space since the legendary Pink Palace shut down two years ago.

I am from Melbourne, I edit *Distort* fanzine and I'm in the band STRAIGHTJACKET NATION. I don't wanna harp on too much about my own shit, but *Distort* is putting out #14 soon and

PISSCHRIST

MASSTRAUMA

STRAIGHTJACKET NATION is about to release our second 7" EP, which is called *6 Song EP* and our sixth cassette which will be a split with Sydney's MASSTRAUMA. For more information on both of these, email me.

I'm not going to talk about much else with Melbourne but the bands, as there are a lot of them and you'd probably do well to check them out.

Now, PISSCHRIST is probably the most active and hardworking punk band in Melbourne, and they're going to tour the US at about the time this magazine is printed, so make an effort to check them out if the words ANTI-CIMEX mean anything to you. They're putting out a couple of new split 7"s and have a good LP out, but if you wanna know their best material, track down the *Pisslickers* EP that Endless Blockades put out. Raw and fucked up. To contact PISSCHRIST, email dbeat_holocaust@yahoo.com. Members of PISSCHRIST play in almost other active Melbourne hardcore/punk band: ABC WEAPONS, SCHIFOSI, STRAIGHTJACKET NATION, WHITEHORSE, etc. I'll talk about the other bands a little more briefly.

ABC WEAPONS is releasing a new LP on Putrid Filth Conspiracy outta Sweden. They sound like Australian punks imitating Japanese punks imitating Swedish punks imitating English cunts. It's really good. SCHIFOSI draws on a very similar lineage of influences, but are a great deal more epic and melancholy. Often unfairly compared to TRAGEDY, they are a great deal more creative with their riffage than they're given credit for. SCHIFOSI just released a new LP. As for WHITEHORSE, they play doom metal and they play it loud.

Other great local bands: THE FOCUS, who is going to start playing again soon after a lengthy hiatus, plays melodic punk rock not unlike HÜSKER DÜ, and has released a 7" and a split CDEP with Philadelphia, PA's AMATEUR PARTY. For more details, email Tom: lifeandlifeonly@gmail.com. MISO MANIAX is made up of young guys who have gone from playing street punk to D-beat to thrash to hardcore and have arrived at the point where they can combine all their influences and write some great songs. They record a new demo every few months, so maybe they'll have one available. Email Liam: sure_shot94@hotmail.com. JED WHITEY, punk rock 'n' roll, are kinda from Melbourne and kinda from Sydney, but we mainly see them play down here so they count as a Melbourne band. Their new CDEP *Hooked On Spastics*, is out, and they're writing a new LP. Luke: lukemarinovich@hotmail.com. EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING is probably the best band in town: catchy garage punk rock. Have a new LP out and are working towards recording a couple of new EPs. Mikey: hellosquires@hotmail.com. AGENTS OF ABHORRENCE just released a new LP and play fast as fuck grindcore. Max: agentsxgrind@yahoo.com.au.

Shit, there are so many bands in this city, I'll stop at the one's that have been playing actively lately!

The most important record store in this city is Missing Link. They put on tours, organize shows,

ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA

I asked around to people who live in SA to help me write about their city and it's main attractions, and the responses ranged from "I don't know/care" to "please don't write about Adelaide." Aside from a couple of active bands there at the moment—including GUANTANEMO BAY ROLLERS, grindcore and LOS DIABLOS, metalcore cross Swedish crust—Adelaide is a notoriously dead city as far as local bands go.

Dave from Mercy Mercy Records runs a great, cheap record distribution and is organizing the tour for Finnish hardcore punks KYKLOOPPIEN SUKOPUUTO. Email him: mercy_mercy_records@hotmail.com

PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Perth is probably my favourite city to play in of Australian cities, but it's really isolated and hard to get to so we've only done it once. If you're touring, even if it's at a loss, I highly recommend you try and play in Perth as the bands there are good and the people are generous and excited to see live punk music, unlike in the major cities where people view excitement about punk as passé.

The three main active bands in Perth who play outside of it are MILES AWAY, JAWS and EXTORTION. I have only seen MILES AWAY once, they play anthemic youth crew. JAWS is a great live band, playing fast, tight, and frantic. They've got a demo and a CD out. Contact James: droppingmanysnails@hotmail.com. And, the best band from Perth is no doubt EXTORTION. I asked Rohan what's happening with EXTORTION and he replied: "The *Degenerate* LP is out on Deep Six and the

CD version will be out soon. The first EP we recorded is sold out on 7", but there is copies on CD still floating around. We just recorded for another 7" EP, which will be out sometime next year on Deep Six. Also on the way are split 7"s with Australian bands JED WHITEY, JUNGLE FEVER and COMPLETE EXPOSTION from Japan. Rohan: equalizing_extort@hotmail.com.

HOBART, TASMANIA

The scene in Hobart apparently centres around a couple of sympathetic venues. The guys from Disconnect Records apparently do a lot of work in organizing touring bands to play at these venues, so I'd encourage you to contact them. They also distribute records and Liam is a really nice guy. liam@disconnectrecords.com.

The best band I've heard from Tasmania is DISTROY, whose name and entire vibe seems a tribute to GISM. They are not a D-beat band: they play dirty thrash. They have a demo out and are apparently great live. Contact Sam: xsamvincex@yahoo.com.au. There are plenty of other bands in Hobart, but it seems what they do is secret as I haven't heard much from down there in a while. A scene report specific to Hobart and Tasmania is being written for a future issue of *MRR*, so I'll let it stand there.

As I said, this is the most concise and succinct scene report I could write about the activity of hundreds of punks across the country, so there are huge holes which will be filled in future by punks in each city. For any further information, email me at distorttheworld@gmail.com, or check out www.culthardcore.org.

—DX

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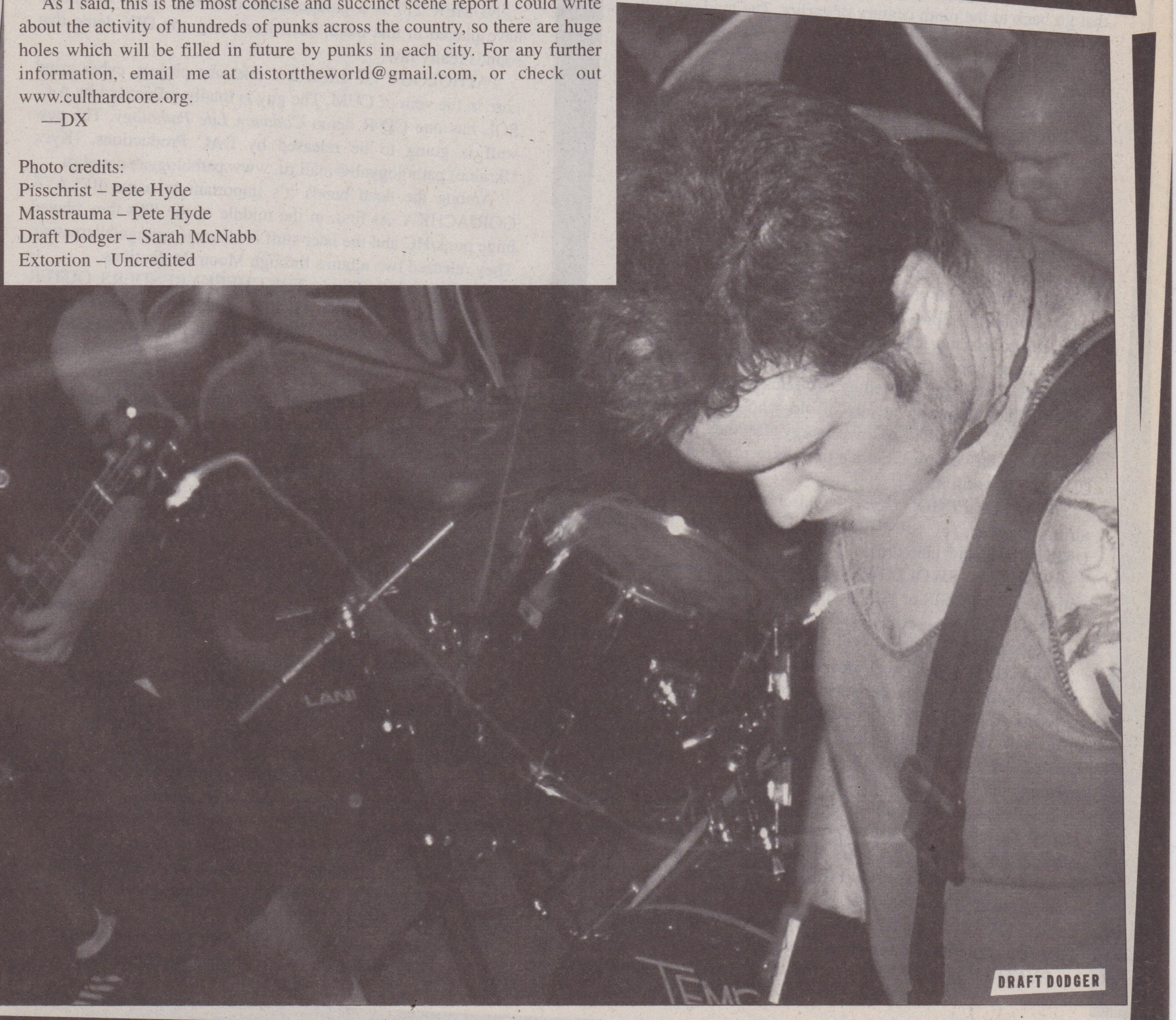
EXTORTION



DRAFT DODGER

KYIV, UKRAINE

Hello to everyone who is into hardcore community! Here's Phill from Kyiv, Ukraine and till the end of this report I'll try to write about the local bands and movements!

To Begin with, Kyiv is a wonderful city. It's deadly hot in summer, while the winter is the opposite—cold. The autumn and spring are full of rain.

Kyiv has a huge historical core; here you can find rarities that go back to the ninth century or earlier. The modern architecture looks more destructive than creative. The center of the city was highly damaged few years ago by city planning mistakes.

People are friendly in spite of a difficult economic situation. You can find street bullies or Nazi skinheads, but they're not a big threat (I hope).

The main transport in Kyiv is so called "Marshrutka" (or taxi bus) — it's an ugly thing that exists only in CIS states. You can also find trolleybus, train, & bus. The price is about 10-40 cents per trip. The Underground is also alive (10 cents, but it's soon going to rise in price to fifty cents). The food is mostly fast food (fuck it!, or some cheap punkish pubs). The Kyivan Beer—Obolon, Dnipro. (I drink Chernigivske or Lvivske). Now let's pass to musical part…

The most impressive band I'd like to name is ETWAS UNDERS. They're mostly led by two female members (drums & vox). They play a great mix of old school HC/some new wave touches. I'm full of positive energy after their gigs. Don't know about the records…but it's time to record something on CD, cos it's worth it!

HUMBLE OPINION (Kyiv) – Oldschool moshin' HC, featuring members of SENSELESS BLOODSHED, PINKIN DRINK (busman@inbox.ru).

SWOLLOW SWOLLOW SPLINTER – artcore/emocore with late NEUROSIS or ISIS sludgeness.

PINKIN DRINK – crossover hardcore. The band has played few times for FNB action in Kyiv. xturbox@mail.ru

PODKURIT – punk rock from Kyiv. The play punk in the vein of NOFX. Some concerts. No releases. podkurit@mail.ru

KOLBASNYJ CZEH ("Sausage Shop") – Drunk, fast, powerful punk rock that gets close to HC. Friendly atmosphere. Lots of alcoholics around. Great twisted method to spend the evening, heh.

U – This band started to play in the middle of 2000. They started out as a great fastcore band in the best traditions of SPAZZ and CAPITALIST CAUSALITIES. I was really impressed with their first sets. But nowadays they have changed to emo stuff.

PUNKT "A" ("Item A") plays dirty HC/noise. Playin' fast & loud. There are more nü-metal riffs in their stuff.

PYATKI plays fast, melodic punk from Kyiv (Pyatki.com.ua).

CLAUDIO plays a mix of classic grindcore (like ROT) plus some fun/steb influences. With a huge sense of humor CLAUDIO has made two self-made demos *Dada & Extretorium.* It's really hard to find out when they're playing live. The old material is going to be re-released by Moscow's COYOTE Records.

NUMER 217 is a garage niosecore band. Lot's of people have played in this band, but I have only one DIY demo that sounds really raw!

PATHOLOGY OF LIFE is a one-man project. cyber grind core in the vein of CUM. The guy is totally influenced by A.C. POL has one CD-R demo *Common Life Pathology*. The new stuff is going to be released by DAC Productions. (Kyiv, Ukraine) pathologyab@mail.ru, www.pathologyab.narod.ru

Among the dead bands it's important to name BELAYA GORJACHKA. At first, in the middle of the '90s they played huge punk/HC and the later stuff is closer to grunge/alternative. They released two albums through Moon Productions.

Ska/Psychobilly Bands: THE CHEEKYBENDERS, OUTER SPACE, STINX, HOT DOGGERS. There're also lots of such a bands (SHARPS, RED-S, PSYCHO) but I'm not that into this scene, sorry.

Labels:

The most important label is Dreaming About Cannibalism (DAC Productions). Among their past releases: NYAB *Crust As Fuck...Punk As Suck* (CD), TOTAL FUCKING DESTRUCTION *Demo 1.0 +2.0*, UNHOLY GRAVE / PICHISMO (split CD), WARWHORE (CDEP), ONANAIZER (CDEP), INFECTED/UNHOLY GRAVE (split CDEP), REMORSE *The Occupied Rainbow* (CD) Oldschool HC, BLOODRED BACTERIA / 7 MON (Split CD), MENTAL DEMISE / ENTRAILS PUTREFACTION (split CD) brutal, MANGLER *Are You Ready For Something…Like That?* (Horror Grind Mortician/Impetigo styled from Russia).

The planned future releases (not for sure): TROTSKY (politic grind/crust in the vein of NASUM with female vox), EBANATH (Ukr, Grindcore) second album after the split with GRINDFATHER, PATHOLOGY OF LIFE (Cyber Grind, Kyiv). www.dacproductions.net, info@dacproductions.net

The next one is Imbecil Entertainment with the boss Andy Batura. They have released three compilations of *Gore Grind Café* (It's mostly international Brutal/Gore/Porn comp), EBANATH/GRINDFATHER (split with Eclectic Records) – Brutal stuff, KATATONIC DESPAIR *Inner Scars* (Belarusian NAPALM DEATH-y grindcore, past members of PURE NOISE DISASTER, ASS PROTECTOR).

Future releases: WHO I AM (Metalcore, Dnepropetrovsk, Ukraine), *Gore Grind Café IV* (tornhamster@ukr.net)

KYIV FOOD NOT BOMBS

Zines / Papers:

There is not so much activity in the zine sphere. Here we go with what there is:

Lobotomy Addiction (grindcore/brutal zine, only one issue out) in Russisan (Abscess, Sepsism…) now it's RIP (tornhamster@ukr.net).

N.W.S. (Notwithstanding) – crust/grindcore/HC/punx zine. Not completely ready, hehe. (politicshit@rambler.ru)

Cerebral Invalides zine (Russian, only demo issue) – rare brutal stuff from the countries of the third World (Indonesia, Malaysia, Brazil…) (mr_gore@mail.ru).

Clubs/Places to play gigs:

Let's name only places for small, local actions.

Torba – Prospekt Pravdy 66 (near the Silpo market) – Lots of gigs, mostly everyday. Here you can find everything, and sometimes it becomes really hot (Such gigs as HUMAN ERROR, MxTx, TOXIC BONKERS, REMORSE).

Under The Bridge – also lot's of HC sets. The most impressive thing is that you are under a real bridge where lots of cars drive all the time, and the backstage is the wide Dniper river! (AxCx will play there on 2nd of July!!)

Barvy – also a lot of DIY Punk/HC shows! (Argument 5.45 (St. Pitersburgh), U)

Ring Club – Alternative, post rock, and nü metal

Fests/Gigs:

Happy Tree Bands gig organized by Dan of Otryv-Pertsa forum. On the fourth of March.
Both local and foreign bands play this gig! Last time it was Toxic Bonkers!

Zoo Vision is put on by the same people from OP. The main idea of this set to take four bands from different countries. (first time it was KATATONIC DESPAIR from Belarus, ANAL NOSOROG from Moscow, Russia, PUSSY GRINDER from Kyiv & MALIGNANT TUMOR from Czech! The next one is going to be rather with GUT or ROMPERPROP.

Both fests can be found at otryv-pertsa.org.ua, evdeon@mail.ru. Contact man Denis, he knows all about organizing gigs in Kyiv.

Links:
www.Zaraz.org (Anarchistic, non-state Organization)
infoshop.zaraz.org
www.otryv-pertsa.org.ua (Happy Tree Bands, Zoovision)
www.ukrabilly.com (full information about PsychoRockabilly/ Ska scene in Ukraine)
www.zyobra.com – DIY Punk/HC E-zine, interesting columns, reviews, contacts, and distro

REST OF UKRAINE:

REMORSE (Chernigyv) – Great, old school, fast moshin' HC. Influenced by CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER, NEGATIVE APPROACH, MADBALL, AGNOSTIC FRONT. They have one album *The Occupied Rainbow* on DAC Prod. (www.remorse-hc.com)

ZALUPA (Zporija) – Totally UG crustcore punx, now the guys have changed their name to AVRORA 6545 and became more HC. Tolia of ZALUPA has organized different gigs such as SILENCE, MIND POLLUTION (Poland, both-neo crust), KAKISTOKRACY (US thrash/HC) in Rivno and Lviv. (tolizban@yandex.ru), (avrora6542@ua.fm)

BEETLEJUICE (Lviv) – nowadays they play great emocore like DANCE MACABRE, FROM AUTUMN TO ASHES.

MYSTIFICATION (Zhitomyr) – Greatest rockabilly band ever! Really impressive and professionally done. MISFITS rest in peace.

WHO I AM (Dnepropetrovsk) – Intense metalcore. DILLINGER clones!

EPICRISE (Lysychansk) – The best grindcore crew in Ukraine. Gorged/porn stuff mostly. groovy/disco rhythms mixed with faster pasts. Good to follow DEAD INFECTION, CBT & ROT!!

HVYLYNY 1000 MILIJONIV (Kovel) – Depressive art-core/sludge (late NEUROSIS or PELICAN). Respectable vox-man & the rest of band!

XFEELINGS BETRAYEDX (Odessa) – Positive youth crew hardcore, (xqxtruetilldeath@mail.ru).

ANGRY KAKASHKA – funny thrash/grindcore with a demo CD-r called *Shitcosm* angrykakashka.narod.ru

PICHISMO – greatest HC band ever, due to their album being sung in Esperanto! (www.pichismo.narod.ru).

Eclectic/Bloodhead Prod. –Great labels that are oriented mostly on brutal stuff. (eclectic69@mail.ru).

Morg zine – Dmitry Gluchov often goes to the Czech Republic! So here you can find a lot of interesting interviews and reports! Already six issues out (A5, in Russian). This zine has a great sense of humour. Medical drawings—what else do you need? (morgzine@mail.ru).

Neformator Distro & Zine – Kharkiv – Run by good guys who know the true sense of being crusty!! New *MRR*, *Abolishing* zines, different anarcho patches & buttons are always online! neformator@bk.ru

That's all crusty girls and boys! If you're interested in some events or concerts in Kyiv, you can write to me freely or to the people mentioned above. Try to visit Kyiv, you'll not be disappointed. Anyway, it's a part of Europe!

PISSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

PENNSYLVANIA
50501

Many moons have passed since the last Pittsburgh scene report and I have stopped and started drafts of a new one about every six months. "Tell everyone," I would say, "that I'm writing a new scene report. Get me your information ASAP." Ha! What *sprightly* idealism I once harbored! Empty promises! All of them!

You may be sad to hear that Pittsburgh is no longer the home of Iced Tea and circle pits. Alas, we've all handed in our little tea jugs for prescription meds because we've all developed back problems from too many *thrash pyramids*. Good riddance! Half the worthless fucks in this 'burgh couldn't get the simple geometric fact that the *big* ones go on the bottom, not the fucking top.

CRUCIAL UNIT has been broken up for nearly two years now. The members split off in several directions. Ian played in SUBURBAN DEATH MACHINE and self-released a seven-inch and an LP. Think early US hardcore/punk with gruff vocals. I always said they were as if the Boston knocked up the Midwest and left it on the doorstep of Pittsburgh. Rumor has it that they still practice in some ramshackle warehouse outside of the city, but have been pretty inactive for a while.

Mike went on to play bass in WARZONE WOMYN with yours truly. We put out a split LP with THE ENDLESS BLOCKADE and did a short tour through the Midwest and East coast. 625 Thrashcore recently helped our broke asses out by re-releasing it with a proper press. I believe that it's still available.

As for our sound, we do not sound like MIND ERASER as a review in this rag recently claimed. I guess you could file us somewhere within the same sphere of influence, but I'm not about to go splitting hairs when there are plenty of other bands in this town that need to be mentioned. Let's just put it this way: in the tour van, there are a lot of quips and funnies made about Bovine Records, TOMSK 7, and how we all got suckered into buy the *Mandatory Marathon* compilation at some point in our lives. We've got five songs on a 625 compilation that should be out roundabouts March and will tentatively have a split LP with the best band in the world, TUMOR FEAST. Hopefully we'll do another short stint in the states with those *yobs* and then who knows what.

Moving on, BRAIN HANDLE is probably one of my favorite bands right now. With two 7"s (one self-released and the other put out by Fashionable Idiots), they toured the US last year and have just finished up recording for an LP. Arguably, hardcore/punk has reached a saturation point with bands that are attempting to strip down their approach and *sound* like they're from 1982. BRAIN HANDLE is one of the few bands, for me anyway, that releases that kind of energy without all the contrived aesthetics and tired riffs. It's manic. It's catchy. It's fucking loud. After their LP, they'll be hitting the road for a five-week tour of the US this spring.

Any band that stopped in Pittsburgh about four years ago most likely shared the bill with either APHASIA and/or KROOKED GRIND. Both are now defunct, but FLAK carries on with members of both bands. While I'm sure they would be content to label themselves "D-beat" for brevity's sake, I'm not really sure I've ever heard them play the actual D-beat. Influenced by DISCHARGE for sure, but their sound is much more an amalgamation of CONFUSE's signature wall of trash and noise, heavy Swedish crust, and early Finnish hardcore/punk. They released a 7" last year on their own Police Target records and just finished up mixing the recording for their LP due out this summer. They'll be doing a two week jaunt across the country come the fall if work schedules allow it.

PYRAMID SCHEME plays quick bare-bones hardcore/punk that sometimes borders on straight up thrashcore, something akin to DEAD NATION. Throw in a little RKL for good measure. They put out a 7" all by their lonesome last year and have just finished up recording for another one. If they were together in 2000, someone would have already pressed their demo to vinyl. High energy and sloppy. Just like you, right?

Speaking of sloppy, the RADIO BEATS are all finished. Kaput. Right before their European tour, these DEVIL DOGS loving, big ol' schleepo chumps decided to throw in the towel. Their LP *Ready to Shake* should still be available from Big Neck records. Fuzzed out garage punk throwing around the word "baby" like so much confetti. A posthumous 45 may be in their future. Steve has gone on to form a band with some old loser from Sugar Shack and named it BURNDOWNS. Dan married Yago from the Gito Gito Hustler in night court, started a power pop band, and called it THE TEST PATTERNS all in about two weeks.

On that same note, the *infamous* ROT SHIT, those eel throwing maniacs you've read about on the internet, have also called it quits. They managed to spit out *The WORST Kids EVER* 7" before they died, which I believe is also available from Big Neck records. SUBMACHINE also broke up, but then played a wedding and promptly broke up again.

CAUSTIC CHRIST just finished up their European tour in support of their LP *Lycanthropy*. If you haven't picked it up yet you're probably are or on your way to dropping out of the punk scene. Take care. Brutal. Crushing. Punk. And all those other tired adjectives that don't come close to doing this band justice. Last I heard they'll be heading out to the West Coast for some dates. After that, their future is clouded in "I dunnos."

BEHIND ENEMY LINES also has toured Europe since the last scene report and just released their monumental fourth full length on Profane Existence. Not much to say here other than that they've been keeping a low profile for a while now. You should be able to

RADIO BEATS

pick up the new record well before this is published.

Pittsburgh is a small city, and, because of that, it's not uncommon for a lot of bands to share at least one or two members. We're an inbred town. When one band goes on tour, as many as three bands are immediately put out of commission. It would have been exhausting to mention how many of the above-mentioned bands share members with *such and such* band and *this and that* band. Most of the following new bands fall into this category (and most of them are hardly even new as they've all been around for over a year at this point).

MOURNING AFTER...goes for the mid-'90s political crust approach with trading off male/female vocals. They've got a track on a recent Profane Existence compilation and will fit on their roster very comfortably. Vocals aside, they're very NAUSEA-esque in their penchant for metallic punk riffs and song structures.

BABY BIRD has been playing a slew of shows recently and recently put out a demo CD-R. Be careful, though, it's only three inches and won't fit in some older CD players. Splice out some of SUBMACHINE's best breakdowns, throw screechy, inhuman vocals over them and that's what BABY BIRD is. You're moshing.

BUILD YOUR WEAPONS also has a new demo out. Grinding, thrashing, power violencing mayhem akin to what was coming out of the Bay Area in the '90s. Gurgled vocals, weird time changes, skull-thumping breakdowns, etc.. They've played out of town a bunch and are currently writing new songs.

NIGHT TERROR play short and sweet blasts of hardcore akin to DEATHREAT and TALK IS POISON. I think I have a poorly recorded demo sitting around somewhere. They get extra brownie points for being one of the few bands that can still play shows when one band leaves town.

Most of THRAK are still in high school and pull off a style of hardcore most people in their late 20s can't. Shit sounds like SPAZZ. That might make some of you cringe, it makes me want to wreck my entire house from top to bottom. Their demo was recorded in their parents' garage and sounds better than most of the tripe getting pawned off as *crushing* nowadays.

SLICES started out in high school years ago as a noise band and have slowly steamrolled themselves into SWANS-like monstrosity. Just two guys cranking out discordant, plodding nastiness. They've done several demos and played various college radio stations in the city. They took a break for a while, but are back to playing again as a three piece. Sick.

Half of the original SLICES also moonlights under the moniker TUSK LORD playing noisy folk music like AMPS FOR CHRIST. His CD *Familiar Trails* is all gone, but you might have some luck tracking it down from the label, New American Folk Hero.

I'm sure I'm forgetting some bands. If you're reading this and you're scratching your head asking about something I forgot, you obviously know more than I do and perhaps should write the next scene report.

The Mr. Roboto Project, Pittsburgh's all-ages cooperatively run music venue, recently celebrated our seventh birthday. Over the years, Roboto has been attacked as being too (blank) for some people's tastes, but if it wasn't for Roboto, the Pittsburgh punk scene would not be what it is today. It's completely volunteer run with a five-person board of directors that handles the day-to-day business. We're in the process of finding a new home and maybe by the time this reaches the newsstands, we'll be slowly setting up shop in a new building.

Then there are the various other bars and art galleries around town that bands can play: Modern Formations, Garfield Artworks, The Smiling Moose, Gooski's, Howler's, etc. As small as it is, there are too many places a band can play than I have the energy to remember and type out.

You could always play at Joe Hammer Square, but don't touch the vents. Or anything else for your health's sake.

As we come to the end of this *report*, I'm left with a bunch of scraps and miscellaneous chunks of things that orbit around the punk *omniverse* like so much space junk. Brave New World records is the only store in town that specializes strictly in punk, metal, and rock. Paul's CDs overlaps in their stock, but sells mostly indie rock, jazz, and beyond. The legendary Jerry's Records still stands, although his stock has been cut in half—don't worry, it's still an enormous warehouse full of records.

Kelly's Bar and Grill hosts punk night every other Wednesday. John Doran, voted best dude alive by me, plays the hits while you pay out your nose for drinks.

And for you internet geeks, be sure to check out http://podtravelin.libsyn.com. It's run by Q, the owner and proprietor of Hard Travelin' Records, and showcases a lot of local talent, both current and defunct.

And if you happen to enjoy wading through bullshit message boards, I guess it'd be appropriate to mention board.nevertellmetheodds.org. If there's a house show or otherwise, it will most likely be mentioned here.

I guess that's for now. Be good.

—Mantooth

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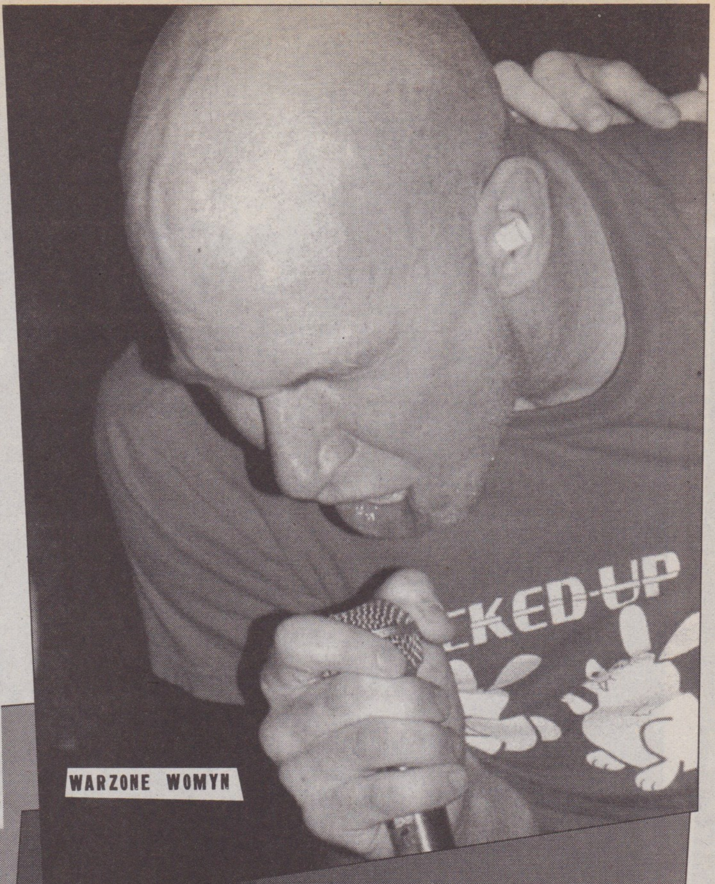

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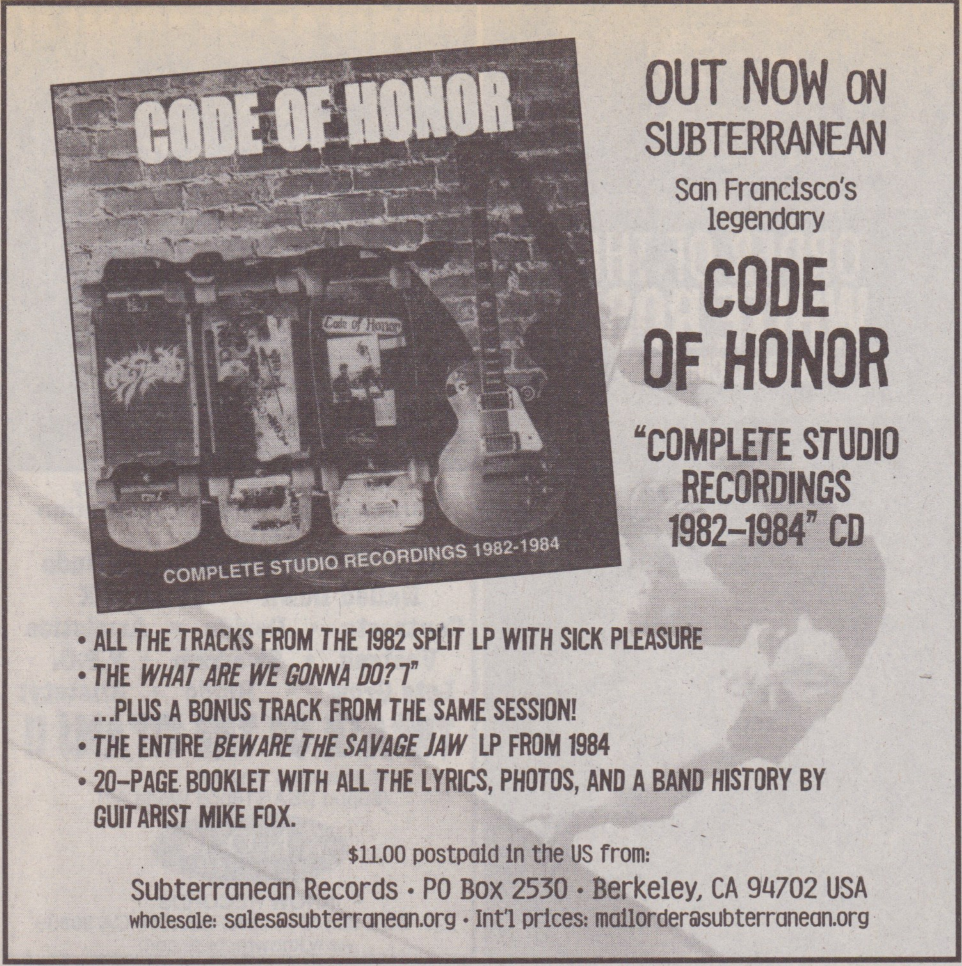

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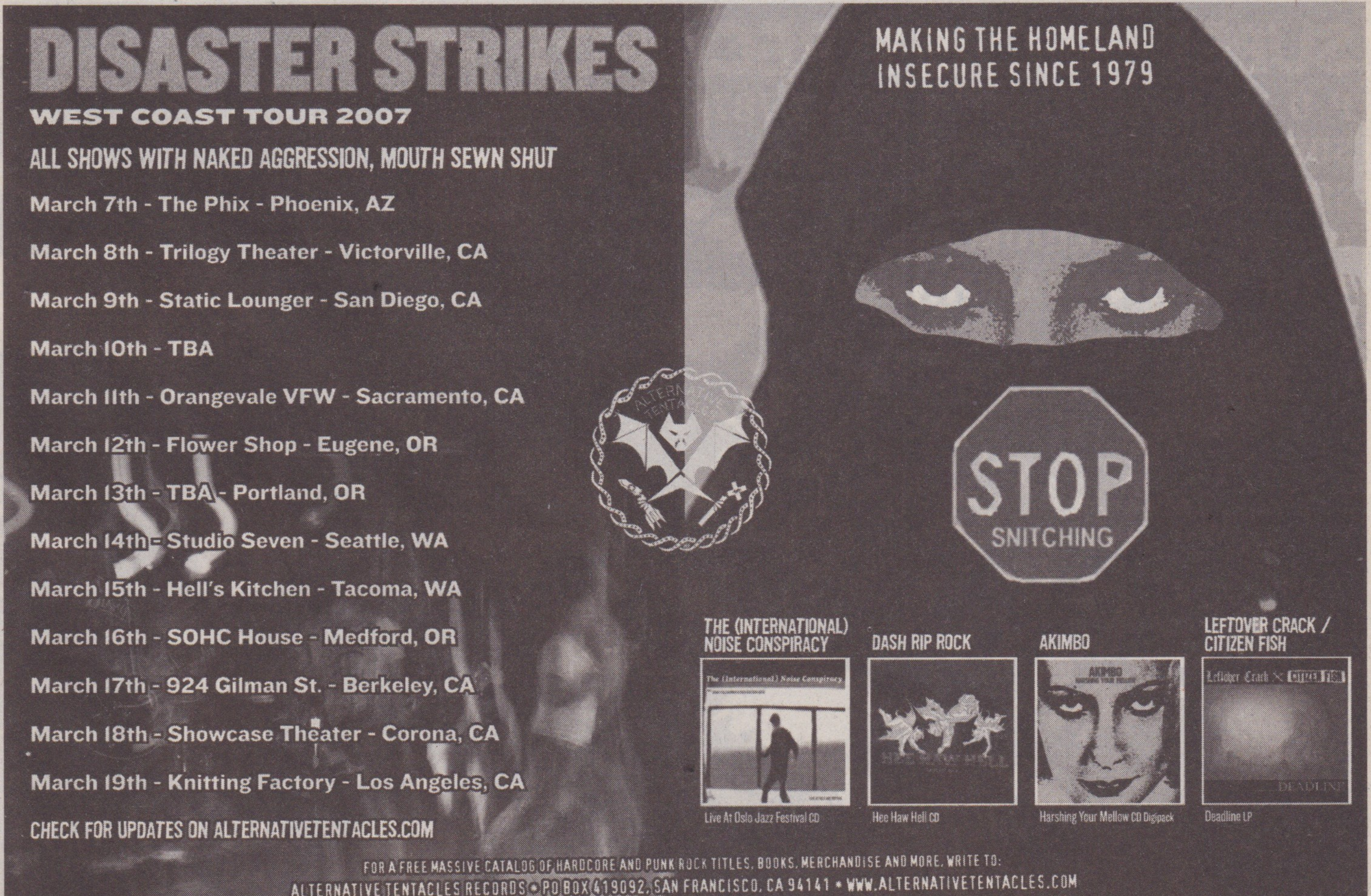

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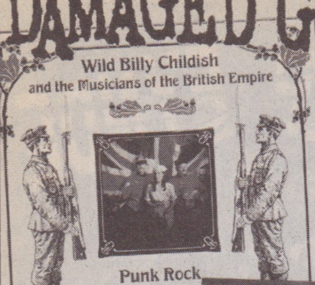
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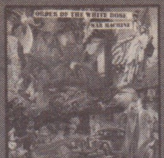

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ALICJA TROUT

Alicja Trout is a busy lady. Making time in such bands and projects as the Lost Sounds, Destruction Unit, Nervous Patterns, and River City Tanlines, and running Contaminated Records, Alicja has been hard to avoid for anyone paying attention to the punk underground over the past few years. After a handful of 7" singles, latest rock 'n' roll trio the River City Tanlines have just released a full-length record. Ditching the dark new wave that was the signature of the Lost Sounds for catchy guitar hooks, Trout, along with her band mates T-Money and Bubba, deliver awesome, straightforward garage punk. On I'm Your Negative, the River City Tanlines clean up the fuzz and lo-fi noise, pushing great songwriting to the front of the table; after all, these tunes have nothing to hide. Alicja tells the story of how the new album came to be, her jam session with a rock 'n' roll legend, and a violent night at the Old Miami bar in Detroit that she will surely never forget. Interview and introduction by Rick Tupica. Photos by Chris Anderson. Discography compiled by Mitch Cardwell.

How is Memphis music these days?

I can't say it sounds so great as far as the younger bands, but there is one group of bands, or people, under the name *Memphis Orgies*. Some of the bands are *The Barbaras*, *The Boston Chinks*, *Kazalok*, and others. They do all these weird side projects, very avant-garde in a sort of idiot savant way, but bizarre and hilarious. You'd have to see them to understand. People get fucked up, take off their clothes, or they have weird costumes, like dirty hot dogs, or tuxedos and drinking martinis. It's always these one-off bands. I think Jack Oblivian's band, *The Brand New Love Affairs,* with Adam, Harlan T. Bobo and Paul B. sounds incredibly tight right now. They headlined Saturday at *Goner Fest*. Eric and Zach at *Goner Records* are doing a lot through the *Goner* name to get people excited about music in Memphis.

How old were you when you first started to write songs and play guitar?

I was around 14 or 15 or 16 years old, but I sucked.

What was your favorite rock 'n' roll band back in your high school days?

God, I don't know. I wasn't particularly cool back then. I liked the *Beastie Boys* and *REM,* I guess, classic rock and crap like that. I really can't remember liking rock 'n' roll in high school. I was really into hair metal and new wave when I was in junior high. In high school I think I tried to be cool and listen to *Dead Kennedys* and *DRI* and the *Sex Pistols* and stuff, but I really liked *Prince*.

How was it playing with Arthur Lee? How did that opportunity come about?

It's the most amazing thing. I only met him twice, once for a good long practice. The sound of his voice and harmonica and even his tambourine playing warmed my shattered heart. I'd just lost a friend to drugs, and Greg, ex-drummer of the *Reigning Sound*, called me and asked me if I wanted to come over and play some music. I declined because I was dealing with a death, and it makes any small task hard, like carrying a guitar or something. So I asked him out of curiosity what the occasion was, and when he said he was asked to put together an Arthur Lee new Memphis *Love,* I was like, I'll be right over. I know most of the *Love* songs like the back of my hand.

What are some memorable moments of jamming with Arthur?

Arthur said a lot of things that were really intense for me. I played bass on "*Little Red Book,"* pretty easily, right off the top of my head. He told me I was a good bass player. I played guitar on "*7 and 7 Is"*—I used to do that in *The Clears* a long time ago. Arthur said he'd never played with a girl before, except in orchestras and such. Greg told him that we had the same birthday, March 7th, and Arthur said, "You must be really fucked up then," and I knew what he meant and laughed and agreed. But the coolest part of the whole night was when he sang "*Signed DC.*" This sounds weird, but I felt like my friend who had died was sending a message to me of how he felt before he died, and it was sad. But the song is so beautiful, and if sad can be beautiful then pain and suffering in our human life makes sense, and it makes sense that in the afterlife suffering is gone, because human pain is beauty. It was cathartic and comforting. Arthur sounded great and he was so handsome when I first met him, before the cancer started to make him too slender. He was a stylish rock 'n' roll cowboy. He was very charming and a very good music leader. It's one thing to meet someone famous; it's another thing to meet someone that shaped your understanding of music. *Love* is the greatest thing in the world and there is only one *Love*, and only one leader of Love, Arthur Lee, and I shook his hand and played with him. Wow!

You have a master's degree from the Memphis College of Art. Do you think you will ever use this degree or is it music all the way?

I've already used it. I did video graphics for six years at an *arena*, and also taught kids art. For now it's music. I want to do something different with the second half of my life. But I also want to be really good at one thing, so I feel obligated to stick to music.

Was there a particular band or bands in Memphis that inspired you to start your own band?

No, I was just attracted to guitars and drums, just bands in general. *MTV* inspired me, then long ago it deserted me so I hate it for that. *You Tube*! There were, however, a lot of bands that steered me in this direction, just the old garage bands around here, all of them. Not so much the punk or metal bands—that was a very uncomfortable scene for a kid.

The Clears were one of your first bands. How long was this band around for and what was it all about?

Nine months to a year, enough to tour twice and make an album, get a song or two on a comp. It was about analog synths and four-track pop, home recordings and cheap *Casios* and guitars, funny words, love, gayness, outer space.

How did Contaminated Records get started?

It started with *The Fitts*. We were a three-girl band and we put out a record together before we imploded. Then I continued the label with *The Ponys*, and then doing *The Feelers* repress and *Evil Army* and such. I want to invest more effort into it now and phase out the mail order. I'll keep it punk, rock 'n' roll, and post punk style, though I do love all kinds of music.

Tronic Graveyard Studio in Memphis is your personal studio. What record are you most proud of that was recorded there?

I really like the new *Feelers*. I also like some of *the Black Sunday* recordings, and some of the *Destruction Unit* recordings. I've also gotten a lot of mileage out of the early *River City Tanlines* recordings, which were slopped out demos that happened to come out good for no reason.

What's the story behind the brutal fight that broke out at the Lost Sounds' first Detroit gig?

The *Lost Sounds* show in Detroit was at the *Old Miami*. I think it was with *The Piranhas* and *The Guilty Pleasures,* Matt Williams and Jered from *The Ponys'* old band. Some guy named Lacey stuck *The Vibrators* on the bill. They were boring live and they used our equipment. Then, in the end, the guy who'd last minute stuck them on our bill without consulting us stole all of our door money to give it to *The Vibrators*.

So how did the actual violence break out?

I was drunk and argued with the lady trying to pay us next to nothing. Then Lacey started a bar room brawl! He called me a hillbilly and I guess I walked off to get another band member, who were all off doing their own thing, drugs, whatever, and then Lacey hit me in the back of the head with a giant bar glass. I saw stars, so I grabbed a bottle off the bar and went to throw it at him. Just then the bartender had jumped out from behind the bar and caught my arm as I was about to throw the bottle, so it bounced like a plastic cup off his chest. Next thing I know, some coked-up mongoloid with a septum piercing rushed me like a bull and punched me in the mouth. I fell back, somehow on a couch. This time I blacked out temporarily for real.

Where did you wake up?

I woke up backside down on the couch and started kicking like crazy. Mass confusion was going on. Jay [Reatard] was getting a serious beat down. Lacey had lost his glasses and I sort of saw my feet swatting in the air near his face. Next thing I know, the bartender picks me up, and the first thing my brain let me hear sounded something like being on a *whip-it*: "Get outta' here! They're gonna kill you!"

Did the cops show up at the bar?

Cops came right after Lacey left the bar, walking like a sideways Quasimodo carrying a giant piece of concrete for protection. I was yelling at him about how lame it was to hit a girl. I described him to this cop as a "black guy with bleached blonde short hair, and a puff mullet." Everyone was baffled by this, but I saw it, like a little blonde fro-mullet in the back.

So was there really a "puff fro-mullet?"

Later we had a big laugh because it wasn't a puff fro-mullet at all. It was a goiter he had growing on the back of his head, where it meets his neck. And he had hair on it! I learned the word "goiter" and invented the style "puff-mullet." Okay, then to add to the mess, *the Guilty Pleasures* were going to show us a place to crash, but they were high on opium and they left us. We had to drive all night through Canada with blood coming out our mouths and ears.

On a lighter note, *I'm Your Negative* is the new River City Tanlines LP on Dirtnap Records. How do you feel it measures up against your previous albums?

It was recorded in Nashville by Tony Read. I'd met him at a dive bar there. He was the sound guy and told me about his home studio, *Battle Tapes*, and so we recorded there. He acted as recorder and producer. Tony encouraged me to keep the vocals clean, and I was determined to keep the guitar tones cleaner, not hide in gain and distortion, really try to play well.

So you're pleased with the results of the record then?

I'm really happy with the results. I wanted something different, not hiding in lo-fi like the early recordings I'd done at home, and also not hiding in layers like *the Lost Sounds* recordings. We also wrote more songs then and there. It took four nights to record and write all the basic stuff, then three more nights to add all the finishing touches: extras, guitar solos, and mixing. It's pretty much un-mastered. Tony gave us really good final mixes. I've never made an album like this, pretty songs to ugly little fun blasts, to a trilogy. I felt very stressed by pressure. It would be my first "real" album since the last *Lost Sounds* album. I'm happy with it, which says a lot because I'm hyper critical of myself.

T-Money and Bubba are your fellow River City Tanlines. How is it touring with them

as opposed to your days on the road with the Lost Sounds?

Touring with them is a total pleasure. They are such good guys. They understand life on the road, how to pack a van, how to do a dummy check even when wasted, how to take it easy and party too. People love them, they charm everyone. They trust me to handle all the merch and show money and pay them in the end, no bookkeeping. It's the furthest thing from touring with *Lost Sounds*. That was constant stress I couldn't escape. T-Money and Bubba are like touring with two brothers and everyone is looking out for each other. Extreme fatigue is about the only thing that ever leads to fights, and they are rare and short.

Touring is very trying, tight spaces, alcohol, and wearing your body out, a lot of "go really fast, and then hurry up and wait." With them it's like a really fast-paced vacation, and I can concentrate on playing the set well instead of on whether I'm going get spit on or yelled at or hit with a mic stand or if someone's going to run off stage. In hindsight, touring with *the Lost Sounds* flat out sucked. Torture!

What's one thing you want to accomplish before you die?

Make a film or at least score several of them. Have a happy life and live comfortably and hopefully one day have assets to do more than just stuff for myself.

www.contaminatedrecords.com

ALICJA TROUT
Selected Discography

THE CLEARS
Albums:
The Clears LP (Resort Theory Entertainment)

THE FITTS
Singles:
I Can't Break Away 7"EP (Contaminated Records)
I Have To Laugh 7"EP (Big Neck Records)

LOST SOUNDS
Singles:
Lost Sounds 7"EP (Solid Sex Lovie Doll Records)
1 + 1 = Nothing 7"EP (Empty Records U.S.)
No One Killer 7"EP picture disc (The Holy Cobra Society)
Demos & Outtakes Vol. 2 3x7" (Rockin' Bones)
split 7"EP with THE VANISHING (Cochon Records)

Albums:
Memphis Is Dead LP/CD (Big Neck Records)
Black-Wave 2xLP/CD (Empty Records U.S.)
Outtakes & Demos Vol. 1 CD-R (Contaminated Records)
Outtakes & Demos Vol. 1 LP (Hate Records)
Recent Transmissions CD-R (Contaminated Records)
Rats Brains & Microchips LP/CD (Empty Records U.S.)
Demos II CD (On/On Switch)
Future Touch 12"EP/CDEP (In The Red Records)
Lost Sounds LP/CD (In The Red Records)

Compilations:
Fields And Streams 2xCD (Kill Rock Stars)
Pain In The Big Neck CD (Big Neck Records)
Static Disaster: The U.K. In The Red Records Sampler CD (In The Red Records)

CC RIDERS
Albums:
CC Riders CD-R (Contaminated Records)

DESTRUCTION UNIT
Albums:
Self Destruction Of A Man LP/CD (Empty Records U.S.)
Death To The New Flesh LP/CD (Empty Records U.S.)

NERVOUS PATTERNS
Singles:
You Can't Change 7" (Zaxxon Virile Action)

Albums:
Nervous Patterns CD-R (Contaminated Records)
Nervous Patterns LP/CD (Cochon Records)

BLACK SUNDAY
Singles:
I Don't Wanna Work 7" (Zaxxon Virile Action)
Dancing Knives 7"EP (Misprint Records)
Cut-Out 7"EP (Tic-Tac-Totally)

Albums:
Tronic Blanc LP/CD (Dirtnap Records)
Black Rabbit Of Death CD-R (Contaminated Records)

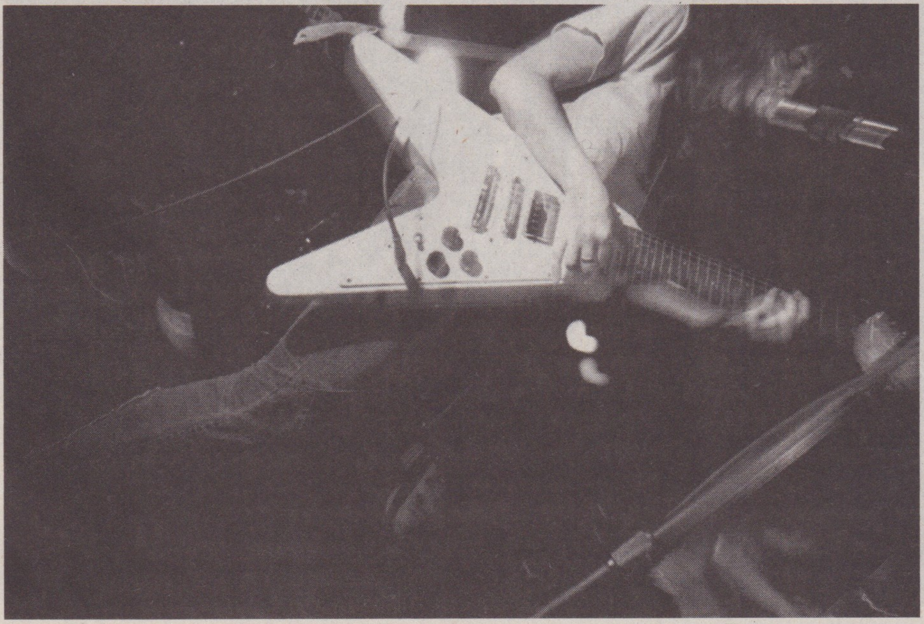
MOUSEROCKET
Singles:
You're Alright 7" (Loverly Music)
Missing Teeth 7"EP (Wrecked Em Records)

Albums:
Mouserocket CD-R (Contaminated Records)
Mouserocket LP/CD (Empty Records U.S.)

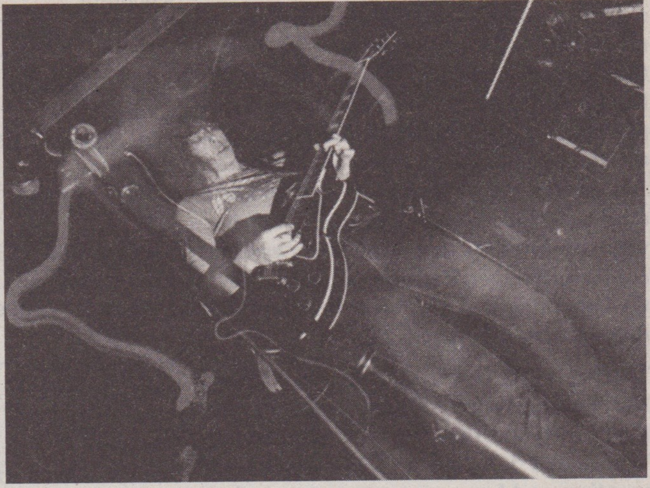
Compilations:
We Hate The Underground CD (Holy Cobra Society)

RIVER CITY TANLINES
Singles:
Black Night 7"EP (Misprint Records)
Gimme Whatever 7" (Goodbye Boozy Records)
The Devil Made Me Do It 7"EP (Contaminated Records)
Saw You Hiding 7"EP (Ken Rock Records)
Split 7" with THE INTELLECTUALS (Gonna Puke Records)

Albums:
All The 7 Inches Plus 2 More LP (Soul Is Cheap)
All The 7 Inches Plus 2 More CD (Dirtnap Records)
I'm Your Negative LP/CD (Dirtnap Records)



ALICJA TROUT PHOTOS



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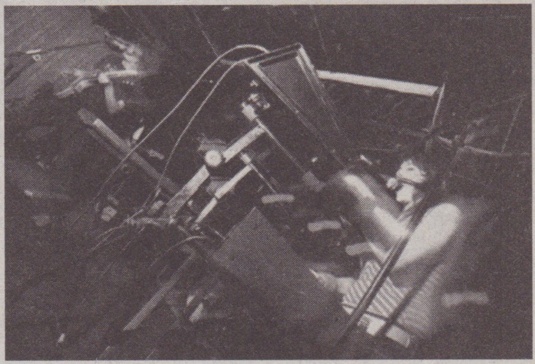
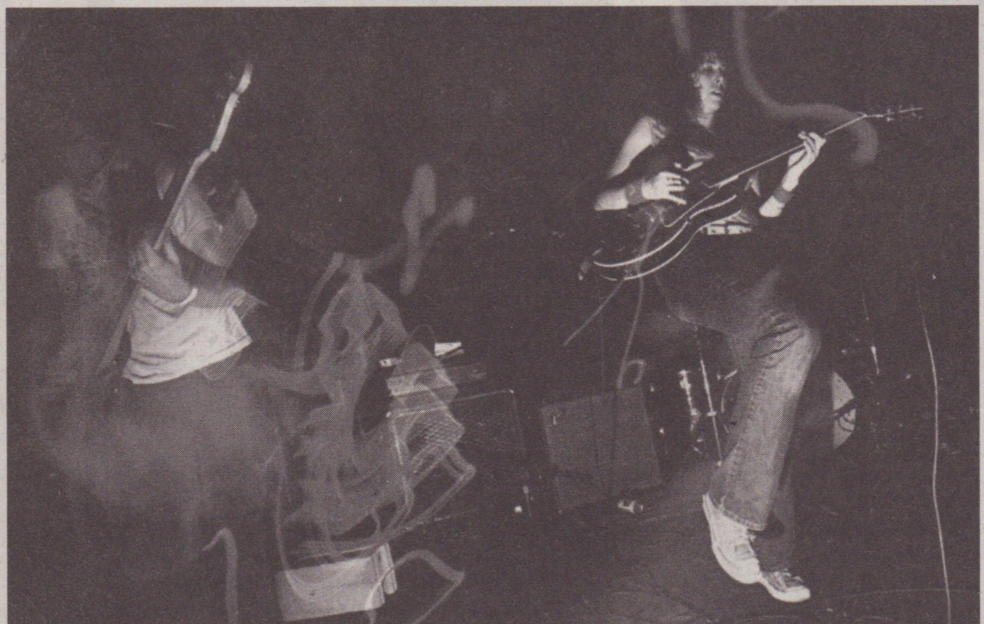


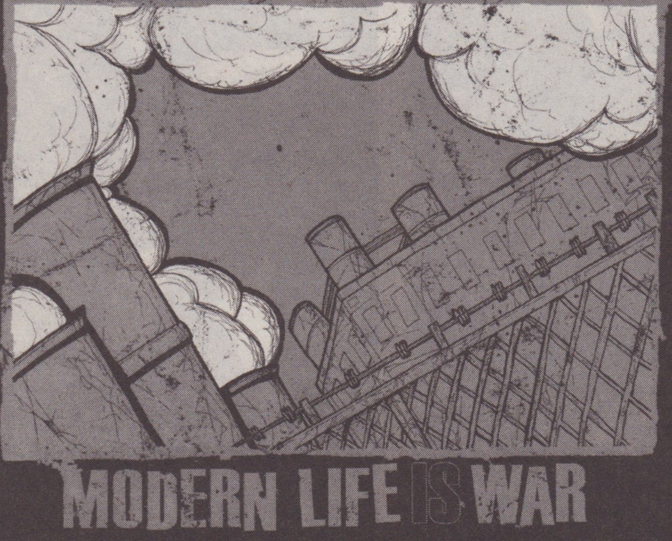


AVOW

Keith Rosson has been kicking it around the US' Pacific Northwest punk scene since the early '90s. In 1995 he started his fanzine Avow, which was since collected in a book The Best of Intentions. His artwork appears all sorts of places constantly—flyers, record inserts, posters, paintings, zines, and much more. The first place I encountered his work was in the booklet for Submission Hold's Waiting for Another Monkey to Throw the First Brick LP. More recently he has done artwork for Glass & Ashes, HeartattaCk, Against Me!, fine art shows, and much more. He is quite beneficial at helping in my ultimate world goal of redefining the scope of punk to include more than just plain old music. He wanted to make this clear, "Look, let me start off this whole 'interview in MRR' thing by saying you're catching me at a very inopportune time. I'm sick, and totally wacked out on cold pills, okay? This could possibly lead me to lay claim to certain things I may regret later, but whatever. I can always use the 'Dude, I was on fucking Sudafed!' excuse. Anyway, now that we've got that out of the way..." Interview and introduction by Joe Biel. All art by Keith Rossen.

What do you think drives someone to create a zine in 2007? How is that different from your motivations in 1995?

I'm actually kind of inclined to say that starting a print zine today could possibly be considered way more punk than it was in 1995, when it seemed like everyone and their mom was doing an issue or two. Nowadays it's just such an awesomely blatant "fuck you" to the technological status quo, or at least a kind of unspoken, "Hey, I'm pretty much a fucking idiot putting out a print zine, but I'm going to do this anyway." With blogs and message boards and all that shit so prevalent today, that aspect of technological communication taking precedence, there's something inherently...dinosauric about doing a zine today. And there's something about that that really appeals to me. I figure the motivations for people that are doing zines today are probably essentially the same as mine when I started out—that desire for communication, the ability to hand out something tangible and physical to another person, rather than saying, "Yeah, you should check out my blog, dude." It's that totally archaic, out-of-vogue idea of attempting to bridge the gap from one human to another.



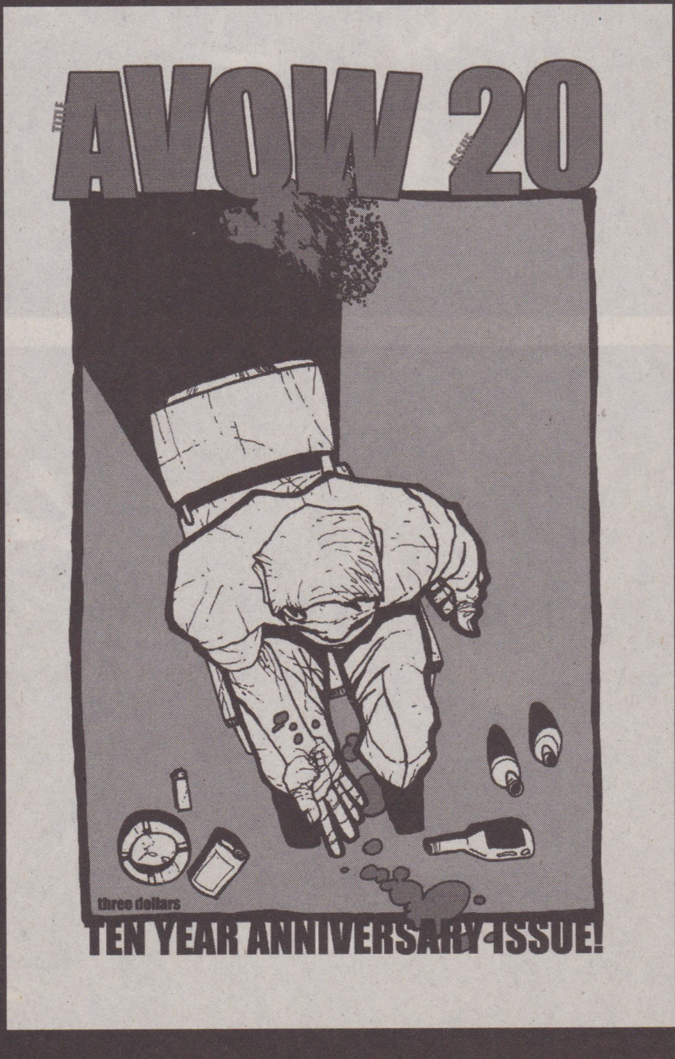
What kinds of zines are you reading these days? What excites you?

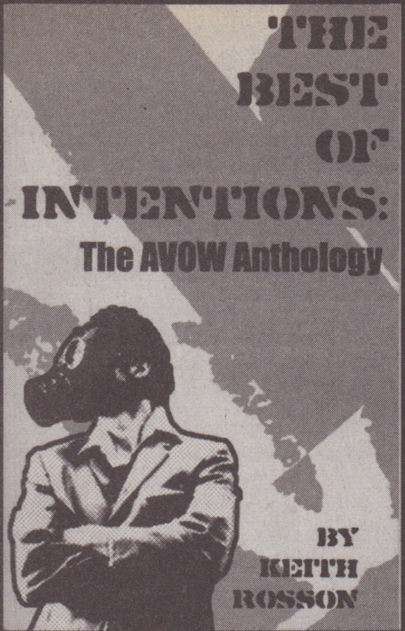
Here's where the cold capsules kick in and I tell the truth, probably losing major punk points in the process: my zine reading has taken a major backseat to fiction lately. Pretty much the only zines I read these days are ones I get for review or ones that are sent to me for trade for Avow. I've been stacked knee deep in short story collections lately, for the past year or more. Short stories and novels. But there are zines that I definitely keep my eye out for and still read regularly, most recently Big Hands and Eaves Of Ass. I still think that when it's done right (i.e. staunchly edited, creatively laid out and most importantly, written well) the "personal zine" is pretty much an untouchable format.

What came first, your first book *The Best of Intentions* or Fork in the Road Press (the book's original publisher)? Do you feel like punk rock's entrepreneurial nature coupled with its ability to use ingenuity to solve problems creates book and publishing companies where they would be nothing without punk rock?

As far as the history of The Best of Intentions goes, I dropped a few off-handed notes to people about possibly putting an Avow collection out—totally off the cuff, not really expecting much. I had just gotten the Cometbus anthology and was floored to see all of these back issues gathered together. I really wasn't expecting much at all. Instead I got a nearly immediate response from Troy, a kid in Canada who'd traded some back issues of Avow for his distro. He'd put out some records before and had never published a book. I was really fortunate.

As far as the second part of this question, I'm not even sure I





understand it, man. It's these pills. You know; I can hardly hold spit in my mouth right now. Are you asking me if punk publishers are the only people that are interested in publishing punk anthologies? Because I couldn't say. I do know Random House isn't exactly inundating me with phone calls. I think that the marketing feeding frenzy that took place towards zines died down a few years ago, back when everyone from Taco Bell to Forbes was jumping on the wagon—what's left are mostly the people that have been in it for the long haul, have done it because they loved it and have been doing it for a long time.

Are normal Joes turned into book publishers by the spirit of DIY punk? Does the existence of punk and seeing your peers do things like put out records push a person to the next level and put out books or would these people be doing that anyway?

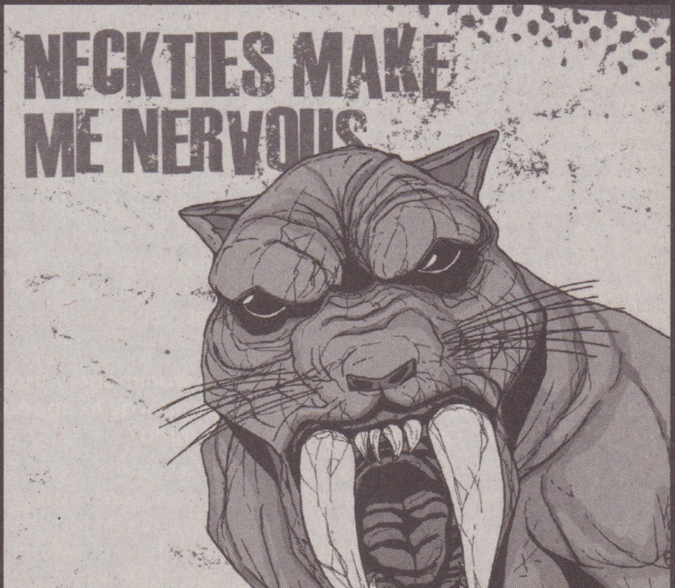
I put out zines, which is an entirely different kind of lower-maintenance animal. I know for myself that putting out a record seemed like an almost mystical, impossible process, until everyone in the band I'm in just decided to do it. And there's probably no way that we would have had that kind of self-reliance—that sense of "I know that we can do this"—if we hadn't been immersed in punk for so long, having been involved in the DIY process in other projects. That said, I know for myself that it's not just the people that are putting out records that serve as an influence, but also the bands who book their own two month tours, the kids who run zine distros and make them work, kids who put on successful fests and benefit shows, all of it. It's not just records, it's the fact that we've gotten pretty good at doing a lot of things ourselves. So why shouldn't we expand that into the realm of literature or the printed word? Why not? The template's been laid out in other avenues, I guess it's just a question of using that template to fit your own particular project; in this case, books. I don't know if people would be publishing books regardless of punk or not—I do know that punk's ceaseless promotion of "doing it yourself" probably winds up giving a lot of people the confidence and working knowledge to get a lot of shit done.

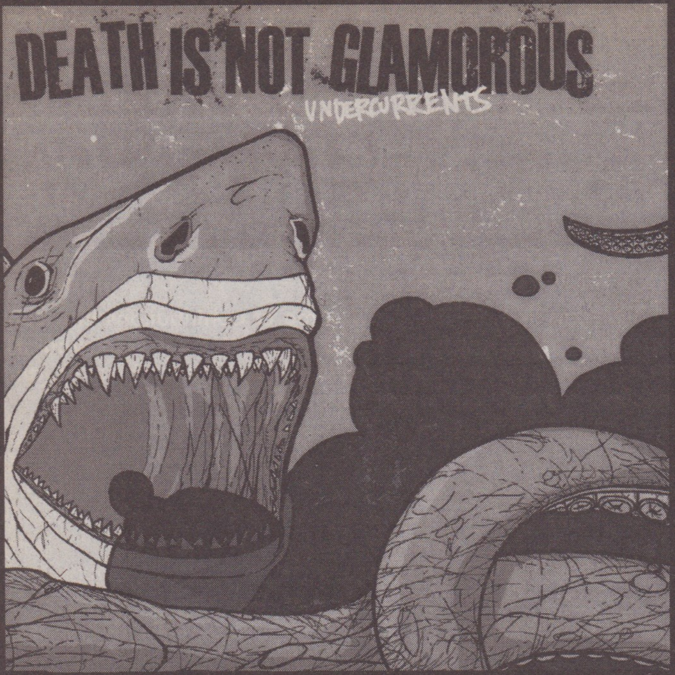
I hear a lot of people frustrated that the volume of books collecting zines is destroying the validity of the zine as a medium on their own. Obviously, this is not the point of compiling them but it made me more conscious and I decided not to compile issues of my own zine, just keeping the back issues in print instead. As someone who has taken the plunge of compiling the zine, how do you feel about this with a few years of perspective?

It's a good question, and while this current lean towards convenience and immediacy within technology as a whole (mp3s, books downloaded as pdfs, etc.) kind of grosses me out, so does the idea of trying to keep twenty-whatever issues of Avow consistently in print. While I don't want to say zine anthologies are rad because they're convenient, I do think that there's something to be said for having a kind of encapsulated collection, this period of time and effort compounded into a book. It's the same reason I like CD discographies of relatively unknown bands—the fact that someone took the time and effort to distill the work of some near-forgotten band's output onto one format. I don't think anthologies nullify a zine's validity—if anything, it keeps it alive. I can pretty much say that, had the Avow anthology not been released, those issues would probably be out of print forever. Like I said, it's a really good question, and I agree at least a bit that the fanzine is meant to be a temporary format; at the same time, I'm glad there's a physical collection of those early issues still available.

So it seems like despite the volume of contributions that your art, zines, and design work has made to punk rock you still don't truly get your due. Do you feel like artists, zinesters, and designers are short changed in punk rock?

At last! At laaaaast! The recognition I deserve! Finally, I can go ahead and get that vacation home in Barbados, fuck! Look, I feel the same way about the world of "art and design" in punk as a lot of people (somewhat justly) feel about zines as a whole—there's such a glut of crap out there, it's hard to find the good stuff. I mean, we can talk about punk as a social movement, as a vehicle for change or a community, but everyone will probably agree that the foundation for all of those things, for better or worse, has always revolved around the music. That's the emphasis and the focus—it's what unites and divides us, nine times out ten. So it seems inevitable that zine kids and artists are going to get the short end when it comes to receiving accolades or, really, even an acknowledgement that their shit rules – it isn't the focus. Which is really too bad—take a look at something as seminal as, say, a Rudimentary Peni or Subhumans record and see how seamlessly the art encapsulates and adds on to the music; those guys were onto something, they were utilizing "punk art" to its maximum. I also think that, given the accessibility and relative ease of programs like Photoshop and InDesign has allowed bands and labels to kind of take the visually creative aspect of punk into their own hands; this has resulted in bands and labels being able to do stuff on an even more DIY level. It's also resulted in some really shitty or brain-numbing and lackluster album designs over the years. When you think of fame, in the straight world or punk, which is just a skewed, somewhat fucked-up and somewhat hopeful and wonderfully belligerent microcosm of the straight world, bands have always gotten the limelight. Name a visual artist in the straight world who's as famous as Justin Timberlake.





Now name one in punk who's as well known as Dillinger Four or Jawbreaker. That's what I thought. It's just the nature of the best.

There sure are some ugly records out there. You've spent some paper explaining and illuminating some of your favorite designers in punk rock circles. Who are you most excited about that people may not be familiar with?

I don't know—I feel like I just keep lauding the same six or eight people over and over again. I don't know if I've actually got anyone left to name that people haven't heard of before, but these people—whether they're doing really solid graphic design or gorgeous paintings and illustrations—should definitely be listed here: Var from No Idea is consistent as hell but is flexible enough to make his design-work fit whatever band he's working with. There's still Mike Bukowski, who keeps getting better and better. I wish Scott Sinclair was still doing more record covers. Then there's Jacob Bannon—who is easily on par with Dave McKean in blending computer manipulation with art and photography. Ryan Patterson of Coliseum, who's name I've heard everywhere recently, the stuff of his that I've seen, I really like. Then there's Chris from Bright Arrow Studios—doing really beautiful, strong design work, did stuff like the last Submission Hold and Hiretsukan records. The majority of these people are doing solid stuff. But for whatever reason hand-rendered illustrations have kind of taken a backseat in punk, when it seems like that was the preferred medium "back in the day" (meaning before everyone and their cousin had access to Photoshop). I would love to see more bands trying to work that out in their record design, trying to really toe the line between hand-rendered illustrative shit coupled with computer manipulation and layout. When it's done well, it's a fucking unstoppable combination.

It seems like a big issue to you is the use of war imagery used in disconnected punk rock record sleeves as a way to appear "tough" or "hard." Can you explain the dilemma?

Is this your attempt to get me to talk shit or something, Joe? I think it's weak fucking sauce when punk bands incorporate violent or war-laden imagery (usually involving the shit-kicking and slaughter of a third-world people) in an attempt to be "shocking" or "brutal." It's stupid and exploitative and doesn't actually do anything towards resolving those issues, towards punk kids trying their best to make sure that shit stops happening. I don't need the cover of the new Joey Goiter and the Sikk Fukks 7" to show me that people were fucking napalmed in Vietnam or that a lot of machetes were dulled on a lot of heads in Rwanda— who or what are we serving by putting that shit on our records? What's being accomplished, besides fulfilling a weird kind of violence fetishism? I'm not saying that every album should have a fucking unicorn on the cover, or a band photo, or some skeleton doing a hand-plant in a pool, I'm saying that if you're going to use that violent image, make it count for something. Don't capitalize on it by, at most, putting some vague "Fuck the system" kind of song in your record. Make it count for something. Don't take the image out of context.

What motivates you to put your work in print and not just poster it all over the internet?

Because enough jerks steal my shit from the internet anyways. I went to school for fine art and graphic design—I started out doing zine stuff and just sending xeroxes of my art to bands, then moved on to doing computer layout myself. I love the fact that most of the time I feel like I don't know what the hell I'm doing, like I'm right on the edge of irrevocably fucking up this CD layout or that 7" design, then getting the records back from the label and finding out that, not only did they turn out really nice, the printers didn't have to change a single thing in order to make them print-ready. Holding a record that I worked on in my hands is just more satisfying all around. Looking at my stuff on the internet is kind of like trying to read a book off the computer—it's just not as fun.

Will "the punks" ever understand "the art?" Why stick to punk work? Why not shift to related realms completely? Why not find out where the mythical big bucks are?

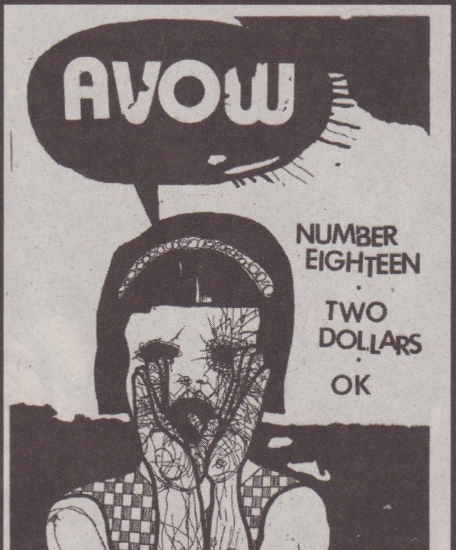
Trust me, I'm trying. The second Slipknot asks me to design their new die-cut ipod cozies, I'm out of this fucking punk rock thing faster than you can say "sellout," dude. Seriously, though, I don't know. I get asked that question a lot, wonder about it myself. On one hand, my stuff just isn't that commercial: Tom's of Maine just doesn't seem to have much need for full-color illustrations of super-bandaged guys holding dead birds or whatever. And the fact is that a lot of punk still just hits me in the gut and heart, you know? I still love it, have been immersed in this thing over half my life and I'm still floored on it.

Describe the moment in your life when all of your optimism, idealism, and youthful exuberance has been the most destroyed. Why persist in this medium beyond those points? What does going over 30 hold for punks? What changes?

Let's see… if I said "from the moment I wake up until the moment I go to sleep," would that be too smarmy of an answer? If you mean "as an artist," I get the most bummed out when I read something super-negative about an album cover I've spent a lot of time on. The nice thing about hitting and going beyond 30 though, is that while that would've fucking crushed me five or ten years ago, now I just cuss for a minute and get back to work on the next project. Just realizing that no matter what the fuck you do creatively, there will be people who will dig it and people who will talk shit. It's absolutely inevitable. So just keep trying to move forward, onto the next thing you're working on.

A recent issue of *Maximum Rocknroll* featured an interview with the very pro-CD/anti-vinyl arguments of Crimes Against Humanity Records. It seemed that most of the arguments defaulted back to convenience. Is punk about convenience? Where do you stand in this important debate?

I didn't read the interview, but as far as music goes, I like both formats. I don't really give a shit, CD and vinyl both have their good points. Who cares what format you buy it in, as long as you buy it and recoup the label and band so we can keep this thing moving along. I don't think one format should take precedence over the other; they both transfer just fine to a mix tape. I do know that I prefer both, any, all of them to downloading shit—to me, downloading little sound files onto your computer, without album art, lyrics, liner notes, without a physical sense of this tangible thing in your hands—that's when convenience becomes detrimental, when it verges on, I don't know, heartless? I guess I'm coming from a design standpoint, an art nerd who's always devoured all the physical aspects of a record ever since I was a little kid, but when it comes to downloading music I just get bummed out. I don't see the point? If you can afford to spend ten bucks on a download of a new record, you can probably afford to buy the record itself. If you can't afford it and you download the thing "illegally" then you're kind of a shithead and should probably get a job mowing lawns. I guess I'm a capitalist, doing my part to keep that free market system a-rolling, but if you can't afford to help keep the financial wheels of the punk distribution network going, this thing that's taken twenty-five, thirty years to build and maintain, then we'll reach a point, ultimately, where we're screwed. I know the intricacies of the music industry, even one that's as "ethical" as punk, is changing quickly, but we're already getting to the point where labels are putting out fewer releases because they're not recouping their money from previous ones. When it reaches the point that bands start offering "download-only" releases, I'm turning in my punk badge and listening to more History of the Pan Flute LP box sets. I couldn't care less if people listen to CD or vinyl, as long as kids are bringing their distros to shows in the basement.



What's the most important thing going on right now?

The blood-laden clusterfuck known as the occupation and civil war in Iraq? Government ineptitude and corruption? Dead Somalis? Stem-cell research? How about the increasing divisiveness of religious intolerance, pretty much across the board? I don't know, man, there's a lot to choose from. Roll the dice, pick one. Thanks for the opportunity to talk.

www.keithrosson.com

Avow zine and The Best of Intentions are both available from Keith, directly, on his website as well as various distros.

photo by Tim Bramlette

KOHU-63
KAAOS
KOHU-63
TAMPERE 55

opposite page, clockwise from top:
no hope for the kids, kohu punks, army of jesus
this page: forward

all photos: chris(tine) boarts-larsen

KCMO's crap corps tells all!

The city of Kansas City lays smack dab in the middle of the United States and sprawls over the states of Missouri and Kansas. KC's young and energetic DIY punk scene has given birth to a number of amazing bands in the past few years. Among them is the band Crap Corps, who has been playing their unique brand of pissed off punk for the past four years. Earlier this year they released their first 7" on KC's Big Brown Shark Records and have been gaining some much deserved attention from punks all over the country. We sat down with them after a show to discuss being punk in the Midwest, being punk and female, and also...being punk.

Interview by Jesse Heckman and Laszlo Toth. Photos by Megan Karson.

MRR: How did you guys meet?

Anna: Claire and I grew up together.

Claire: She lived catty-corner from me!

Anna: And then we went to school together and then I went to a different school and I met these ladies.

Danni: Yeah, I just came to this new high school and by chance met Libby...

Libby: You should tell the story! Danni and I were at this orientation thing for our high school and...

Danni: I was sitting all by myself.

Libby: And our friend Megan and I walked in and she was like, "There's this girl that's sitting alone and she has a punk T-shirt on," or something and we were like, "Awesome! We should go sit next to her." And we did and from then on we were friends.

Danni: And so we would hang out all the time and...

Libby: And we thought we would put together a band.

Danni: Yeah I had this idea called "crapcore" meaning just like **really shitty** music. And so I started to think of this stuff and I thought, "No...but it could also be 'Corps'"

Libby: It seems silly now but at the time it was awesome.

Danni: And like I just wanted the band to be **really bad**.

Libby: Yeah I remember her telling me "Yeah...we could call it Crap Corps and it could just be like playing on like pots and pans and bullshit and just sound like shit" and I was like "That sounds awesome," and, "I can kind of play the guitar." And Danni was like, "I play the bass." And we had this mutual friend that was like "I can hit pot and pans. Whatever." So we had one practice.

Danni: And then we started hanging out with Anna and she was like, "You guys wanna meet my friend Claire?" and so they came over to our house.

Claire: I brought my guitar!

Danni: And we were just like all messing around but we didn't have a drum kit.

[much laughter]

Danni: So then we just kind of messed around some more and somehow Claire wanted to play bass and I wanted to play guitar so we switched. Claire was in a band called Nosegrind at the time.

Libby: It was fuckin' awesome!

Danni: And then we were like "Libby...try to play the drums."

Libby: And I was like "Dude, I can play the drums. Like this kid taught me the basic beat once and I think I can probably do it." And then I did it. And it was horrible. But it worked out. Whatever.

MRR: How old were you guys when you started the band?

Libby: Danni and I were in ninth grade.

Anna: And I was in tenth.

Claire: Me too. I think I was fifteen.

MRR: Can you talk a little bit about the punk scene in Kansas City? What do you think of it?

Anna: It's really fun.

Libby: Yeah...it's like now that I've lived somewhere else, because you know I never had before, I'm starting to appreciate how much of a community it is. I feel pretty lucky to have gotten into punk through this particular scene because everyone knows each other and it's always really friendly.

Danni: Yeah, I think Kansas City is like no place else that I've ever been to. I live in Providence now but I still think Kansas City is really special.

Claire: Well I think it's special because you get to play for your friends and so you can joke around on stage and nobody cares! And if you mess up you can be like...

Libby: "Friends...shut up!"

Anna: And it's really supportive like everybody always comes out to see everyone else's bands.

Danni: A lot of things are changing; a lot of things are still the same, I mean new people are coming, some people are going. The new people who are coming are awesome.

Anna: We got some new venues that are really fun.

Danni: Yeah. Awesome new venues. Valhalla is awesome. The Anchor is awesome. El Torreon...not as awesome as it used to be!

Libby: Another thing about the scene is that there's always really positive energy. Even if there is some like minor drama it usually doesn't matter because when the show is actually going on it's usually really positive which makes it even more fun. You want to build on it. That's why there are so many new bands all the time.

MRR: So when you're talking about your band to someone you don't already know or someone outside of punk scene...how do you talk about Crap Corps?

[much laughter]

Libby: It's really hard.

Anna: Yeah it is. If they're just like **really** out of touch I'm just like. "It's kind of like rock n' roll..." I went to this family party recently and this lady was like "Oh you're in a band right?" and I was like "Yeah." And she was like "It's grunge right?" and I was like "Yeah. It is"

Claire: I like it when family members ask for the name and we're always like "CRAP...CORPS." My grandma was like "CRACK WHORE??"

MRR: How many times has your band's name been mispronounced or misspelled?

Anna: We've gotten Crab Crops.

Libby: Carb Crops!

Danni: Carb-core.

Libby: Which is really what we are...

Danni: Crap Corpse...like dead body.

MRR: Your band doesn't seem to have one style that you're going after. So what is your process when creating songs? Stylistically how would you define your band within the punk scene?

Libby: That's also really hard. People always ask like what style we are and I always say it's just like "punk."

Danni: When we're writing songs it's usually like we'll just be fucking around and Claire will play something that sounds cool and we'll be like "That sounds really cool!"

Claire: And somebody comes and is like "Hey! Listen to this!" and Danni's like "Oh let me try to figure out something to go over that." And the vocals come last.

Anna: We usually just kind of start from one thing and just build off each other and then throughout the song we change it a bunch. Like we'll start with a song that'll be really long and then be like "We should cut that out." We're not very good at describing music or at least I'm not, so when we're trying to say what we should do, it's like really hard and we're like "You should like y'know 'duh duh duh duh DUH!' Y'know...you know what I mean?"

Claire: BOM BAM BUMPA BUMP BUM.

Danni: Make that bass do that thing again where it's like "Nuh nuh nunna nuuuuh!"

Libby: As far as like genre or whatever...I've never known what to say.

Danni: Yeah...sometimes I just say that it's "shitty".

Libby: Yeah it's just like...fast punk.

Danni: Yeah...I say "fast punk" a lot. Shitty fast punk. Heh heh.

MRR: So when you talk about your band as a "punk band" what does that mean?

Libby: It means we're involved with the punk scene. We're a DIY punk band and that's an important thing to say I think that's a big part of why we like it so much because we do everything ourselves. I think the DIY thing is what sets apart from all the other bands that play at all the bars and shit, y'know?

MRR: So would you play the bar scene if you could?

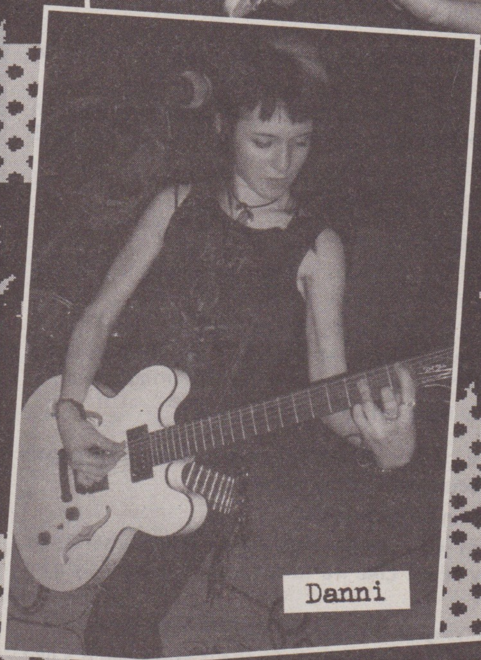
Danni: No!

Anna: In Kansas City we agreed to play a bar show once and it just wasn't the same. It was really uncomfortable and...

Danni: Awful.

Anna

Claire



Danni

Libby

Anna: And also just because it was a bar show...a lot of the kids who come out to see us aren't 21, so there weren't many people there.

Claire: Yeah...we're not even 21.

Libby: I don't know if this is going to be taken well in writing but it seems like people who only try to play bars are kind of doing it for different reasons then we are. But I feel like what we want to do is play for people that like us and at bar shows people just don't really like..."let go" as easily and it's just not as fun.

Danni: Which is kind of strange because usually they're drunk.

Libby: And I don't think it's because they're older it's because...

Danni: Well it's not like they're going to the bar to see the show it's like they're going to the bar and there happens to be a band playing.

Libby: Yeah that's probably the reason why.

MRR: It's like, mandatory that you talk about being an all-female band in the punk scene. What is like to be in an all-female punk band? Does that matter?

Libby: It doesn't matter at all. Because if we had a dude in the band it probably wouldn't be any different. It's totally on accident that we're all girls.

MRR: Do you think you sell more records because you're an all-female band?

Anna: Well I think it gets us recognition. If somebody sees on a flyer "all-girl punk band"...it sparks some interest in people I think.

MRR: Why do you think that is?

Anna: I think it's just not as common.

Libby: I feel like it's the only reason why it's a big deal. It's just that there just aren't very many.

Danni: As much as I would like to ignore the fact that it does play a factor into people being interested in us. It does, but I don't think it's something that we use to our advantage ever.

Libby: We try really hard **not** to.

MRR: It seems like a lot of the lyrics are about like anger and grief. Why focus on that as a band?

Libby: I just didn't know that we did.

Danni: To be honest with you, we really don't take ourselves as seriously as it may seem. Like we take ourselves seriously as a band but we're not...

Libby: We're not trying to change anything through our lyrics...

Anna: I mean everybody gets pissed off about stuff and it's like such a good outlet. Yeah that sounds kind of cheesy but it's a good place to vent.

Danni: I mean I guess there are lyrics that do seem like angry or "full of grief" or whatever. I think we all participate in writing the lyrics and sometimes we're just pissed off about shit and you want to sing about it.

> Libby: "Survival Knife" is about my Boy Scout knife.
> Danni: Killing people...with it.

Libby: "Survival Knife" is about my Boy Scout knife.

Danni: Killing people...with it.

Libby: Yeah the end of it comes off and you can put waterproof matches in it. It's fucking awesome.

MRR: Do you think that the experience of getting into punk in Kansas City was different than it would be somewhere else?

Libby: Well for me it was pretty funny because I just started to listen to like all the shitty bands that everyone listens to when they're in eight grade. And the summer before eighth grade I just started to listen to kind of like "punk-er" stuff. And then my boyfriend at the time, we heard about El Torreon, and so we went to our first show and it was awesome! So we just started to come more often and my boyfriend went away and I kept going and my parents drove me to shows and it was awesome. And they were really supportive and that helped a lot.

Danni: I went to this awful hell hole of a private school and had no friends and all I would do is like sit on the internet and look at shows that I had like no chance of going to and so I knew about El Torreon and knew what bands played there and I knew everything about it but I was like thirteen and had no friends and my mom was like "You're not going there by yourself!" and then I met Libby and some other people and they were like "We go to El Torreon!" and...

Libby: And then we went!

Danni: Yeah and then we went because I had people to go with. So I don't know about other people but all I know is that I am **in love** with Kansas City and I could not have asked for a better adolescence.

Libby: Yeah.

Danni: You hear that, East Coast?! I love Kansas City!

MRR: What's next for Crap Corps?

Libby: Well we just put out the record...

Anna: That's a good question. We haven't really talked about it. Just keep playing when the girls come in town.

Danni: Hopefully go on tour again...

Anna: Our last tour was over the summer and we just stayed in Midwest but our 7" wasn't ready yet so we'd like to do something to get it out more.

Libby: Yeah. Just keep doing what we've been doing basically. And just see if more people across the world like it.

Anna: Dig it.

Crap Corps has a new 7" out and is featured on the KC-DIY punk compilation both available from Big Brown Shark Records (hotmailisballs@yahoo.com, www.kcdiy.org/bigbrownshark.) You can get a hold of these rad ladies via the interwebs at crap_corps@hotmail.com and at www.myspace.com/crapcorps.

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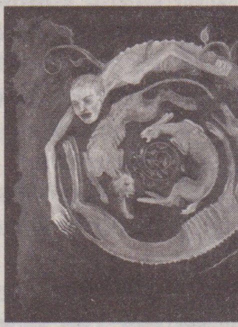
DRILLE



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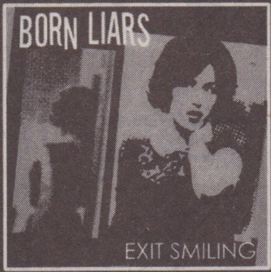
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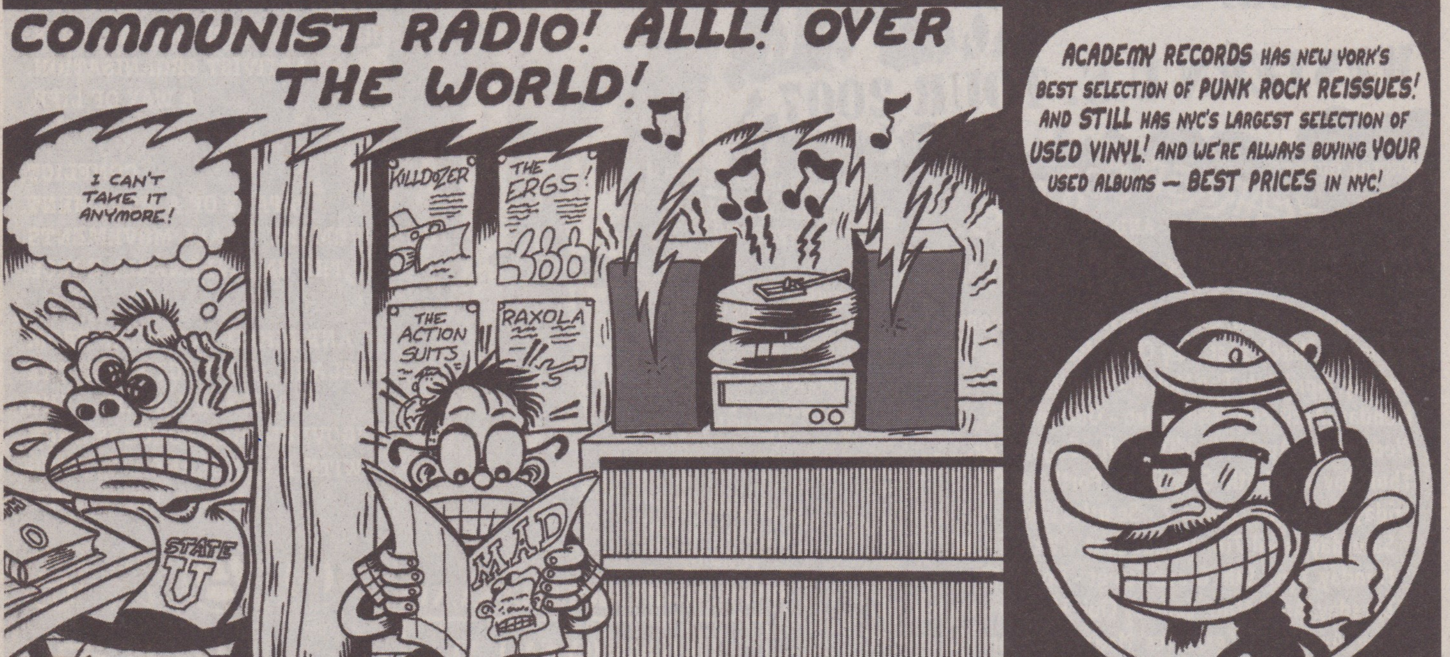
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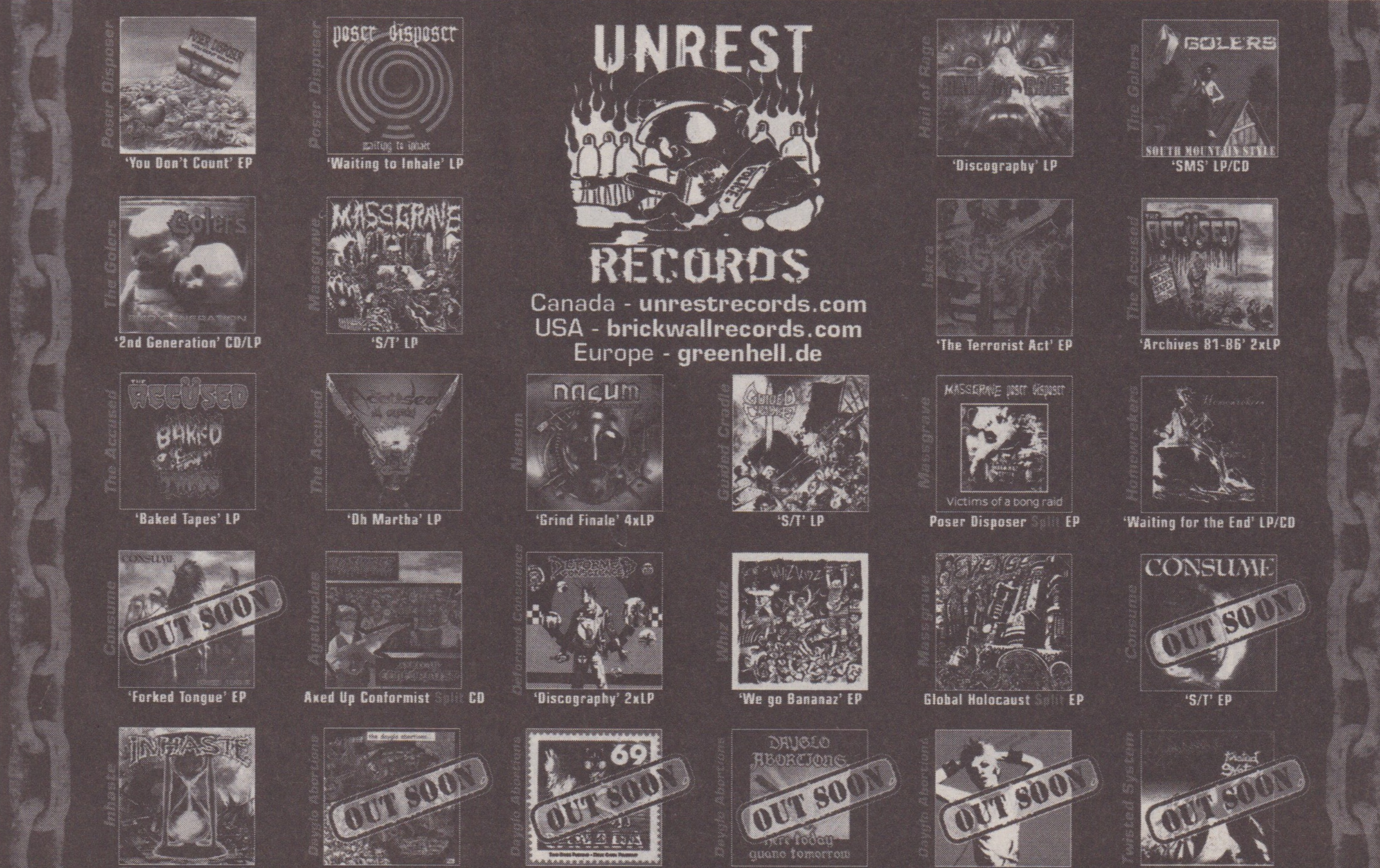
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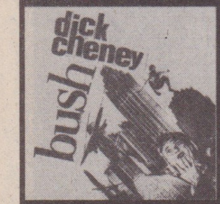
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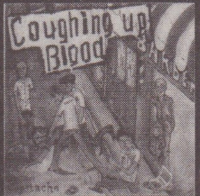
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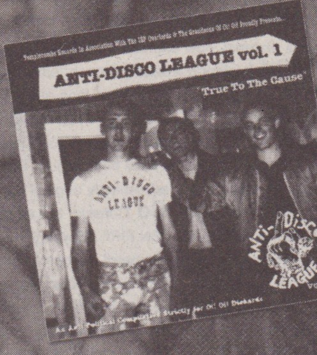
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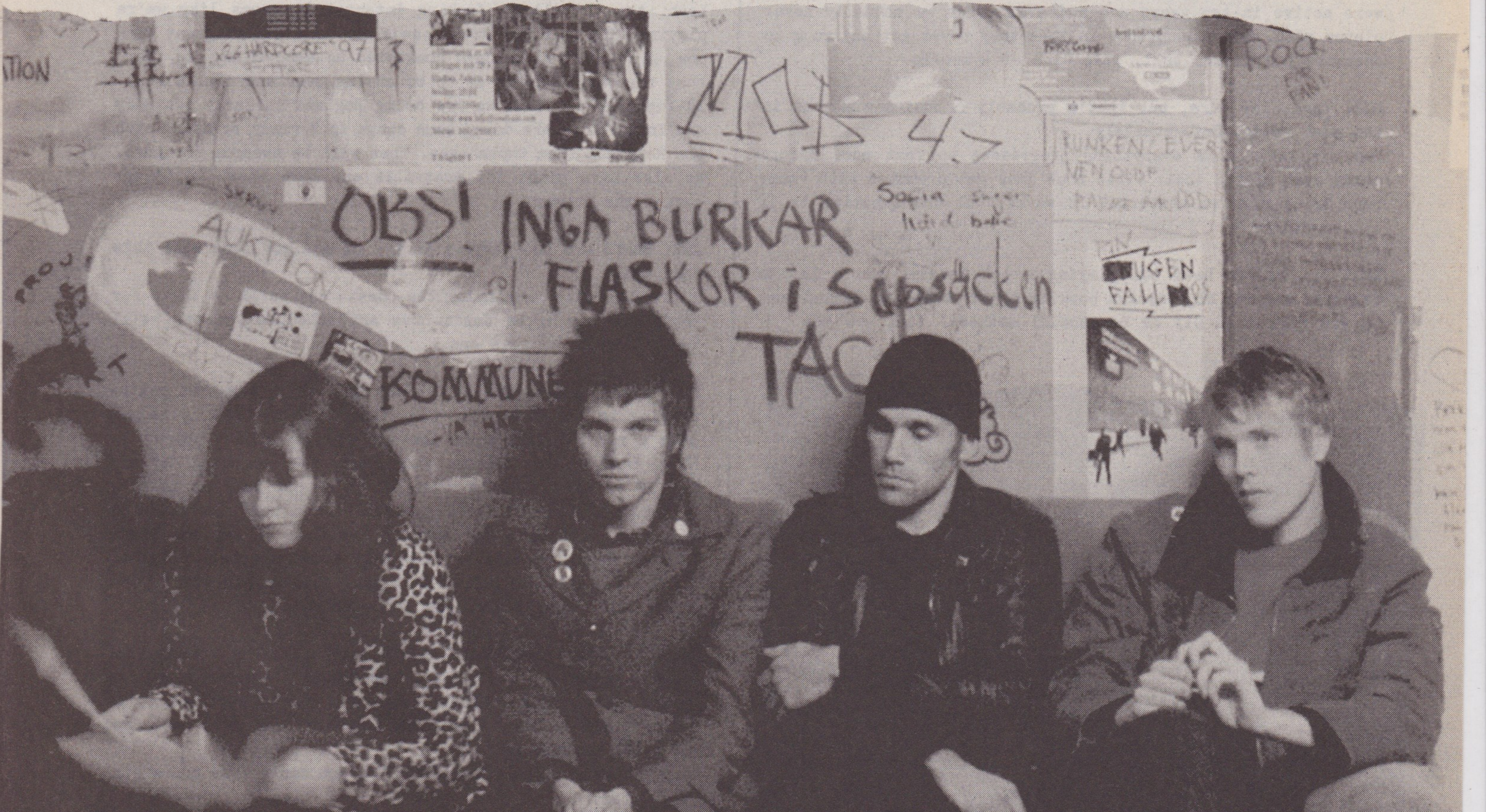
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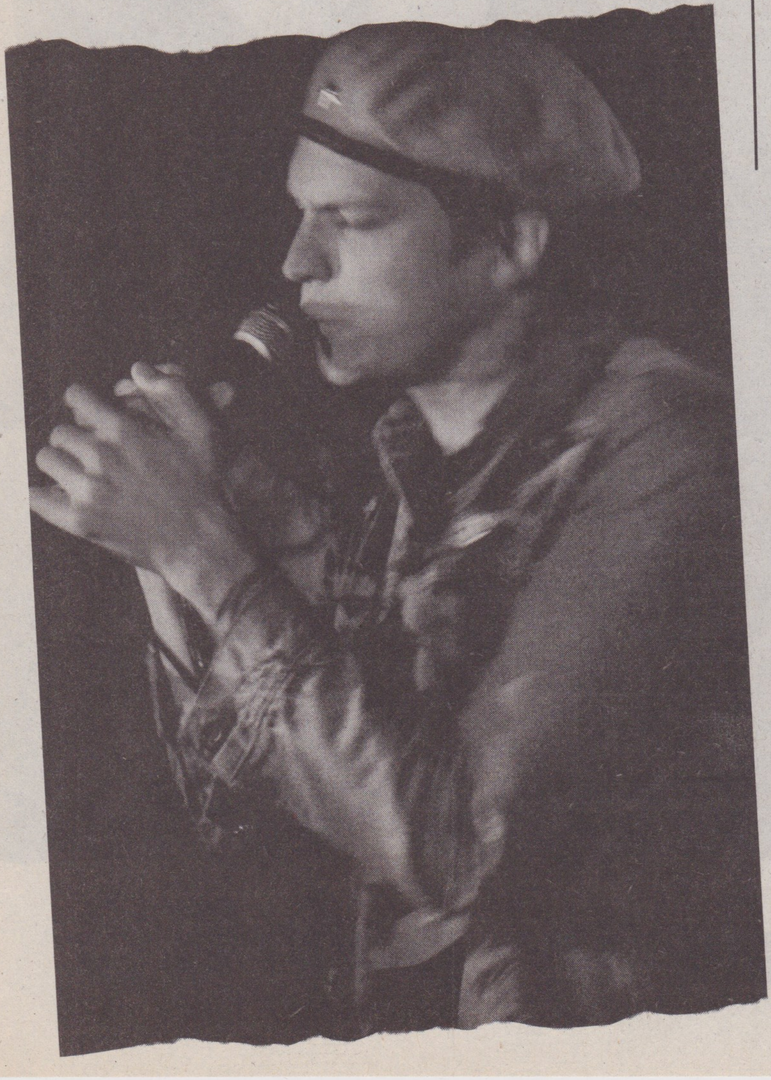
interview by potinⒶⒺ

MRR: Hey guys! How are you? I think you'll just have to begin by introducing yourselves.
Hi! It's Robert who does vocals and me, Erik, who hammers the bass, doing the interview. Besides us, Sara is plays guitar and Andy is on drums but they couldn't show up for this unfortunately. There have been some different formations and people playing on the recordings since the beginning in 2004, but for a year now Vicious has had a stable lineup.

MRR: So, do you have any bodies in the closet or partners on the side of the band? I mean any other bands or old dead projects?
A lot of times people seem to focus on other bands we had or still have and I think it's getting kind of silly. They can't take it for what it is without putting it in comparison with stuff that has nothing to do with this. For example, this is the first time Robert is doing vocals in a band and it's the first time for me playing bass. On flyers people sometimes put like one hundred different band names after our name which we were active in ten years ago and even bands we actually never played with. The consequence is that they never get any room to describe our music. Well, it's kind of symbolic.

MRR: Yeah, for sure, but that's probably a business method in the punk scene. Unfortunately.
Yep, it feels like everything progresses so fast now. Before bands even played their first show they get promoted with "members from" and "ex-members." It works, but the question is if it's worth it.

MRR: But you've been out playing a lot lately, had a lot of releases and the big Swedish booking agency Monstera behind you. Do you work thru DIY or commercial methods? What are the pros and cons you see with DIY tours versus club tours and commercial shows?
We're not working commercial and I think we never will but we don't see any problems having a booking agency helping us out to get shows in venues where it's normally quite hard getting a show otherwise. The three upcoming tours are all DIY and I think squats versus clubs doesn't necessarily have anything to do with if the show will be good or bad and if it's not all ages we'll try to smuggle as many minors as possible in through the back door. We've never signed a contract and will probably never do it either and I think mostly people at DIY-organized shows are nicer. In some clubs I sometimes feel like I'm just a problem-like they want us to do our thing and get out of there…just one band of many. NEXT!



MRR: And now you're heading for the US of A, which seems to be eagerly awaiting you over there on "the other side." Looking forward to it? Where else are you playing?
Yeah, the US will be fucking intense! It seems like we're playing with a lot of great bands and in a lot of great venues. A lot of people have contacted us concerning the tour, they seem excited for us to be coming over and that's really fun. Besides that we are doing England in early February and in March we are doing some shows in Germany together with Los Retardos from Copenhagen. That will be awesome for sure. We also have plans for Australia and more shows in Europe during the summer.

MRR: Where are you playing in the US and how long will this tour be?
I think we will be playing the coasts and we'll be there for about one month. We don't have any schedule yet but we'll trust Yannick on this one.

MRR: Great, and by the way, about England, I saw that you're playing in Guilford! I've been there actually and it seemed like a really small town. How did you get a show there?
Haha, well it was someone from there who contacted us asking if we want to do a show and if people want us to play somewhere, why not? We're playing with a band I watched at the punk fest here in Umeå in November called The Death Skulls. They looked like they were hooligans; all of them. I'm hoping for more people like that when we get over there. You think there is anything to do there?

MRR: I think Death Skulls looked a lot like The Streets, but meaner and more terrifying. I was actually there a couple of years ago playing football (what you Americans refer to as soccer) and the only side I got to see of that town was signs of a big depression.
You played football? You look like you can't even run a single meter.

MRR: Ha ha. For your information I played for nine fucking years!
Yeah, maybe you were a goalie? Okay, seriously. I really look forward to playing in Guilford. I have never been to England before!

MRR: OK then, enough with the sports for now. I heard you have a new 7" coming up. Which label will release this one? And I also heard Robert will sing in Swedish now! What are the inspirations for this? And I want a release date please!
Yeah, we're going to record a new 7" soon. It will be called "Igen" and Yannick will release it for the US tour. We're going to record four songs and three of them will be on the single. I started writing in Swedish cause it feels more natural for me. It gets more personal. I think it's harder to mediate a feeling in English. Hard to say what inspirations we had for this. It feels boring to start counting up bands we like. It's a lot like the "ex-members" thing.

MRR: Haha, like you're not stealing all your material! So what do you think about living up here in Umeå, so far north from everything else?
There isn't a town I'd rather live in. It's cold as hell during the winter and it's like a thousand kilometers to the nearest town where you can play a show, but we don't have any better alternatives. Everything interesting in Sweden is here in Umeå. One of the few negative aspects though is that Umeå is a relatively Christian town. Of course there are worse places around, but you get tired of it. A lot of the big bands from here are Christians and it seems like it's considered nice among people. Even in the punk scene it's relatively accepted. Most people in my workplace are Christians and the ones who aren't never really question it. It seems like they almost feel bad about themselves, which is tragic. Umeå is considered a left-wing town but I would more describe it as a bible town, haha! There are a lot of churches and Christian organizations. It's not even funny.

MRR: I would like to think there's a lot worse places around but I really agree with the first part. I feel everyday that that I'm so happy to live here. We had four different punk shows the last week organized by three different collectives-not too bad! So what do you have to say about the scene here? The bands and the shows?
I think there are a lot of great and cool bands around and the scene and shows are great. I think it's probably as big as it can get looking on how small this town really is. People are creative and it's the only city in Sweden that has seven or eight great bands and there are still a lot of new bands here which people outside of Umeå don't now of yet, so I think the scene will live on for a long time.

MRR: Yeah, soon we'll be on the top of our tiny pyramid! I like to think we have to be creative cause we live so far from everything else and don't actually have a choice except doing everything ourselves. We can't just take a bus to another city to go to a show. Okay, let's get on with the interview. If you see a band here or when you're on tour, what do you think is important to give you a good impression? What do you think is good to think about when a band is trying to make DIY punk and creative good music?
Personally I like bands that have a good idea behind what they're doing. It's rarely about being good musicians or having a stage outfit. It's nice to see bands that take themselves seriously. If you don't take yourself seriously, no one else will. And if people want to "market" their band, classical promotion seems to working the opposite way these days.

MRR: So what is your opinion on Myspace? You have one yourselves. Do you like to get as many "friend requests" as possible?
How do you do that? I don't think we're doing anything at all. We got one because it's an easy way to get your music up on the internet and get in touch with people. Most people seem indecisive about Myspace and I think it would be stupid if it was just about Myspace in the end. I like to think that it is an idea that should have been invented by DIY and not by Fox. The DIY scene has always been good at creating new networks. I think the focus is too much about how many friends or listeners you get and it feels kind of creepy. It's a lot like comparing sale ratings. We don't have a lot of experience with Myspace yet but I think generally it's positive and I think it's going to be around for a while.

MRR: Yep, in Sweden we had these things like in the mid '90s. Why suddenly this hype around internet communities? I thought the thing you mentioned about marketing your band, like bands that have a Myspace before they even rehearsed together-it's kind of weird.
Yeah, and I think Myspace is a really bad community too in that way. It's more like a bad looking forum for bands or something. The internet is like sports. It brings out the worst things in people.

MRR: That's for sure! Technology is scary. Let's get back to the band stuff instead for a while. How do you think you developed since the beginning? I mean both the sound and the lineup changes. Do you compare your new stuff a lot with the old stuff or are you trying to look forward instead?
Since we weren't a complete band until we recorded *Alienated* it feels a lot like this is the first time we can start to develop as a band. We are looking to the future for sure and I think the new songs always feel like the best we've done. If people say that the first single is the best one, they're wrong. I think we are more pedantic now than before when we make songs.

MRR: Great. So I guess the new ones feel like your going in the right direction then! Let's take some quickies-best venue in Europe?
Bilefeldt in Germany is great and Köpi in Berlin as well. Spain in general is awesome too!

MRR: Worst tour memory?
The usual-punctured tires, fights, and bad promoters can be traumatic as well but I like to think the Nazi revolt in France when Andy had to go to the hospital was a bit too much. I was in a hospital in Spain for a week after a guitar got stuck in my eye. It's actually true, but it was with another band.

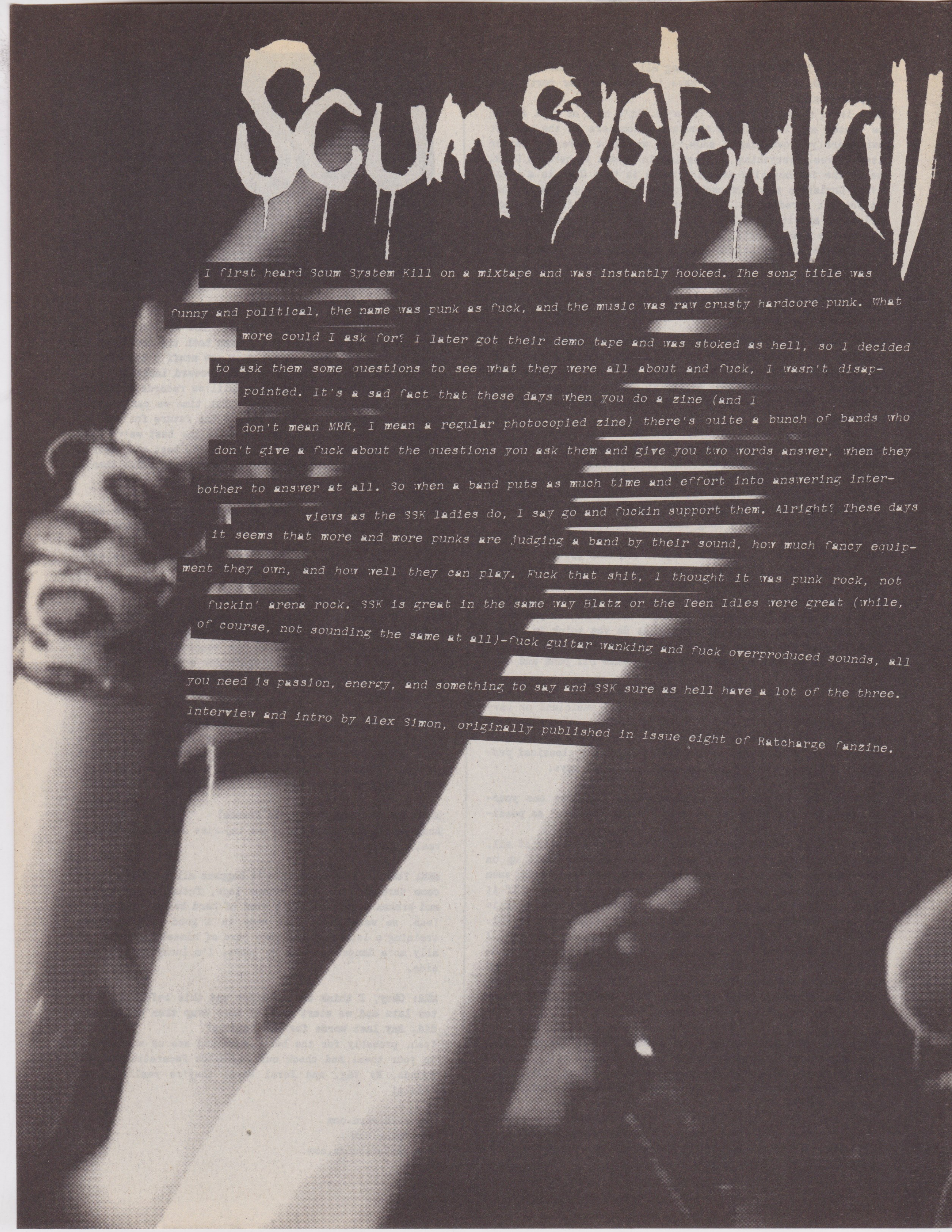
MRR: I think you'll have to tell us more...
The guitar got stuck in my eye during a show; they had to take it out in the hospital and I was there for a week with patches on both my eyes so I couldn't see. The nurses got to feed and clean me everyday. It felt kind of weird.

MRR: And the Nazi revolt in France?
Andy wasn't hurt that badly but injuries on tour are always really tough.

MRR: Yeah, and it seems like it happens all the time. Bands come through here with broken legs, fucked up appendix, and broken testicles. It's kind of hard being a punk huh?
Yeah, we were lucky that Andy is a good fighter after training a lot so he can take care of himself. He's actually more dangerous than he looks. I'm lucky he's on our side.

MRR: Okay, I think we'll better end this before it gets too late and we start talking more crap then we already did. Any last words for *MRR* readers?
Yeah, probably for the best. Come and see us when we're in your town! And check out Cagematch Federation/Wasted Sounds, Ny Våg, and Feral Ward, they're really great labels!

www.feralward.com
www.nyvag.com
www.wastedsounds.com



ScumSystemKill

I first heard Scum System Kill on a mixtape and was instantly hooked. The song title was funny and political, the name was punk as fuck, and the music was raw crusty hardcore punk. What more could I ask for? I later got their demo tape and was stoked as hell, so I decided to ask them some questions to see what they were all about and fuck, I wasn't disappointed. It's a sad fact that these days when you do a zine (and I don't mean MRR, I mean a regular photocopied zine) there's quite a bunch of bands who don't give a fuck about the questions you ask them and give you two words answer, when they bother to answer at all. So when a band puts as much time and effort into answering interviews as the SSK ladies do, I say go and fuckin support them. Alright? These days it seems that more and more punks are judging a band by their sound, how much fancy equipment they own, and how well they can play. Fuck that shit, I thought it was punk rock, not fuckin' arena rock. SSK is great in the same way Blatz or the Teen Idles were great (while, of course, not sounding the same at all)-fuck guitar wanking and fuck overproduced sounds, all you need is passion, energy, and something to say and SSK sure as hell have a lot of the three.

Interview and intro by Alex Simon, originally published in issue eight of Ratcharge fanzine.

MRR: Hey to begin with can you introduce the band, how and when you started, who the members are, what you do in your daily lives, hobbies, goals in life, and shit like that…

S: I'm Sophie, I do vocals. SSK played our first show in April 2005. Jyoti our original guitarist is overseas at the moment and we have our good mate John Bon Irish aka Strum System Bill on guitar. Also in the band are Bek, Karli (drums), and Cathy (vox)… I'm studying right now for the first time in seven years. I'm doing welfare at Tafe, although before that since 2002 I have been on the dole/squatting/traveling. Some of us have organized the Belladonna DIY fest for the past couple years and are involved with Paint It Black, Sydney's awesome DIY record store. Karli and I are in an anti-authoritarian tranny cop dance troupe. I like reading and my bike (like all good punx), but most of all I like to rage on.

C: I'm Cathy, I growl below Sophie's banshee screeches. I'm a photographer of the erotic variety. I also sing in another band Vae Victus and take photos for www.shotwithdesire.com, it's a journey into the erotic underworld—a sensual exploration into people living on the outskirts, people of all genders and sexualities… It's very exxxciting.

B: I'm Bek, I play bass. The job I get paid to do is working as a residential youth worker in a crisis refuge for 15-17 year olds. I'm really good at swearing as a result of my job. Kids tell me to fuck off on a daily basis. I get to wear what I want and get to swear too (tho' not directly at them), and sometimes... Actually pretty often, I get to see them achieve something that makes them smile, they say "thank you," or I get to support them through something really hard.

K: I'm Drum System Karli the animal muppet behind the drums. This is my first band, we started about a year ago with a lotta holes in our playing schedules coz we are all mad travelers. I did sound engineering at Uni, worked as a roadie, which was hilarious then went and lived overseas for a year in south and North America. My second home is New Orleans, there I work at a volunteer run community bike project helping kids build bikes, I'm a bit of a international vagabond hobo but I got my heart there its the only place apart from in this band where I feel at home in myself, real community, all that. I'm the youngest in the band and sometimes I feel a little chaotic and unfocused coz I am a little nuts myself, but these womyn give me the strength and kinda role model stuff I need although they'll hate that I called 'em role models.

MRR: Where does this name come from, why did you choose it?

B: I really couldn't tell you how the name came up. There was plenty of discussion, and "fuck that, no way am I putting that on a flier" comments. The name comes from a 7" called Scum System Kill by a Japanese band called SDS.

S: Yeah, it's an SDS song & 7"—Cathy and Jyoti thought it might be good and eventually we all agreed. Now everyone loves it...even Karli.

C: Sitting in the lounge room, I was lovingly stroking 7"s, and then *kaboom*! I love the raw destruction of Japanese bands like SDS, GISM, KURO, etc. I appreciate this stuff even more now in a time when polished stadium crust is all the rage. I love the lyrics in Japanese crust bands, the English is so brutal and crazy and fitting to the music.

MRR: How did you first discover punk rock, was there a specific "punk moment" you remember that changed / ruined your life forever?

B: I was living in the US and my friend came to pick me up and drive me to a flea market in the middle of nowhere, he was playing a 7 Seconds tape. It changed my life! Naw. I mean don't get me wrong, it's a great tape and it really happened. But I was consistently going to shows since 14 years or so and was exposed to lots of punk and HC bands in Canberra. Though I didn't really start get into it very seriously till I moved to Wollongong and saw Charcoal Human, Navel Graveyard, Tank o'Piss, Iron Sausage etc...on a fairly regular, drunken, basis.

S: There was no punk moment… but I got a mix tape in 1994 from a guy on my school bus when I was in year 10, and I remember thinking how crazy it was—I'd never heard music like this before. It had all Sydney bands on it like Blitz Babies, Toe To Toe, Subversion…I loved this tape, and played it 'till it died many years later. I went through a pretty huge pop punk phase until I went to the Hardcore Superbowl in 1997, and got exposed to heaps of more crusty punk and hardcore bands like Price Of Silence… and around this time also met Jyoti (who was a little straight edge kid at the time!), and me and her and some of our friends formed the Sydney Sisterhood and became feminist warriors of "the scene." Haha, that is true actually. So I've been playing in bands since 1998, but I recently got re-inspired by punk since I lived in Europe for two years in 2002 to 2004—the DIY networks and active punk rock communities over there are totally amazing.

C: I can remember a few "moments" actually, but wonder how much filming and photographing all of this has changed my memories—growing up in a boring Sydney suburb as a young teenager that had surprising active punk stuff going on, with awesome all-ages gigs at the local youth centre, with bands like Stalins Organ etc, lots of beer, and utterly insane outings. I miss that. Train Journeys into the city with about 20 punks to see gigs at Feedback or the Ironduke Hotel, with bands like Smut, Injured Head, Subversion, Noisam, etc. Hearing about the punk pub crawl in Melbourne that had a riot in the Hyatt Hotel in '95 and determinedly heading down to Melbourne for the next year hoping for the same excitement. Ah so young and innocent haha! Then about four years later World On Welfare formed, and we lasted about three years. If Sophie can mention her old band then so can I!

K: Punk rock is new in my world, last couple of years. This band really changed it, I started going to shows a lot coz we were playing them. I love Australian bands they kick ass. DIY has been a bigger influence and that all started when I first went to New Orleans and got involved in networks there. It blew my brains out, it was the first time I felt a part of a community.

MRR: I have a bunch of questions about Australia as I don't know much about this country. What are the best and worst things there?

S: Hum, this is always a difficult question…It's hard to evaluate the big picture of the place you call home... But I guess I would say the best is probably the natural environment…The beaches, forest, country—it's amazing. The worst is that it is being destroyed by the government and corporations. Also in "the worst" category is that those in power continue to ignore the fact that we are on aboriginal land. That those in power continue cultural genocide with the destruction of aboriginal land to build mines or widen roads. I don't think I can give this issue immensity it deserves with words, but listening to indigenous people speak makes you feel its enormity. For more info see http://blackgst.revolt.org

MRR: What about the punk scene in your country? What are you favorite bands, labels, zines, etc. there? Where do gigs usually happen? Do you have all-ages and non all-ages gigs? I think some of you have traveled overseas, what differences did you see between the scenes in Australia and other countries? Any advice you would give to foreign punks wanting to travel to Australia?

B: I'm really appreciating other amazing grrl bands at the moment: The Thaw, Baby Machine, etc... and coming to realize that I think I take for granted how many amazing women are doing stuff. If I want to do a band, put out a record, do a zine, organize a festival, write an article for the street press, distro stuff, put on a show, find other rad bands to play with, organize an action... I can think of dozens of talented, motivated amazing women who can support me to do this. But at the same time, I also realize I live in my punk rock bubble and it'd just not like that everywhere else. If you're a punk kid traveling in Australia, I reckon best tips: if you're staying at someone's place, try and make sure there's bread & soy milk in the fridge, do the dishes, and if you borrow someone's bike and it breaks—fix it best you can! Wear sun cream in the summer.

S: My favorite Australian bands that are around at the moment would be Terror Firma, Schifosi, Mutiny, Baby Machine, Pure Evil, Vae Victus, New Justice Team, ABC Weapons, Pisschrist, Smash N Grab, The Subverts…Label-wise check out Endless Blockades, Deplorable/Appliances And Cars, Global Warning… Zines… There seems to be heaps of great little zines coming out at the moment, but of the longer running ones I'd say *Personality Liberation Front* is my fave although it only comes out every couple of years!! In Sydney we are lucky at the moment we have 3/4 excellent DIY all ages venues—Maggotville, 22 Enmore Road, Ian Franchis, and we have punx picnics in Sydney park that have been happening for probably nearly 20 years.

C: Yeah what they said. The fact that Australia is so geographically isolated means the "scene" is quite different to other places overseas. We don't get many overseas touring bands, people do go out to gigs just to see the same local bands again and again! Yes! I love lots of old Aussie bands, Fallout, Heads Kicked Off, Unit 11:74, Flycop, Iron Sausage, Subversion, Stand Against as well as all the ones Sophie said plus The Bigots, Captain Clean Off, Smash N'Grab, Sordid, Pure Evil etc. I like old Aussie punk bands from the '70s and '80s too, like The Thought Criminals.

K: I think it's important to be involved in your real wider community as well as your DIY punk community so you remember context and difference and real struggle. When I travel I actually don't spend much time with punks. I see punk bubbles everywhere in the first world. When I was in Chile, Colombia and living in Mexico with my then Mexican partner and his best friends family I saw that being a punk most of the time could only be an aspect of your life because of the socio-political and cultural contexts existing in that country. We all need to recognize our first world/white/male/whatever privilege with punk.

MRR: From what I heard Australia's a really racist country, would you say it's true? Is there a lot of discrimination towards people who are not white?

B: I feel that, in the wake of the so-called "Cronulla Riot" there's been a big focus on Australia being a racist country. Of course this place is rife with prejudice, discrimination, and injustice, the whole system encourages, enforces, and breeds it. From immigration laws, to availability of affordable housing, the fucking commonwealth games, to jobs and the dole. Not to mention the way it all plays out in the media. I think its a huge furfy to look at racism purely in the context of post-Cronulla, it's ingrained in our entire society. Hmmm, now I've just realized that your question is really general and I've read a lot of stuff into it. I guess what I'm thinking about of late, is considering the system in which we live, how do we come to terms with the prejudice we perpetrate and participate in, and how the fuck do we begin to take responsibility for it and start on change? Who the hell is this "we" anyway? How do "I" do any of these things? Then my thinking gets bogged down in semantics and by that time the record is finished and I have to turn it over.

S: It is a racist country—like I was saying before the very "foundation" that Australia as we know it today is based on is invasion and genocide. It's very complicated and is ingrained into all aspects of life here, and not just to the indigenous people of this country but to refugees/migrants—as people who come here escaping persecution are chucked in jail indefinitely. But all non-indigenous people here are boat people…something I heard about on the weekend is that there are people in Villawood Detention Centre (and people that have been in there and deported home) because they have escaped countries where they have been persecuted for being queer/gay by homophobic regimes. And while they are able to prove to the government that they are being persecuted for their sexuality—if they can't prove that they are queer/gay—their request for asylum is being denied. How the hell are you supposed to prove to a bureaucracy that you are gay? That's fucked.

C: Yes it is a racist country. But there are a growing number of people out there from all walks of life that are sick of the treatment of indigenous people and want a fucking change. There were thousands of people who turned out for walks (march) for reconciliation. It's frustrating though with our media and politicians. We had a member of parliament who said to the press that it made sense that Aboriginal people were disadvantaged because they didn't invent the wheel!

MRR: Some of your songs deal with ecological topics, how important an issue is it for you? What do you do in your daily life to save the earth and what do you think needs to be done on a bigger scale?

S: I guess all the obvious stuff is important—veggie gardens, eating organic, composting, recycling, clothes swaps, bike riding, home brew, etc. I don't pull all of this off, all of the time, but I try. I'm also involved in the campaign to save lake Cowal, which is a ephemeral lake in Western New South Wales. It is a sacred site and the heartland of the Wiradjuri nation. It is home to migratory birds that fly between China /Japan, and is part of a 400 000-hectare wetland filter, part of the Murray-Darling Basin. Barrick gold is a Canadian gold mining company that have built a cyanide leach gold mine there that began operations last week. The traditional owners of the land have been in the courts about this for about five years and there are still native title cases in the native title tribunal. In regards to ecological issues, the cyanide that is being used to mine the gold is the scariest part. There are many dangers regarding the cyanide and risks that haven't been evaluated by barrick relating to tailings ponds, cyanide destruction technology monitoring and arsenic in waste rock. The cyanide can so easily get into the water system/ecosystem—and once its there you can't get rid of it. In other places in the world that have cyanide leach gold mine—horrendous ecological damage has been caused. You can get more info at www.savelakecowal.org. Some of us have also supported GECO from the city—GECO is the Goongerah Environment CENTRE IN EAST Gippsland where activists are trying to protect old growth logging in the region.

C: Start a bike gang today! Hurtling down the road on my beloved bike through the city congestion and bumper to bumper traffic with the wind in my hair and laughing at all the drivers fumbling with coins at the parking meter. Pushing a whole trolley down the street with three mates, bursting full to the brim with dumpstered mangoes, strawberries, blueberries, kiwi fruits, organic breads, olives, sun dried tomatoes, hummus, pasta, cakes, veggies. I try to refuse packaging, I try to shop at the co-op or reverse garbage more than evil superchains, I try to make my own clothes or get them from op shops. I try to let go of that "if it's broken don't repair it just throw it out" dispensable attitude. But I still live in a house with electricity that uses fresh water to flush the toilet into the sea. If I grew more of my own food and lived in a house powered by solar and wind and a bio diesel car I'd be doing much better, but inconsistencies are no reason to give up on an attitude motivated by respect…

As depressing as it is trying to change government policy that is so in bed with big business there is still a lot of hope out there. When I was in Tasmania I met so many inspiring and courageous people working at whatever level they could to try and protect what is left of such ancient forests. From the ground crew, to the protesters in the trees, to this plastic surgeon I met at a protest who told me how he and his colleagues were buying hectares of land of state forest to keep it safe and so it could never be logged…

MRR: What are your projects with this band?

B: 7" with Poodles, tour NZ (& Melbourne and Brisbane), convince Nik to give me his Warlock back for a little while.

Since this interview was done, SSK toured New Zealand and put out their split with Poodles Of Nuke 'Em High, available from Spin Control Records. The band is now busy playing local gigs and, of course, fucking shit up. Now you can stop reading and go start your own band.

scumsystemkill@riseup.net

you're you, i'm me

THE STORY OF LOST CHERREES:

PART TWO

by lance hahn

Without the benefit of touring, the band had time to always work on new material and fortunately the primary songwriters were prolific enough to keep the band busy.

Nuts: "The principal writers were Steve and Andy but once the songs were brought to the band they became a group effort. By this time we were rehearsing in a studio in Surbiton called Crow Studios. This place was even tinier than any other place we'd been in and was very cramped with six of us in there. To add to this the owner was constantly complaining that we were too noisy."

Steve: "Normally, I would have lots of lyrics, some of which I would write music to and some we would fit in with music that Andy had written. Sian wrote three or four early lyrics and Bev and Debbie wrote two or three also. Andy and I grew up listening to the same music so we have a kind of musical 'telepathy,' which is a bit spooky sometimes and something that Nuts has got a brilliant knack of tapping into. It's always good writing new stuff, there are no egos so whatever sounds best is the way the songs develop. Quite often we start with a song and by the time each band member has offered an input it has become something totally different from and normally much better than the original version."

Soon the group had the songs together for their first LP *All Part Of Growing Up*. Originally recorded for Mortarhate, once again they found a last minute label change.

Nuts: "When we recorded the album we assumed it would be coming out on Mortarhate like the second EP. It was Colin's idea to bring it out on Fight Back, don't know why. We didn't really care as long as someone put it out."

Steve: "Fight Back was basically Mortarhate. It was all Colin and Conflict. We recorded it for Conflict to release. Colin chose to release it on Fight Back."

Keeping with the high production values of the last EP, they further pushed the experimental envelope working in a space mostly famous for dub recordings. For a group not known for having a lot of space in their arrangements, it made for a polished and interesting sound. But that's not to say this recording didn't have its own adversities.

Nuts: "The album recording was back to the nightmare scenarios of the first EP. We were booked into Ariwa studios, home of the Mad Professor, famed reggae producer and Ruts producer. We thought this would be great but it seemed the Professor wasn't quite with it at the time. We'd often finish a take to find him asleep on the mixing desk! It wasn't until we took the finished tapes to Jon Hiseman to mix that we realized what a crap job he'd done on the recording. If we'd had the time and money we'd have re-recorded the lot, but of course we didn't."

Bev: "I personally had a nightmare with the album. We were given three days to do the bulk of it and I lost my voice by the end of the first day so for the rest of the songs either one of the others had to take my part or I just sounded really croaky and couldn't hit the high notes. This coupled with the Mad Professor being as useless as fuck and the mix being so shit meant that I really didn't like it very much and probably never really played it again until we reformed. I can now see the funny side of it but I was embarrassed at the time."

Steve: "It was a weird session. Three days in Ariwa studios in London. The studio was owned and run by the Mad Professor (features on 'Escalation') and was basically a studio that specialized in reggae and all its derivatives. He was out of his fucking head most of the time and totally bored by what we were doing. When he could wake himself up he was obviously a very good engineer. He had worked with Tippa Irie and Patrick Donegan and in real terms was completely out of our league. We took the tapes to the studio next door to Sian's and the owner/engineer John Hiseman did his best to rescue it!

"We also had tracks from other sessions on the album so ultimately it turned out a bit of a mish mush. I still like the album."

Despite whatever misgivings the band may have had about the recording, it would take a real archaeologist to find much difference between the three recordings that made up this record. To compare it to the extreme of their first EP is also a bit off as it's a very clean sounding record. The songs are great with the most sophisticated arrangements yet, including several written specifically to highlight the dual lead vocals.

With groups like the Mob bringing a somewhat gothic edge to anarcho punk with their slower tempos and open chord picking over repeating bass riffs, half of this record explores that territory but with varied parts and key changes. At times the vocals turn into wails reminiscent of first LP Banshees. On "Young and Free" the guitar mostly focuses on single string picking opening up the sound, possibly a side effect of working in a studio known for dub work. On older songs like "You Didn't Care," the sparse production mixed with the understated, slower music creates an eerie atmosphere underscoring the lyrical content.

Now grandma's got a hole in the head

And your wife's been split in two

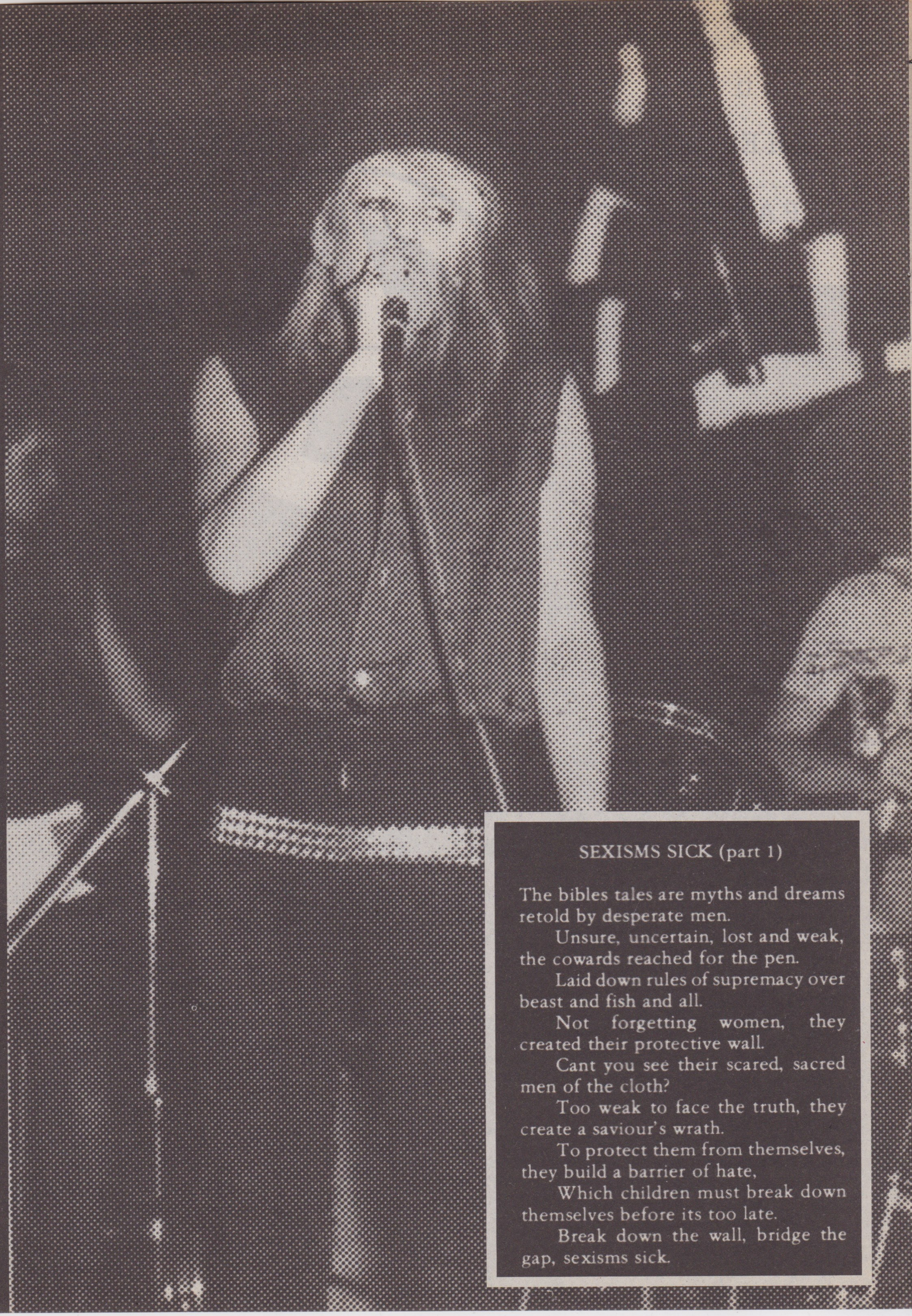
It's now that you cry and you scream for help

But it's only when it happens to you

The group rarely goes into hardcore overdrive on this record, but it allows them to find power in mid-tempo punk in tracks like "F-Plan, G-Plan" and "Why Does It Have To Be A Dream?" But the record's high point might be the melodic "But The Rape Goes On," almost reminiscent of Chumbawamba in its use of multiple vocalists singing in rounds.

Thousands of women battered, beaten, bruised or killed
But the rape goes on
All those complaint forms which can or can't but won't be filled
But the rape goes on
All those women suffering the indignation
But the rape goes on
The sexual offenders' minds that reek with depravation
But the rape goes on

Nuts: "Some of the tracks turned out alright despite the Mad Professor's help but others could have been done a lot better. Once again it sold really well though."



SEXISMS SICK (part 1)

The bibles tales are myths and dreams retold by desperate men.
Unsure, uncertain, lost and weak, the cowards reached for the pen.
Laid down rules of supremacy over beast and fish and all.
Not forgetting women, they created their protective wall.
Cant you see their scared, sacred men of the cloth?
Too weak to face the truth, they create a saviour's wrath.
To protect them from themselves, they build a barrier of hate,
Which children must break down themselves before its too late.
Break down the wall, bridge the gap, sexisms sick.

Steve: "We had mixed feeling about it at the time. I liked the cover art and the fact that there were so many styles and subjects covered in the music. I honestly think it broke ground within the movement, but I don't think we knew it at the time."

Before the release of the record, Sian had finally decided to really leave. It was assumed that her leaving was amicable, with her departure even mentioned in the record's liner notes:

"After over three years as lead singer of the Lost Cherrees, Sian has decided to move onto new projects further afield. She takes with her our best wishes for a peaceful and successful future. Thank you Sian, take care and be happy. Love, the Cherrees."

Nuts: "I think Sian left for University in the end. There was certainly no animosity at the time but no one's spoken to her since."

Steve: "Sian left saying she was going off to study and then she joined another band. It was amicable but I'm sometimes not sure if it was mutually so. It's a shame she left because I think that when she and Bev shared vocals there wasn't a female fronted band to touch them."

But as time went on, it would seem that her splitting wasn't so amicable. It's apparently even briefly referred to in a book she wrote loosely based on her life.

Nuts: "Didn't even know she'd written her book. You say it's more to do with her days after Blyth Power. Is it about her religious teachings then?"

Steve: "I didn't know she'd written one. One thing I think is important to mention is that when we reformed, I had tried to contact everyone to reform, but I couldn't track down Sian, Gail, and Debbie. Eventually when we had rehearsed for six months and Andy had very ably taken over the second vocal job, Gail and Debbie came to see our first reunion gig (Debbie guested on 'Unwanted Children'). We didn't hear from Sian at all until we released the *In The Beginning...* back catalogue CD, when she chose to contact not us, but Jungle records (who distribute Mortarhate) via an email, in which she claimed to have 'written all the songs' and as such felt she was entitled to royalties. Ironic, when we didn't receive any ourselves. In fact Sian had only ever written three or four lyrics. When I tried to telephone her to discuss her email she declined to come to the phone. I think we all feel slightly hurt that she couldn't contact us, but she could contact our record company asking for money. It's a shame, but it's really not the end of the world. People change."

SEXISMS SICK (part 2)

If we're all to live in peace, we cannot accept this lie.
Men and women are equal from birth, believe and break the tie.
Don't be fooled by men or women who have themselves been tricked.
Break down the wall and bridge the gap, cos you know that its sick.
Women have an equal right to be treated with respect.
Not used, abused and knocked about and turned into emotional wrecks.
Have a mind and feelings to, just as good as any man.
So why cant you let her be herself, to enjoy life while she can.

By 1984, the scene was at the same time becoming more regimented and more divided. With a lot of the previous generation losing interest or being turned off by the way the creative side was developing, gigs in England were also proving to be less inspiring.

Nuts: "It was about this time that the scene started to fragment and the audiences at gigs seemed to drop."

Steve: "Gigs were starting to feel like hard work. We had started to be perceived as 'the Headline band,' but we were never of that mindset. We just wanted to enjoy ourselves and have a good night. Quite often we were so busy having a good time that by the time we got on stage as headliners we were a bit pissed up, especially Bev, who was a total nutter at the bar in those days. Quite often the loudmouths who seemed funny earlier in the evening had a habit of turning into slanging matches and occasional bother by the time we did our set. But still, most gigs were good nights amongst friends."

For whatever reason, the Mortarhate/Fight Back empire was really keen on releasing 12" EPs. While seen by some as largely a format made for promotional items, they were also known to have higher fidelity, a reason why groups like PiL insisted on releasing records this way, as the higher the RPMs, the clearer the sound. Seeing as they were not interested in promotional gimmickry and overly distorted guitars and fast tempos don't really lend themselves to audiophile recordings, it seemed a bit mysterious that Conflict were releasing so many records in this format.

Nevertheless, what would turn out to be the final release of the Lost Cherrees mach 1 would be a four song 12". *Unwanted Children*, for whatever reason, saw the band going back to Mortarhate.

Nuts: "I don't know what the difference between the labels was and once again, it was Colin's decision on which label to release it."

The most produced of their records, it's almost a startling release. On the title track great melodic punk was mixed up with a crazy horn section, slightly funky arrangements and even a tambourine. "Consider the Challenge" was a song that would surely please the old fans. Given the music they had developed over the years, top notch production was an exciting breakthrough for the group. "Everyday Choice," however, is probably the most memorable song on the record. By far their most melodic effort, it preceded the work of groups like Shelley's Children or Wat Tyler. Ending with "Who Believes It," another great melodic number, the 12" hinted of an exciting direction the group seemed to be heading in.

Nuts: "At the time we didn't have enough songs finished to record a new LP and we also wanted to try a slightly different sound (horn section, etc) and felt this would be best approached on a 12" rather than across a whole LP."

Steve: "We always liked to do things a little differently from the last thing. *Unwanted Children* had a color on the quite minimal cover art. Four really solid tracks with a bit of brass thrown in for something different—that's a good record. Went down like a turd in a toilet. Best recording we had achieved by a mile back then. Still, it wasn't what people wanted to hear."

Massively underrated, the record proved to be the group's final effort. Before another record was possible the band had split in the dark days of 1986.

Nuts: "It was me and Andy who decided to leave the band at this point. We felt there was nowhere else to go with the group. We'd released the new 12" to not much acclaim and the audiences were dropping at gigs. We both felt it was time to try something different and were starting to get into other types of music."

Steve: "It stopped being fun. Gigs were becoming boring for us and we were becoming boring to watch. So we stopped. The Mermaid pub, Birmingham, January 1986 I think it was."

With that, the members mostly fell out of touch with each other, and to varying degrees dropped out of what was left of the anarcho scene during the late '80s.

Nuts: "We still kept a lot of the friends that we'd made over the time of the group but the actual members of the group didn't stay in touch, only me and Andy."

Bev: "I think we all just dropped straight out to be honest. I was certainly drained by it. It got so that you were second guessing reactions to everything you did. There was always someone trying to be more "anarchist" than the next person and to me it lost sight of the important things and became too much for show."

Steve: "I was glad to get out of it for a bit. I had lived and breathed it for four years or so. Felt a bit like the last record should have been the one that pushed the anarcho envelope a bit. But we would turn up to play a gig and these young punks would be shouting out for 'Old Soldiers' or some other old track. They didn't want to hear the new stuff, didn't care that we could actually play a bit by then. Of course we just wanted to do the new ones because they were better songs. Within a couple of years of us doing the album and the 12", other anarcho bands, including Conflict, had used a reggae influence, brass, poetry and ballads in their music."

Through the years since the first split, they maintained mostly positive feelings about that time.

Nuts: "It definitely made an impact on me and still reflects now in how I live my life. It's an old clique but punk really was more than just music—it was a way of life. The only thing that annoys me is the way in which musical history seems to have erased the '80s anarchy punk movement. Any mention of punk is that it was a short blast of music in the late '70s. It seems that no one wants to remember how strong the anarchist punk movement was."

Bev: "I look back on it as a bunch of ordinary kids desperately wanting to make the world a better place for everyone around them—the animals, the environment and lastly themselves. At its purist it was the most big-hearted and selfless movement you could possible ask for. There was some in-fighting and backbiting of course but its heart was sound. In the 20 years since, I can honestly say that the only people I have ever met who go on demos, write protest letters, or are veggie or environmentally conscious turn out, without fail, to be old punks, usually from the anarcho scene. Now I don't meet many people who fit the above criteria and I think that tells you that it must have made an impact on those who were involved but wasn't very far reaching. This is one reason why this time around we are trying to expand our boundaries a bit and not only play within the scene but try and reach out a bit to other audiences. Hope that doesn't sound wanky but we are all in agreement within the scene; I doubt there is anything we could tell most people at our gigs that they didn't know."

Steve: "I think it made an impact in the way so many good bands and records came through. Crass, Conflict, Poison Girls, Subhumans, Peni all came through that door and all have written classic punk tracks to compare with anything released before or since. The naivety of the movement was part of its appeal. There were times when it actually felt like we could change the world for the better. Now we know we can, but we've also realized it starts with ourselves."

Bev: "My memories are few due to the copious amounts of beer drunk. What ones I have are fab. Mostly it was excitement, being 16 and wandering around dodgy areas of London hoping the people I was following were going to the place I was trying to find. Or catching a train to some place I'd never heard of to see a band and worrying about how to get home or where to crash when it came to it. Too chicken to do that now."

Steve: "I made a lot of friends and had many brilliant times."

Since then, the group has reformed, full on. Both with live performances and studio dates, the group are once again a functioning unit, though this time as a quartet.

Nuts: "Me and Andy had continued to play in bands, together most of the time, and had often talked about how it would be good to reform the Cherrees and play a few gigs. Steve was the one who got the four of us (Andy, Bev, Steve and me) sitting in a pub to actually talk about putting it into action."

Bev: "Steve emailed me. I thought it was a rather not very funny joke, coming 18 years later. Steve and I had remained friends for several years but drifted apart so I went along just to catch up really and found myself agreeing to drive 100 miles every week to rehearse and do it all again—best decision I've made for a long time."

Steve: "I felt a bit bored and missed it. I noticed that people were sharing Cherrees mp3s on Napster and buying and selling records online. I put out a notice on some punk website that we were reforming and within a week had received 40 or so emails, mostly from the States."

Aside from the benefit of their experience, their continued dedication is an inspiration to the thousands of new kids just finding out about the anarcho scene.

Nuts: "I think the scene back then was a lot different. It was still finding its way back then and there were a lot of serious people about who believed very strongly about the ideals of anarchist punk music. Nowadays I think more people are listening to it for just the music, but if you can get people to think a little bit while they do listen then not all is lost."

Bev: "It's smaller, fewer gigs but pretty similar, lots of very enthusiastic people, lots of apathetic people. Technological advances are great. I don't how we all communicated without email and websites though I read somewhere recently someone saying that the movement probably owed its survival to the person who first thought of soaping stamps. (For those younger readers you rubbed a bar of soap over the postage stamp before you sent your letter, and then the receiver could rub the franking mark off of the stamp and re-use it.)"

RESTLESS YOUTH

Restless Youth are from Tilburg, Netherlands. They started out in 2004 and have since then developed into a remarkable band with quite a unique sound. After their 2004 demo and an EP in 2005, their debut-album Light Up Ahead *was released this summer. It is definitely one of the most exciting records out the past year. Chris and Joseph talk about their band and explain how they became such a close-knit group. Interview and introduction by Erik van Hest.*

"We have all known each other since we were little kids," Joseph (vocals) says. "We all lived in the same area, most of us in the same street. As early teenagers we got into skateboarding together and then we all got into hardcore, punk and metal. We were always into the same stuff at the same time. Today, three of us still live in the same house with my brother, Dorus, and our close friend, Bout."

"Most of the friends we hang out with today are the same friends we hung out with 15 years ago," adds Chris (guitar). "So we've become like brothers. One of my early memories of Kledder is that we were in the village brass band together. Once, we were riding to rehearsal on our bikes and Kledder had this huge tuba around his neck, as that was his instrument of choice. At one point he tried to ride underneath a low branch of a tree. Of course the tuba hit the branch and Kledder crashed into the tree. Half an hour later he was standing onstage covered in bruises, playing a tuba that was completely fucked up. So basically, not much has changed. We still play music together and Kledder still crashes into stuff before we have to play a show."

From the mid to late '90s, the group of friends started playing in various bands, none of which gained any success outside their local area. When all of their previous bands had come to an end by 2004, Nico (drums), Kledder (bass), and Chris started jamming together. These sessions usually consisted of playing covers by bands such as the Dead Kennedys and the Bad Brains. "We didn't even intend to start a real band. We were just playing the songs we loved," says Chris.

That all changed when the group of friends started visiting Dead Stop gigs at the legendary Lintfabriek club in Belgium.

Chris: "Those shows were electric! There was a certain energy and excitement in the air, something we hadn't really seen at hardcore shows before. We really wanted to be a part of that." Dead Stop and the exploding scene in Belgium inspired Nico, Chris, and Kledder to take their band more seriously. They started to write their own songs and asked their friend Joseph to sing.

Joseph: "They practiced at the skatepark where Kledder worked, so one time I walked in and the songs really impressed me. I wanted something to happen with those songs and since no one else would sing, I decided to give it a try."

The collaboration proved to be successful, as Joseph turned out to be a singer with a unique voice. The band recorded a demo that was quickly discovered by the people in Dead Stop and Justice. Joseph: "Those guys had just started their own label and asked us to put out an EP with them. We were very much into that. After all, Dead Stop was one of the reasons to get this band going in the first place. We also liked the idea behind Complete Control Records, which isn't really a label but more like a platform for all the bands to put out their records. Each band will help the other band getting the record out, be it financially or otherwise. Nobody really owns the label but we all go under the name Complete Control Records."

Pix by Amanda

The *State of Confusion* EP, released in March 2005, was well received and tours with Violent Minds and 86 Mentality brought the band all over Europe. Joseph: "That has been our biggest achievement, to be able to play in countries that are so different from The Netherlands, even if they're still in Europe. It's such an eye-opener to play in Eastern European countries and see how much more politically aware the punk scene is over there. Living in the Netherlands or anywhere else in Western Europe, we have become complacent about things that we should really get angry as hell about. There's hardly any sense of real rebellion left in the punk scene or other underground movements around here."

Today Restless Youth are standing at a crossroad in their existence. It will be interesting to see where the band will go after *Light Up Ahead*. "We must admit that things have been a bit harder for us since Dead Stop broke up and Justice kind of moved on to do their own thing," says Chris. "We used to have all three bands constantly touring and promoting each other's records. Now we're the only band on Complete Control Records and we're kind of on our own. Being the lazy guys we are doesn't help much either. Thankfully Bjorn (of Rise And Fall) and Larry (from hardcore) help us out a lot."

Lazy or not, the debut album *Light Up Ahead* has been out now for a couple of months and has been doing very well. Many critics praised the record for its original sound, and reviewers mentioned The Stooges as a reference more than once. That did not surprise Chris, although he doesn't necessarily agree with that either. "We sometimes play a cover by The Stooges live, and since our own sound is kind of difficult to describe, people would just say, 'Yeah, man, kind of Stooges and MC5.' But when I was writing those songs I still had bands like Dead Kennedys, Government Issue, and Bad Brains in my mind. We love a lot of '60s and '70s rock and punk stuff and I'm personally very much influenced by Jimi Hendrix, but that wasn't what I was after for *Light Up Ahead*."

Joseph continues: "We just wanted to make a hardcore/punk record. Just like we did with the demo and the EP. But this time we wanted to sound more dynamic and more diverse. At first I was a bit skeptic about the slower songs but now I think they really help to give the album that angry and ominous feeling."

Pix by Amanda

Lyrically, songs like "Thieves," "Light Up Ahead," or "Channel Zero" add to that feeling. Joseph: "I wanted the lyrics to have a positive message, in the sense that they don't make you happy, but they should at least give you courage. I mean, there's so much shit going on to be angry or worried about, and we should be aware of that. But we have to keep our head up rather than be cynical or apathetic. I believe things are going to get better if we want to."

Ever since Restless Youth started playing it has been a public secret that Joseph (who surprisingly had never sung before he joined Restless Youth) hates to sing. Being asked if that's still the case today he laughs. "If I really hated singing that much, I would have quit a long time ago. It's just that I'm originally a guitar player and I don't get much satisfaction from singing. It makes me feel a bit uncomfortable to be the front man. That's why I might get a little rowdy on stage sometimes. I get like that when people stare at me."

People who have seen Restless Youth can attest to that, especially in Luzern, Switzerland, where Joseph once swung a bottle into the audience. It hit a huge disco ball, which landed on the head of a girl. She had to go to the hospital to get stitches. "Yeah that really made me feel like a dick," the singer laughs, "but I met her afterwards and she was cool about it. When we returned there earlier this year, the flyer had a picture of a disco ball with our name on it."

Joseph and Chris really can't answer when asked what's up next for Restless Youth.

Joseph: "We need to sit down together and see what we want to do now. Being such a close-knit group of old friends is nice in a way but it doesn't help much to get the band anywhere. All of us kind of miss the determination that a band needs to 'get somewhere.' When it comes down to it, we're still just four friends playing music for fun." Luckily, the response to *Light Up Ahead* has been a wake-up call for the band.

Joseph: "I think we are now starting to realize that we can take Restless Youth a bit further. Like tour the United States or find a label that can do a little more for us as far as distribution and promotion goes. It's time to get our act together. We owe it to ourselves."

SBV

is a severely underappreciated hardcore punk band
from down in the depths of San Diego
with records on Parts Unknown and Buka Records.
Definitely give them a listen.
Interview by Joey Walters with Chad
over the phone in November 2006.

MRR: So let's be super-typical and get all of the boring basics out of the way since this is one of the few actual interviews you've ever had and not many people really seem to know about your band. Who's in the band and what do you play?

CHAD: What the hell are you talking about? Our single is in constant radio rotation. I need to complain to my publicist. Yeesh…I've gotta go okay…Rolling Stone is on the other line you peasant. Haha…anyways. My name's Chad and I am the vocalist for SBV. Doug is our guitarist and the only other original member left beside myself at this point. Matt is our bassist and former fill-in and he pumps iron. Danny is our drummer, and he may or may not leave the band to start a traveling zebra circus.

MRR: What about your releases thus far?

CHAD: We've had two demo tapes, a self-released split 7" with Feelin' Fine, an eight-song 7" on Parts Unknown Records, and a two song single on Buka Records. We also recorded three songs a while back for Histeria Volume 3 on Lengua Armada, but I have no idea if that comp is still coming out.

MRR: And you just got finished recording a 12". I only know of this special occasion because you so kindly let me hear it.

CHAD: Hell yeah, we did! I guess we figured that after almost four years of existence and with a somewhat steady line-up that we should bust our butts and finally record a full-length.

MRR: Personally I think it kills your old stuff.

CHAD: Well, duh. We didn't have to do much to beat that. Seriously though…thanks for the kind words. This record is a big step up for us, especially production-wise. We recorded fourteen songs with Dan Maier…he's done the majority of the really awesome sounding hardcore records that have come out of San Diego the last couple of years. Crime Desire, Safe Inside, Waco Fuck, Last Priest, etc. We definitely had been pushing ourselves into writing the best record that we could and Dan helped us play the songs to the best of our ability. So cheers to him! I'm proud of ourselves too because I think we've finally really refined our style and we know what we're doing better than when we started.

MRR: And this is coming out on Mankind Records?

CHAD: Yup. I think joining up with them will hopefully help breathe some new life into this band. I think it'll be a good fit because Mankind thankfully has a habit of putting out hardcore bands that haven't forgotten that they are still punk bands, if you catch my drift.

MRR: OK, let's try to move onto more interesting stuff. What kind of a perspective do you have now as an older punk than when you were a kid?

CHAD: Oooof…you're not supposed to mention that. Plenty of people still think I'm 21. You just blew my cover. Anyways, while it's nice to be mistaken to be a decade younger than you actually are, I think being older is something I kinda like. I love being able to be like the weird older uncle of the younger kids in the scene, or something to that effect. Just to be able to tell them stories about past shows or turn them on to older bands they may not know about. It's fun. But I'm also a little afraid of growing up. I miss the innocence of everything being fresh, new, and kinda scary. Not just in regards to music—this applies to everything in my life. It's something I've been addressing lyrically here and there. It's all about finding the balance between growing up and sticking to your guns. I mean, I'm married and back in school and doing a lot of things to better my life and move forward, but that doesn't stop me from geeking out about some Boba Fett toy or some rare record or something like that.

MRR: That's another thing I kinda wanted to ask you about…you being married. Didn't you write a song that was anti-marriage?

CHAD: Argh! No, not exactly…that song ("Altar of Sacrifice") gets misconstrued really easily. I actually wrote a big chunk of those lyrics many years ago, long before I even met my wife. It's possible I had a bit of that frame of mind when I was younger, but it was never meant to be blatantly anti-marriage. Obviously I support the idea of spending your life with someone you love, because I'm doing it right now! But that song was trying to lash out at the trappings of religion and sexism that are commonly involved in traditional marriage. That's something that Valerie and I wanted no part in. We've made up our own rules and that suits us just fine. Truth be told I probably never thought I would get married. But she is an amazing vegan chef, her favorite band is the Descendents, and she somehow manages to put up with me. How could I lose?

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MRR: Well let's talk about some lyrics on the new record. Since you just kinda mentioned food, I thought I should bring up "Food For Thought."

CHAD: Cool…thanks for asking about lyrics man. Lyrics are so important to me on a personal level and it seems like a lot of bands out there don't put much effort into them anymore. Writing songs purely to sing along to is fun and all I guess, but let's put some more thought and heart into it right? Think outside the pit! But yeah, "Food For Thought" is kind of a weird song. A lot of the lyrics on the new record are very paranoid for various reasons and this one is no different. I guess that's just where I am in life right now… freaked out by everything. That song is about being afraid of what goes into your food. It's about the food industry as a whole: restaurants, ingredients, whatever. It's about our society's approach to food in the modern age. Everyone's so lazy that they don't want to even interact with what goes into their bodies. Just consume and shit it out, right? It's just amazing the kinds of things you hear about that happen behind the scenes when people make your food. And this is not even including the people who have broken the rule of "never fuck with people who have control over your food." That's just a matter of common sense. I've heard about people getting caught shitting in the beans at Taco Bell or rolling around naked in pizza dough. And, knowing how much a restaurant can get away with and still have an "A" rating, it makes me shudder to see places with a "B" or "C" out there. So that's more or less it.

MRR: Mmmm…now I'm hungry. What about the song "Excuse Me, But Haven't We Met Before?"

CHAD: You like picking the weird ones don't you? That's a song about cloning. Not so much about the political aspects of it, but more about my personal fears. It's about meeting my doppelganger. I've always had this strange phobia that someone who looks just like me would try and take over my life. They'd screw with my job, hang out with my friends and make them hate me, or ridiculous stuff like that. There's been so much science fiction written about things like cloning, and it's always interested me. If I had to take a political stance it would obviously be "no" for irrational selfish reasons. I don't care about the benefits…I don't want another "me" out there somewhere! Hell…what if I am the clone and don't even know it?

MRR: How about "Maidens and Machines"?

CHAD: Hmm…well that's one of my personal favorites but also the hardest one to describe. It's kind of a technophobic song and it's also about the oppression of women; it's got kind of a cyberpunk slant to it. I'd suggest reading The Tartarus of Maids by Herman Melville to understand my initial inspiration though.

MRR: What are your most important influences outside of hardcore?

CHAD: Well, I take a huge influence from shoegazer/dreampop and early goth/deathrock stuff. I'm a big sucker for horror films

MRR: Yeah you're quite the horror aficionado. Tell us more about that and what some of your favorite films are.

CHAD: I've been watching horror movies since I was old enough to breathe…thanks mom! I'm a very non-violent person, but for some reason seeing or reading people put into these faux-violent and frightening situations just thrills me. I also love horror because it really is the film equivalent of punk rock. There's also the glossy modern style horror stuff that I hate, everything that came in the wake of Scream. Those movies are the equivalent of whatever sugary pop bands the mainstream accepts as "punk." Real horror is a big middle finger to the status quo. You probably shouldn't get me started on my favorites, but here's a few: Dawn of the Dead (the original), Evil Dead, Re-Animator, Demons, Zombie, The Thing, Brain Damage, Hellraiser, etc.

MRR: Shifting gears here—do people mistake you guys for a straight edge band?

CHAD: Ha, yeah probably. I just think of us as a straightforward hardcore punk band but I guess people hear our sound and then they might see my giant "X" tattoo and they'll come to that conclusion. We've had people in this band that are and people that never have been. I like it better that way—it keeps things diverse. The only song we even have that addresses this issue is a song that is arguably more anti-straight edge. Obviously, I think that being straight edge is a novel idea in and of itself, but so many goobers have morphed it into something that I want no part of.. When people form violent gangs and beat up on someone for being different, it's just a little too fascist for my tastes. I like to keep it personal, peaceful, and positive. Use a clear mind to educate yourself about your surroundings, not just about colored vinyl or zip-up hoodies. Jump off the fucking bandwagon kids.

MRR: Any good shows, touring coming up?

CHAD: Shows? Are you kidding? We never get asked to play shows. I wish we played live more and hopefully we will manage to get our shit together for either a West Coast or East Coast tour after our 12" comes out..

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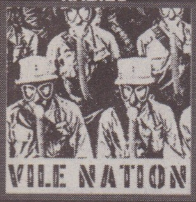
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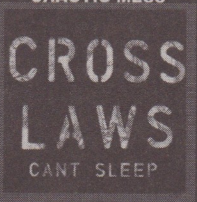
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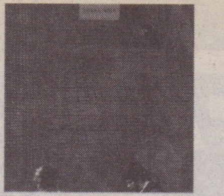
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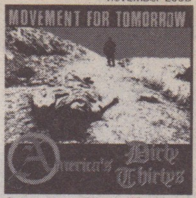
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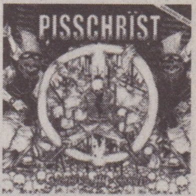
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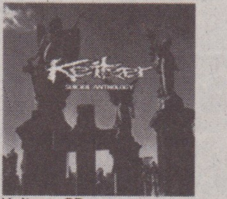
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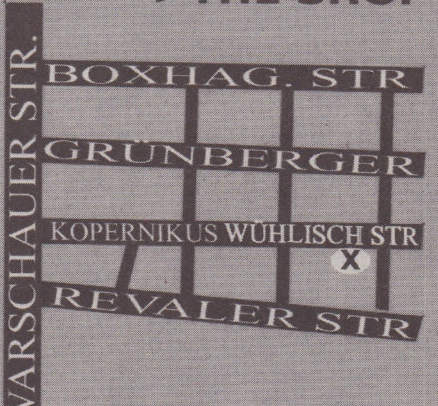
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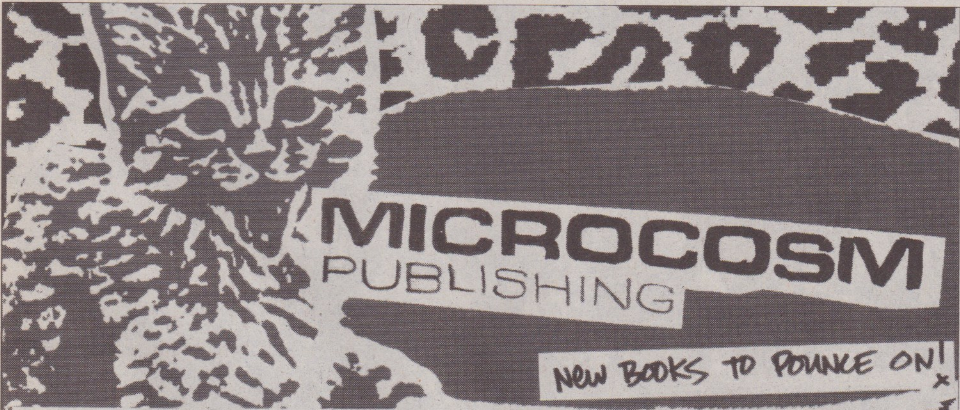
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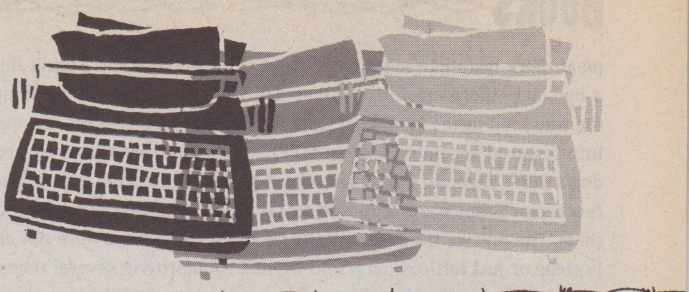

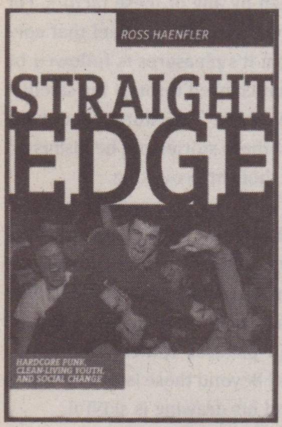
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This book is the first major, single author study of straight edge. It's not a comprehensive history of straight edge or a discussion of various present day scenes in different cities, but instead an examination of the Denver/Boulder straight edge scene based on ethnographic research the author conducted from the mid-1990s until the early 2000s. Though an academic, Haenfler is not an outsider to punk/hardcore: he is straight edge, as well as someone who for many years has been a participant in the hardcore scene. He's clearly conscious about writing for punk and hardcore kids, despite his book being an academic study. (That said, punk readers may find themselves bored with Haenfler's attempts to explain and contextualize numerous aspects of punk/hardcore throughout the book and may also find his occasional discussions about methodology and academic literature agonizing at times.)

Haenfler avoids a few of the common pitfalls that often plague other writings about punk (particularly those by academics). Unlike other authors, Haenfler acknowledges that differences exist across scenes, time periods, and individual participants and doesn't too often over-generalize about what he finds in the scene he studied. Also, unlike many other authors, he consistently allows the hardcore kids he studied to speak for themselves, repeatedly including quotes from the forty-three interviews he conducted with current (at least at the time of the interview) and former straight edge kids.

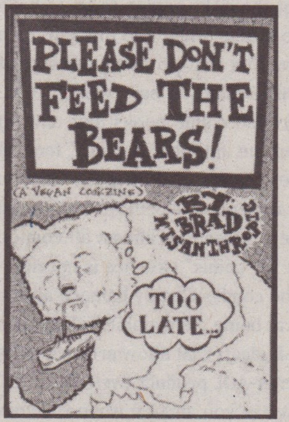
Haenfler focuses on a few different themes throughout the book: why kids become straight edge, what the core straight edge beliefs are, why kids retain their commitment, "selling out," masculinity and women's involvement, positivity, and social change. Though the book is organized into different chapters to address these topics, I often felt the writing was repetitive, with Haenfler (or the interview quotes he includes) repeating similar points again and again. At other times, I felt that his discussion of certain topics was not thorough enough. For example, although he includes a chapter on "Positivity Versus Militancy," there is very little included from militant straight edge kids themselves and a limited amount of substantive information about militant straight edge overall (the chapter mostly focuses on more "positive" straight edge kids' responses to the depiction of straight edge as a militant movement). Similarly, the chapter purportedly on commercialization contains barely any discussion of the ways in which straight edge has actually been commercialized—or the ways in which straight edge kids have arguably had a hand in commercialization, such as through selling sXe paraphernalia—and instead briefly discusses a hodgepodge of topics such as downloading music, message boards, and a completely misplaced section on Suicide Girls.

I was relived that Haenfler included chapters on masculinity and women's involvement in straight edge, these up being two of the more useful sections of the book (though the masculinity chapter is hampered by a bizarre, repeated comparison of straight edge to groups such as the Promise Keepers and Million Man Marchers). Haenfler (perhaps too easily) applauds male straight edgers' expressed commitments to treat women with respect, support women's rights, and encourage female involvement, even while he points out that their behaviors and actions often contradict their professed ambitions and continue to keep straight edge/hardcore male dominated. The chapter "Girls United and Divided" provides a good deal of insight into why women become involved in straight edge and what they take from it, as well as what their frustrations are with men, the scene, and in some cases, other women.

Though I sometimes felt that Haenfler whitewashed straight edge kids' faults, he does include an engaging chapter on people who no longer identify as straight edge. In it, he discusses not only people who have "sold out" but also those who remain drug and alcohol free but have gotten older and feel alienated from straight edge since it is comprised mainly of young people and/or because they became too frustrated with its contradictions. Readers involved in punk and hardcore for more than a few years won't be the least bit surprised to learn that one half of the straight edge kids who took part in Haenfler's study were no longer straight edge by the time it concluded, including many of the "true till death" kids and those with sXe tattoos

I have heard a number of punk/hardcore kids argue that any academic's attempts at writing about punk/hardcore will be useless. I don't think that always has to be the case (and a few academics have proved this) but ultimately I don't think many punk and hardcore kids will enjoy this book (though one exception might be straight edgers who are clamoring to read about other straight edge kids' experiences, assuming they're willing to make it through the more "academic" sections). Unfortunately, while the book is not without redeeming qualities, it's a bit too repetitive, academic and, at times, frustrating to be a really compelling read.

—Ben Holtzman



Please Don't Feed the Bears! (A Vegan Cookbook)
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Please Don't Feed the Bears! is a pleasant little cookbook. It is laid out like a zine and in addition to the recipes you also get a black/death metal themed crossword puzzle, directions for building your own tattoo gun and an cut and paste interview with the vegetarian metal band Carcass. There are lots of doodles of black metal dudes, animals, and lots of quotes. Sadly, Intonsus includes a quote from Ayn Rand, a moron, a bad writer and not someone who you should quote affectionately lest an unknowing person think she is neat and purchases one of her books. The book is filled with recipes that, as the author writes in the introduction, are of a pretty basic variety. Everything in the book is pretty easy to make and the ingredients are probably available to most vegans at a fairly inexpensive price.

Unfortunately, a lot of the recipes are in the "making stuff that isn't meat/dairy taste like meat/dairy" vein of vegan cooking. I think this is sort of a bummer—there are lots of other delicious flavors in the world and twisting the way food tastes to make it taste like meat is unnecessary. The author is also into textured vegetable protein (TVP), a highly processed soy by-product that I don't think anybody should eat. Given these opinions my friends and I tested a few recipes that were supposed to taste like meat and didn't have any TVP in them. The few we tried were really good. The directions were not always totally clear or just left out parts and we had to improvise several times but everything came out all right in the end.

Each dish is accompanied by a soundtrack that you're supposed to listen to while making the dish. Obnoxiously, almost all of the music is obscure death/black metal demos from the '80s. Intonsus writes a little about how he is into finding things that are hard to get, things that you really have to look for, blah, blah, blah, it just comes off as pretention. I mean, I love metal and I love finding a record that is rare but if you're going to share recipes and offer a sound track, it's annoying to only give music that 99% of the people reading the book won't have.

Despite my complaints I do think this is a nice little book. The author is clearly into what he's doing and in terms of a cookbook I think that counts for something. If you're interested in a book of easy to make recipes for when you're tired and just came home from work this is a worthwhile compilation.

—Isaac Pirie

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This book compiles "nearly fourteen years" of Nate Powell's comics work. Since his work is self-published or put out by very small publishers, the contents of the book are otherwise virtually unavailable. A bit of previously unpublished work is included, also.

Now, before I trash yet another honest work sent to *MRR* for promotional purposes, I have to say this: I am probably not the right person to be reviewing comix for *MRR*! Effectively, I am a most vile poseur when I do this shit. I am no mainstream asshole, but I'm closer to being that than to being the sort of person this magazine is meant for. I don't like, read, or buy "comix." (FYI: "comix" is a Hippy-era term for indie/underground comic books that tend to focus on individuals' human experiences, often the author's. "Comics" tend to push sci-fi/fantasy themes, sometimes as a vehicle for exploring the "human condition," but mostly to entertain the same audience that enjoys Hollywood sci-fi/action flicks. "Totally Awesome" violence is present in almost all comics, and is often the focus of the narrative content. In "comix" violence is not nearly so common and is not meant to titillate.) The comics I enjoy balance all the "Boys' Adventure" themes with humor or stabs at being philosophical. They also have the sort of corporate-derived production budgets that allow artwork to be presented in splendor. Yes, I prefer Time-Warner-AOL product (well, their "DC Comics" division) to the "indie" efforts of folks like you and me when it comes to providing my reading pleasure! And my review work is thusly predjudiced! So throw me out of this job! Let Time-Warner-AOL have my writing (not that they would want it) and get a member of the "comix" community on this job!

OK, now I will continue posing. I'm so not punk that I don't know what "emo" really is, but I'm pretty sure the term can apply to Mr. Powell's efforts. Some of these stories were not really understandable to me, but most seem to focus on the suffering and sorrow of people who are losers in this harsh world. As I said, I couldn't understand some of these stories (or fragments), but I sure did feel them! If you crave tales of misery, Powell has the book for you!

I found satisfaction in Powell's harping on the issues of our society's materialism and intellectual apathy. He and I agree on many points and I'm glad to see that one of us is trying to do something about it. Even if that something is merely this stuff that I don't enjoy much and that I think shows no potential to convert people to our side. (By day he makes his living assisting developmentally disabled people instead of doing some lame capitalist shit. Good man.)

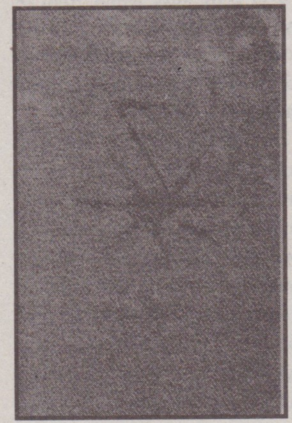
I also like the order in which these works were put together in the book. His short pieces are grouped in the first half of the volume and his longer works are in the second half. The table of contents lists both the year and place each story was done and the publication it first appeared in. But the short stories appear to grouped more by thematic content than by any of these factors. For instance, a two pager about people who, while watching TV, can feel that consumerism is hollow but who can't turn away from it's pleasures is followed by a story of a man who tries to kill the squirrel that chewed through his satellite dish wires but ends up bonding with his fellow being. Two stories about the same issues, but with different outcomes. Each of these stories can be dismissed as facile alone, but together they become more thought provoking.

After years of viewing well-printed full color art on glossy paper in those DC comics I love, I have a lot of trouble with this book's art. Black and white art on soft paper blurs all lines and blobbifies many solid black patches. About half the stories in this book had at least one panel in them that I couldn't decipher visually, leaving me wondering if I'd missed the "whole point." Since Powell seems to prefer deploying narrative content in pictures rather than words, "understanding" the drawings is pretty important! Beyond these issues (of mine) Powell has nice ideas for visual presentation and his drawing is skillful.

Last words after much blah blah blah: Powell sings in a Midwestern punk band and seems to be much more of an MRR guy than I am. You might find this book good company. It certainly won't provide an escape from reality or "Awesome Violence," but maybe you find comfort in reading about people like yourself with the same problems and feelings. Meanwhile, I'll be looking for his name on those corporate comics I like. I hope his future is fruitful.

—Seth Hollander

(Ed. — Seth has since resigned as a book reviewer. If you like comics and want to be a reviewer, please get in touch at books@maximumrocknroll.com and we can chat.)



All I Care About Is Music
Chari
122 pages • $8
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All I Care About Is Music tells the story of a ninth grade boy who doesn't fit in with his peers and eventually turns to cutting class and stealing punk records. Pretty standard mix of *Catcher In The Rye* meets *Suburbia*. But beyond the story I found an interesting take on the culture of record collecting. The obsession is both slammed and romanticized and even likened to the concept of Atlantis (the author asserts that many rare collectible records are just as mythical as the Lost Continent and just as prone to perpetuation and embellishment of their respective myths). It does well illustrating the art and absurdity of collecting as well as the essence of obsession itself, and all in the context of record nerd-ery.

I'd say more but at only 122 pages the book will take about as long to read as this review and since it is cheap and totally DIY you should direct your time there instead of here.

— Craigums

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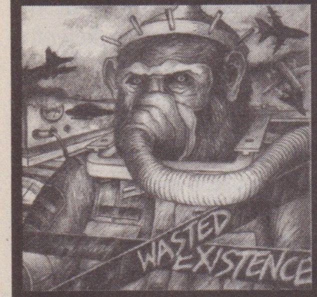

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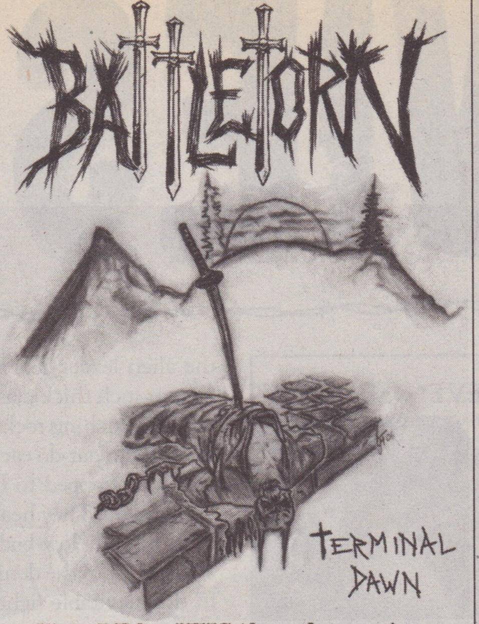

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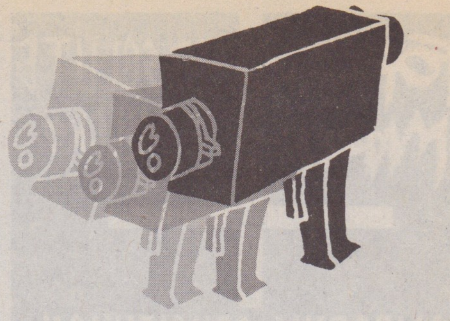
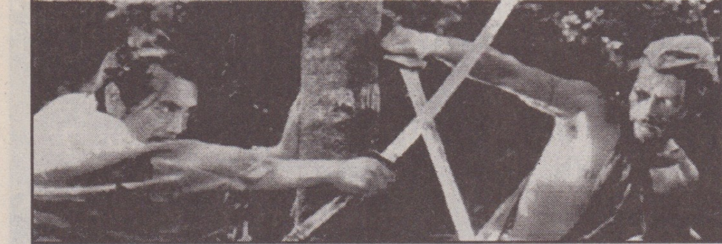


FINAL CUT

BY STEVEN SPINALI



TURKISH DELIGHT

It's widely known that China has a thriving industry for bootleg DVDs of American movies. It's less known that lowly Turkey has a similar issue, sort of. As it happens, filmmakers from Turkey frequently bypass the entire Hollywood system by making their own scene-by-scene rip-offs, often stealing wholesale footage from the original. The results are often surreal, and rich with "I can't believe what I'm watching" moments.

Dunyayi Kutaran Adam is the **Citizen Kane** of bad Turkish films—a mind-boggler of such dimension that nearly every scene leaves you gasping. Based on **Star Wars**, it starts with an echoey-voiced story of the early universe. After being blown to bits twice, Earth inexplicably survived. "They started to resist with a crust which was welded with human brain and willpower, a coating which was formed by human brain molecules was protecting the earth." As we ponder that choice bit of narrative, we see video snippets randomly edited together from **Star Wars** and **2001**.

It gets even better. After seeking out the enemy, humans found that their enemies don't have brains, a thing that rendered Earth weapons powerless. Indeed, our first look at the enemy is forbidding: metal robots with revolving cop alarms on their heads, and a lot of guys with costumes made of draperies.

At the head of the earthly defense are two Turkish warriors with adapted football helmets who crash land on a barren world under enemy control. Their first contingency: be on the alert lest they've landed on a planet of women. "Don't forget to puff your chest," one suggests. But as it happens, their crash area has Egyptian pyramids, and a few decayed Coptic churches and sand dunes thrown in.

And apparently, their suspicions of foul play aren't misplaced. They're pursued by guys with skeleton costumes and capes, and riding horses. They're captured by some stoic men in storm trooper costumes, and then the movie switches gears and becomes a gladiator movie. The head alien is intrigued by their fighting skills and wants the pair, alive. But the two heroic Turks again have a jump on the enemy, and escape into a cave, where they're tended to by a girl who looks like Courtney Love. And like Courtney Love, she's a blond with her roots showing. One of our Turkish heroes shoots amorous glances at the girl, who isn't too picky.

Our heroes go wandering through the cave in the dark of night—and here's where the movie goes completely unhinged. In minutes, the walls break open and mummies in loose gauze join forces with strange furry animals to attack and maim every human. Nearly everybody's killed, and the alien leader gets a supply of fresh human blood pumped through a quarter inch thick plastic cable. Outside, our two heroes practice martial arts by punching rocks, while Courtney Love picks berries. The studdly Turks try to out-do each other's training: one walks along with eight-inch boulders strapped to his feet. The ballad from **Star Wars** plays in the background. They head off to their next adventure, which happens to be in a painfully low-budget version of the famous saloon scene from **Star Wars**; most of the denizens have painted plaster faces that look Mexican. In the inevitable fight, one of the good guys faces off against a kung-fu master with a mask and pigtails. And then there's the alien leader. "Don't you get close to me…I am the one. If needed, I can get multiplied infinitely. I am here. I am everywhere. Or I don't even exist."

Is it possible for **Dunyayi Kutaran Adam** to achieve levels beyond this? Well, it just keeps on coming. We haven't yet seen the scantily clad Queen of the Planet intent on seducing one of the heroic Turks, or the attempts to subdue him with a square of cardboard. I'm still not quite sure if I understand its skewed view of the universe, but I'm probably not the only one.

Aysecik ve Sihirlib Cucler Ruyalar Ulkesinde, the Turkish **Wizard of Oz**, trades **Dunyayi's** non-stop weirdness for equal measures of outrageousness and sexuality. Dorothy (Zeynep Degirmencioglu) is fulsome and attractive—a Dorothy with a sensual edge. Put bluntly, the Tin Man borders on effeminacy, though his zealous versions of the dance numbers may explain it. In any case, the G-rated goodness of the original is no longer sexless. It has been noted more than once that the Tin Man may have a thing for the Scarecrow, and that the lion's loins are suggestively pubic. Production values are surprisingly good, and the photography is bright and well balanced. For once, the sound crew actually seem to be doing their job.

This movie earns most of its points from its extravagant overacting. Dorothy is a good replica of Judy Garland—and actually is kind of hot. (In fact, the same can be said of the Witch, under her layers of makeup.) And the Straw Man always seems as if he's about to skip down the Yellow Brick Road on his own; when he's nearly torched in the forest, no one seems too interested stopping the fire. In fact, it's infused with such an air of good humor that you wish it had subtitles.

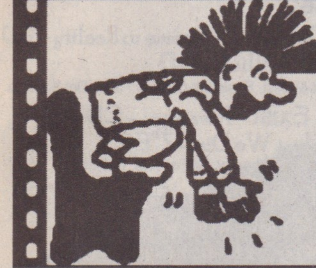
And this, alas, may prove to be the main problem for many potential viewers of Turkish rip-off movies. We have here an interesting, funny, well-produced rip-off—but with no subs. As much as one claims that a familiar film like this doesn't need them, you'd almost think there were some kind of conspiracy to keep this film from the wider audience it deserves. On the other hand, subbed DVDs of **Denali Kutaran Adam** are available (if you look hard).

The perceived (and often real) junkiness of the films may turn out to be why so few have bothered even to make fansubs. Not to mention their relative obscurity—though that problem is slowly disappearing.

A few Turkish movies are only marginally different than the films on which they're based. Such is the case with **Seytan**, Metin Erksan's frightfully literal 1974 copy of **The Exorcis**t (which came out in 1973). Several years ago, Gus Van Sant did the same thing with **Psycho**, and critics panned it as unnecessary and inferior to the original. **Seytan** (I guess that's how they pronounce "Satan" in Turkish) is in the same league. The slower narrative sections come close to looking like a student film; but the "Linda Blair" sequences are often surprisingly effective. The pea soup vomit sequence is especially creepy, though they may have gone overboard with the vomit.

Clearly, these films won't even make it on late-night TV (at least in the US), and you might have to scour a few Internet sites for DVD copies of these (mostly) unauthorized dubs. It's rather ironic that a national cinema with such a rich tradition of ripping off other movies should itself be ripped off. The available DVDs won't be studio quality.

Not that you'll need them. These movies are often such familiar fixtures of the American movie consciousness that it's often less of a mental strain just to watch and use your imagination. The good news is that several have already made it to streaming video servers like YouTube. The visuals will be grainy and the sound probably over-modulated, but it's free. For some, that will probably be the right price.



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

OH, HOW TO DO NOW

I was watching *The Simpsons* as I do every Sunday. It was the episode in which Moe becomes a famous poet. When he appears on a poetry panel, Tom Wolfe announces, "Now we open the floor to fawning praise and obvious questions." Which made me laugh exceptionally loud since I was just coming off a week of seeing films at which either the director or star or in one case both were at the screening to answer questions. Granted I didn't ask any questions, but everyone who did either made a lame observation or asked a question that I could have answered. People sometimes seem like they just need to hear themselves talk.

David Lynch introduced his latest film **Inland Empire**. He was very gracious when people asked all the questions I have read him answer in various magazine articles about the film. Unlike most people, I just enjoy watching a David Lynch film. I know there is some amount of joy in "figuring it out," but as Lynch surprisingly admitted, he didn't have a plan going in on this one. He just had some ideas for some scenes and eventually over time the film started to come together. He lets his subconscious take over. He knows a story will eventually emerge.

Inland Empire tells of an actress Nikki Grace who is married to a very jealous man. Grace lands the lead part in an upcoming film co-starring with Hollywood ladies man Devon Berk. An entertainment TV show jokes about the two hooking up on the film set. When rehearsals start, the director tells that this is the second time this script has been attempted as a film. The first time the two main actors were murdered. The production is thought to be haunted.

Of course, that summation doesn't even get near to the entire cast of periphery characters of **Inland Empire**. Not to mention Nikki Grace's alter egos, but how much do you really want to know? There is no point in describing a Lynch film. It is something you have to experience.

Another interesting side note is that Lynch filmed **Inland Empire** digital video and says he won't ever use film again. By the look of **Inland Empire**, he doesn't need to. So my advice to future filmmakers, take some inspiration form David Lynch and try to make your digital film look as good as his. (www.inlandempirecinema.com)

Going back two days prior, I like many other dedicated garage rock fans juggled my work schedule so I could be at the 3 pm Wednesday screening of **Monks: The Transatlantic Feedback**. Oddly, this was the only time the film showed in San Francisco and would have had a much larger audience if it were shown at a more suitable hour. Yet from the amount of familiar faces enough people managed to get some time off to be there. At the screening was one-half of the directing team Dieter Post and former Monk's bassist Eddie Shaw.

Monks: The Transatlantic Feedback is a very in-depth telling of the band's history from American GIs in Germany to rock band to returning to America. Each Monk reveals they joined the Army because they had nothing else. Being situated in Germany in the '60s wasn't easy. The Germans didn't want to socialize with the US military men. But Germany was where the Beatles got their start. The garage and beat scene was really going strong so the first incarnation of the band The Torquays were able to play out almost every night of the week.

Then the Torquays met up with two German conceptual artists/businessmen Karl Remy and Walther Niemann who were looking for a band for a project. That project was the Monks. It is here that **Monks: The Transatlantic Feedback** delves into more of the formation of the band. If you read the book *Black Monk Time* or even look at the band's website the participation of the managers is kind of brushed over. In the film the managers have a more important role. The Monks were their idea. They were very strict with the image instituting many rules of how the Monks were to behave in public. Unfortunately, Remy and Neimann would not be interviewed for the documentary.

The Monks story turns sad when on the eve of their tour to Japan drummer Roger Johnston decides not to go. The band breaks up. Eventually all the band members move back to the United States. They spend some time getting re-acclimated and never mention their rock'n'roll past. That is, until years later when someone recognizes Eddie Shaw, inspiring the band to get back together.

Monks: The Transatlantic Feedback also reveals the involvement of advertising man Charles Wilp and shows the Monks as they reunited in 1999. The film gets interviews with each Monk in the present day discussing their military service, the band, and what they did after. The film does get a bit repetitive due to lack of source material. The same pictures or film sequences are shown again and again. Yet, it easy to overlook that when you are presented with a great story. (www.playloud.org/themonks.html)

Another great rock'n'roll story is that of Dead Moon. **Unknown Passage: The Dead Moon Story** follows the history of Fred and Toody Cole and Andrew Loomis from the '60s onto the present day. Fred Cole was set to become a rock'n'roll star at age 15 with his band Deep Soul Cole. He didn't, but went on to form more bands throughout the '60s. As the result of a mix up at The Fillmore in San Francisco his band the Weeds were not allowed to play their opening slot for The Yardbirds. The band drove north and eventually ran out of gas in Portland, Oregon. That is where he met and married future Dead Moon bassist Toody Cole.

After surviving and then rejecting the music business The Coles began their unyielding DIY lifestyle. They release and press their own records, set up their tours, built their house, and even started a small town in Clackamas, OR. Fred and Toody began playing in a band The Rats together in 1979. In 1987 they recruited bartender Andrew Loomis to form Dead Moon.

Unknown Passage: The Dead Moon Story is so inspiring. Anyone with even an inkling of DIY mentality should follow suit. It is even amusing when youngest Cole child Shane sort of ashamedly admits that he rejected the music business for the supermarket business. All three Cole children are interviewed. Each one was at one time embarrassed of their father or mother. But now all seem very impressed with the life they were brought up with. I am too. (www.magicumbrella.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it.

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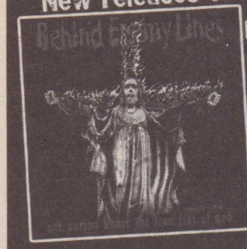
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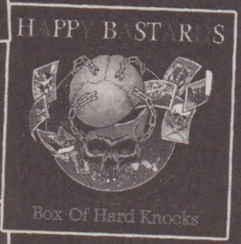

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Reviewers: Ariel Awesome (AA), Justin Briggs (JU), Tim Brooks (TB), Mitch Cardwell (MC), Rob Coons (RC), Carl Cordova (CC), Paul Curran (PC), Andy Darling (AD), Dr. Dante (DD), Sean Dougan (SD), Nic Eagle (NE), Jonathan Floyd (JF), Jeff Heermann (JH), Mike Howes (MH), Layla Gibbon (LG), Chris Hubbard (CS), Kenny Kaos (KK), Carolyn Keddy (CK), Ramsey Kanaan (RK), Will Kinser (WK), Ray Lujan (RL), Allan McNaughton (AM), Golnar Nikpour (GN), Bruce Roehrs (BR), Ken Sanderson (KS), Martin Sorrondeguy (MS), Steve Spinali (SS), Brian Stern (BS), Stevo (ST), Shane White (SW)

A3 DANS LES WC – "1978-1980" CD

It's not everyday that I get a CD retrospective of a late '70s band I have never, ever heard of, especially not one this nicely packaged and put together. Maybe it's because they were from France? So, to find out more I did a Google search and of course…they have a MySpace page! And videos on YouTube. Welcome to the future, friends. Anyway…A3 DANS LES WC played somewhat abstract post punk that at times is totally catchy and at other times is more dark and difficult. The first track would appeal to current French *artistes* FRUSTRATION—maybe it's the use of synth—while many tracks reference mid-late '70s New York City proto-punk and punk like the NEW YORK DOLLS or TELEVISION. Actually, there is a lot happening on this CD stylistically that would appeal to just about any fan of worldwide late '70s underground rock 'n' roll, though the sounds are generally not as immediate as, say, the SEX PISTOLS or the DAMNED; most of the songs are over the three-minute mark, some clocking in over five. Anyway, I give the thumbs up to this CD collection. The packaging is awesome, with tons of cool photos and liner notes I didn't understand I lick of. Nice job. (GN)

(Seventeen, www.seventeenrecords.com)

THE ACCELERATORS – "Haven't You Heard…" CD

I'm not afraid to admit it, I was a DAG NASTY fan. And I even stayed with them through their transition to their second singer Peter. The live shows were still a lot of fun. Every once in a while I throw on *Can I Say* and have a fun time singing along. When no one is looking, of course. THE ACCELERATORS remind me so much of DAG NASTY. They're maybe not as sing-songy, but that proto-emo sound is there. They don't look like DAG NASTY or write lyrics like them, but wow that sound... (CK)

($6 ppd: Bitchin' Riffage, 416 Clay St, Henderson, KY 42420)

ACTIONS ASIDE – "Do You Remember When" EP

Apparently this EP by Sacramento's ACTIONS ASIDE came out in 2004 and the band split not too long after, but I guess since the label just sent us a review copy, it's still available. Anyway, before I get down to business here, I should mention that—strictly as a matter of personal opinion—a good melodic hardcore band is about as rare as a two-dollar bill. ACTIONS ASIDE has their weaknesses—a little plodding at times, a little too much Roger Miret influence in the vocals, and what was surely the worst cover art of 2004—but all things considered, this is better than most of the bands in this style. The songs are tightly delivered, and the guitar-lines complement the melodies instead of degenerating into pointless wankery. If you dig melodic youth crew hardcore and can look past the god-awful cover and embarrassing woah-oh chanting that surfaces at the end of the last song, then by all means check this out. (CS)

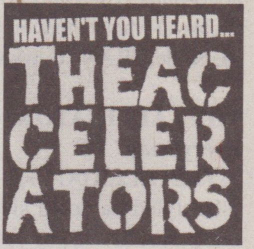
(Sell Our Souls, PO Box 9187, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN, www.selloursouls.com)

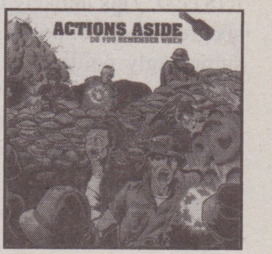
AEROSOLS – "Worthless" EP

Ah, Youth Attack…if you see that little skull on the back you can sure bet that there will be some sort of excessiveness in the packaging. With this one, it just so happens that the lyric booklet is die-cut in the shape of an aerosol can. Hmm, how cute. Western Mass' AEROSOLS shows up to the party with five tracks of fast, chaotic, thrashing hardcore with scream-till-you-puke vocals. This record is a true product of the dominant late '90s DIY scenes—those being the "bandana thrash" revival and the screamo thing that still lingered about lifelessly from the early '90s but really took off around '98 or '99. The B-side is actually pretty killer—not as out of control and contrived as the A-side—and it ends with a pretty crucial breakdown. Unlike a lot of the other Youth Attack releases, this one lacks the hipster coke party feel and comes off as a rather honest band who enjoys what they are doing—not some sort of inside joke to insult their fan's intelligence for buying their shtick. I like it enough that I wish there was a reviewer copy, but it's probably sold out already anyways so I couldn't buy it if I wanted to. An interesting side note: This band played a show I went to in Boston while visiting the fam for the holidays, and they set up, played, and took down their gear all in the time I was upstairs taking a shit and I had no idea whatsoever what they sounded like. Now that's efficiency! (JU)

(Youth Attack, www.ihateyouthattack.com)

A 3 dAns les WC





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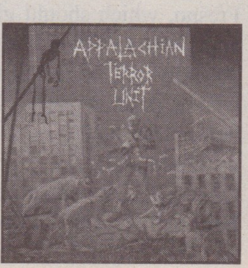


THE AGGRAVATION / THE DEFENESTRORS – Split EP

Well, I put on THE DEFENESTRORS side first, so we'll start with that one. PuNK roCk: that's what we've got here. Yeah. Mid-tempo and catchy, sure, but this stuff's got a real sense of urgency to it. Really, this is some good shit. It seems they're French. There was a time when that would have surprised me. Not any more. THE AGGRAVATION also delivers high quality punk rock with that same sense of urgency. Do you know the feeling when you've had one cup of coffee too many? Listening to this record will give you that same feeling. Rock fucking on. (KK)

(Relax-O-Matic Vibrator, 13 Rue Terusse, 13001 Marseille, FRANCE, www.relaxomatic.free.fr)

THE AGGRAVATION – LP

Ooh la la! These snotty French daggers are on tour with LES HATEPINKS, which makes a lot of sense. Bare bones garage-y punk rock with attitude to spare. There are only nine songs on this platter, which just ain't e-*neuf*. Did you see what I did just then? *Neuf* is French for nine. Anyway...catchy French pogo-punk, you can't go wrong. (AM)

(Relax-O-Matic Vibrator, 13 Rue Terusse, 13001 Marseille, FRANCE, www.relaxomatic.free.fr)

THE ALLIGATORS – "You Ruined Everything" EP

THE ALLIGATORS are a current early '80s-styled hardcore side project made up of one part AGNOSTIC FRONT, and three parts INSTED. This unlikely combination produces six great tracks of no-frills fast hardcore with a surprisingly political bent. While I wouldn't go as far as to say that this sounds like early AGNOSTIC FRONT, Roger Miret sheds what has become his signature grunting for a more forced screaming that is reminiscent of *Victim in Pain*. The song writing is spot on, though I feel that these tracks could have benefited with a slightly more raw/authentic production a la GOVERNMENT WARNING or CAREER SUICIDE. (CC)

(Indecision, www.indecisionrecords.com)

AMERICA'S DIRTY THIRTYS – "Movement For Tomorrow" CD

Not bad UK82ish, crusty, anarcho-inspired punk from Fresno, CA. Yup, these guys live in Fresno, which should give them plenty to be angry about even before they turn on the news. Actually the more I listen to this I can also hear a definite early NEUROSIS influence, before that band went all gloomy industrial on us. Good stuff. *(Ed. Note: this band currently goes by ADT, which now stands for "Attack Disarm Takeover.")* (JF)

(Yellow Dog, PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY, www.yellowdog.de)

ANGRY ANGLES / DIGITAL LEATHER – split EP

The ANGRY ANGLES side of this EP is a neat catchy dark teenage angst anthem called "In My Room." Sounds like REDD KROSS and BAUHAUS had a sulky teenage stepchild—no seriously, it does...sorta. DIGITAL LEATHER picks up the other side with a synthy-pop-goth track with monotone Calvin Johnson-style vocals. I didn't get as into it as the ANGRY ANGLES side of things, but it's alright. (AA)

(Shattered, www.shatteredrecords.com)

ANS – "Heinous" EP

One-sided EP of crazy, mid-paced skate thrash core outta Texas. There's a slight metal influence, but only in the sense of crossover metallic thrash found back in the mid '80s with bands like S.O.D, AGGRESSION, or ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT. The lyrics to this are pure bong-hitting, skate punk themes like jumpin' fences to ride backyard pools and keeping dumb jocks out of skating. The flip side of this vanilla-orange colored record has a semi retarded silkscreened drawing of a guy with a big dick, very reminiscent of Tesco Vee's MEATMEN high brow artwork of yore. This is pretty cool if you like that sort of thing. (BG)

(Gnarly Slaughter, no address)

APPALACHIAN TERROR UNIT – "Armageddon Won't Be Brought by Gods" EP

Metallic anarcho-crust with mostly female vocals that are fucking pissed as hell. This is a great little record with strong political content about the destruction of our environment, the imminent doom we face as a species if we don't change our ways, and the way in which we are kept in a numb cycle of consumption/destruction. Bravo, this is a fucking stellar debut! (AA)

(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.profaneexistence.com)

ASS – "Sink" CD

Angry, punk as fuck Minneapolis band that's starting to get a lot of buzz in their area, and after listening to this a couple of times I can see why. They remind me of FILTH a little bit, if that band came out today—slightly metallic, snotty hardcore punk. By the nerdy looks of the guy singing, you wouldn't expect such threatening, by-the-throat screams. And the lyrics on this are killer; each song on this five track EP is a heartfelt, bitter reflection of our stupid society, often with the viewpoint of how homophobia plays into things. It's this type of sincerity that keeps me believing and still excited about hardcore after more than twenty years. (BG)

(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.profaneexistence.com)

BAD AMPS – "Two Face" EP

Up-tempo poppy punk from Vancouver. It sounds very SCREECHING WEASEL/ QUEERS, and they keep up the beat and have enough hooks and melody to carry it. Nice. (AD)

(It's Alive, 11411 Hewes St, Orange, CA 92869)

BAD DUDES – "Rollo Takes a Walk/King King Kong"

Bad dudes, fortunately good music. One instrumental, one KINKS cover—risky business, but by looking at their busted up faces these hair-bears seem to like a gamble. First track, the one without the vocals, strays somewhere between art punk and no-wave, with a herky-jerky '77 jitter thrown in. Instrumentals are so early-'90s, but this however sounds fresh to the 2000s. A KINKS cover suits me fine, Ray Davis being one of the finest song writers ever, and the boys do it justice, arty and punky, driving and grooving, with some fantastic nah, nah, nah, nah distorted gang vocals and wailing '60s organ. I'm already craving more. (SD)

(Project Infinity)

BAD EATING HABITS / REASON OF INSANITY – split EP

Limited-to-200-copies repress of this split EP from a year or two ago. In case ya missed it the first time around—REASON OF INSANITY delivers six tracks of straightforward '80s-style hardcore thrash with the slightest bit of crossover influence. Great vocals and nice TOXIN III cover. I found this band's full-length LP a bit too much REASON OF INSANITY all at once; they're much better suited to the 7" format, and the songs here are varied, catchy, and hit hard, leaving me wanting more… As a matter of fact, I would like this record better if the flip had a few more REASON OF INSANITY songs instead of BAD EATING HABITS, whose stuff is poorly recorded and forgettable. This split comes on clear vinyl with a hand-numbered sleeve. (CS)

(Gnarly Slaughter, no address)

BAD EATING HABITS / DESTRUX – split EP

Fuck yes! This thrash split will blow your brain up! DESTRUX initiates the mayhem with full-speed ahead hardcore brutality! The

manic vocals team up with deranged, super-fast guitar attacks! There's no easy escape! DESTRUX storms through "Grave Disorder," "Into the Battle," "No Us In Fucking You," and "Jock Destruction Squad." Flip this EP over and BAD EATING HABITS becomes the standard bearers for the thrash millennium. These wild punks from Florida rip your fucking ears off with an unrelenting hardcore blast! BAD EATING HABITS violates you with "Scenester Smasher," "Letters from the Army," "The Leech," "Pizza Violence," and "Stay in the Truck." This is fucking ruthless thrash for you punks! This band of surly fucks delivers great hewn punk rock. The pissed-off vocals are accompanied by top-quality guitar thrash that emphasizes the point. DESTRUX offers gut-wrenching punk music with lyrics that reveal an intelligent assessment of the challenges one encounters everyday. This duo of crazed thrash bands will grab you by the neck and drag you into the pit. You will be thankful! Buy this excellent split EP! (BR)
(Fatal Apathy, c/o Bad Eating Habits, 28526 Old Mill Rd, Wesley Chapel, FL 33544)

BARN AV REGNBUEN – "Folk Uten Framtid" LP

This great early Norwegian hardcore band (second only to SVART FRAMTID from that era) gets the full reissue treatment, courtesy of Cradle to Grave Records. I said to Chris earlier this year that I thought the Norwegian scene was getting sadly overlooked in the punk reissue world, though that seems to be changing, what with this record, last month's SO MUCH HATE LP reissue, and an upcoming reissue of the aforementioned SVART FRAMTID (aka producers of the best ever European hardcore EP!?!?). Anyway, I guess it's not a total mystery as to why Norwegian bands have been so sorely under-appreciated when compared to their Scandi-brethren. They sang in Norwegian, and band names like BARN AV REGNBUEN and AKUTT INNLEGGELSE are not as easy to sport on an ass-flap as, say, SHITLICKERS or KAAOS. But it is still somewhat of a mystery, as the early Norwegian HC scene did not seem have a single bad band, and their classic label X-Port Platter pressed relatively large quantities and shipped 'em out to foreign distros. BARN AV REGNBUEN ("Children of the Rainbow") has all of the characteristics of classic Norwegian HC—the melodic but aggressive riffs, the gruff vocals, the punchy rhythms—but they also have just a pinch of lopey, off-kilter, falling apart noisiness, which makes them stand out as super punk to me. The A-side of this record is comprised of comp tracks and the four songs from their second EP (a flexi), though it's impossible to tell what's what—there is no info about what's from where in the liners. The B-side compiles that awesome first EP, which is definitely my favorite stuff. Fuck, this is just great classic Euro hardcore. My only complaint is a small one, and it's with the presentation and aesthetic of this LP. The cover art on this LP is dark and apocalyptic, but kind of anachronistically modern looking. The original first EP had these weird and ridiculous drawings that had loads of character, while this LP looks totally good but kind of *crust moderne*, which somehow seems wrong to me. And, more importantly, there is not much info in the insert—lyrics and a cool essay, but virtually no art, photos, other info, etc. But these are small complaints made by a fanatic and a nerd, which should certainly not stop any fan of DIY hardcore past or present from getting this totally essential reissue. (GN)
(Cradle to Grave, Postboks 9044 Grenland, 0133 Oslo, NORWAY, www.cradletograverecords.com)

BARSEROS – "Moderner Don Quijote" CD

Punk rock 'n' roll from Germany with vocals mostly in German. This is very TURBONEGRO without the flash. It's OK but this seems real same-ee and flat as a whole. (RL)
(www.barseros.de)

THE BAYONETTES – "We're Doomed" EP

I'm pretty sure the last BAYONETTES record made it into my monthly top ten—it was the kind of record that sounds really great when someone else is listening to it, though I never really gave it a careful listen. Well, here I am with their record for review so I guess I'm forced to pay attention now. Let's listen for a bit, shall we? … … …Hmm, not as brilliant as I thought. They definitely have a great sound: melodic and pretty yet punky and snotty female vocals and super raw garage-y rock 'n' roll riffs and poppy song structures. The thing that turns me off is the in-your-facedness of it all. The vocals seem overdone, what with all of the strategically placed mid-word screeches and doubled overdubs. And the songs actually lack catchiness even though they really rock and grab your attention. I may regret this review next time hear them somewhere else and think, "Man, this is great—who is this?!" But right now this isn't doing it for me. (PC)
(Deranged, 1166 Chaster Rd., Gibsons, BC V0N 1V4, CANADA, www.derangedrecords.com)

BEHIND ENEMY LINES – "One Nation Under the Iron Fist of God" LP

This record will definitely make my 2007 top ten records of the year. This is seriously one of the most vocally devastating records ever, period. BEHIND ENEMY LINES basically holds up the forefront of political punk for this decade with songs directed against the religious zealotry that plagues our planet; songs that name names and explain positions. The music that backs this oral assault is by all accounts fucking devastating and apocalyptic. Fast, furious, and heavy. Did I fail to mention this record is accompanied by a huge perfect bound zine with tons of propaganda posters and all the lyrics, which read like essays? There is no reason that anyone who liked the members' old bands AUS ROTTEN, REACT, THE PIST, HUMAN INVESTMENT, or current other band CAUSTIC CHRIST should not own this, and there is little to none that people who weren't fans of those bands shouldn't either. Combined with the first two LPs by this band, I think they cover most of the issues that define the struggle that is Punk. Truly amaz-

BAD EATING HABITS
REASON OF INSANITY

BARSEROS
Moderner Donquijote

BELCHING PENGUIN
DEMOS 1985/1988
AMPEX

ing. (WK)
(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.profaneexistence.com)

BP – "Demos 1985/1988" EP

This is a fucking cool-ass reissue package. Burrito Records went all out with this EP of demos and unreleased tracks from Sarasota, Florida's would-be legends BP (aka BELCHING PENGUINS), best known for their collector's item 12" *Draft Beer... Not Me*. The tracks on side one are ripping '80s thrash classics with great vocals that sound reminiscent of Biscuit of the BIG BOYS when he was in full scream mode. The second side was recorded a few years later with a different vocalist, and just like every '80s band they started to go in the metal direction. It's still decidedly punk and still pure thrash, but the new vocalist is a little more melodic, possibly comparable to SNFU's Chi Pig. But back to the package: nice blue vinyl, the cover art is very basic but really cool in that classic '80s cut-n-scrawl way, then there's a big fold-out lyric sheet with old flyers and pix, and there's an eight-page booklet with even more old flyers and pix, and a couple extra little inserts to boot. All of this for only three bux postpaid. Great job! (PC)
(Sound Idea, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509)

BENEDICT ARNOLD AND THE TRAITORS – "Kill the Hostages" EP

You no longer have to sell that extra kidney for a copy of this slab of classique KBD yippie rage. All the Reagan revival basement thrash bands should get a hold of this for more insight on the Iran hostage crisis, and of course to add authenticity to the "time has stood still since the early '80s" bunkers that they appear to reside in. This is not hardcore of course, but rather rad, snotty, and ridiculous punk with cartoonish political lyrics. Music to off the pigs to. (LG)
(Artifix, PO Box 641, Moreno Valley, CA 92556, www.artifixrecords.com)

BIG D AND THE KIDS TABLE / BRAIN FAILURE – split CD

Wow. Just wow. BRAIN FAILURE has a terrible name but I was fucking blown away by how good they are. I've heard their name around for a while but this is the first time I've ever been able to hear something from them. Total CLASH/RANCID-style punk from Beijing that gets some help from Dicky Barrett (BOSSTONES) and Ken Casey (DROPKICK MURPHYS) on back-ups and production. Absolutely worth looking in to and I fully acknowledge that a lot of CLASH/RANCID-style punk is fucking trash. This is solid though. BIG D AND THE KIDS TABLE are one of those bands that I have been aware of for literally ten years or more but never heard a single song. I used to run a ska links website back in '97 and I remember their name and thinking it was retarded. Finally getting a chance to hear them now…not too shabby I guess. These guys are taking off I hear, but it's still fairly tired ska-punk. BRAIN FAILURE is definitely the champ on this one. (ST)
(Bad News, www.badnewsrecords.com)

BIG JESUS / STEERJOCKEY – split EP

What is it with bands sounding like early '90s garage bands all over again? I was a big fan of that shit then so I'm not totally against it, it's just that I wasn't expecting it. BIG JESUS sounds like THE STALLIONS, THE DWARVES, or THE BOTTOM FEEDERS (remember them???) — you know, full-on rock-influenced garage. It's pretty good, but their rendition of "Go Dogs Go"—which is story I read my kids—is a little odd. STEERJOCKEY is more of the same with a '70s rock vibe; they're decent enough. But dudes, lose the guitar solos…they *suuuuuuck*. (TB)
(Let's Pretend, PO Box 2993, Carbondale, IL 62902)

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY – "Born Dead" LP

You've heard it said a hundred times: Peel Sessions are more often than not the best material most bands record. The combination of the world-class BBC studios and equipment, the speed of the recording sessions, and the fact that they're recorded live is a recipe for capturing some dynamite musical performances on tape (especially if you sat at home with your finger on the record button!). These three BIRTHDAY PARTY Peel Sessions, recorded between 1980 and 1981, are no exception. If you are a fan of the band, you need to get these sessions somehow. If you are a casual listener, this isn't a bad way to get acquainted. (AM)
(Junk Yard, no address)

BLACK ROSE BAND – "Hot Box" EP

I have really liked King Louie's other projects (PERSUADERS, KING LOUIE'S ONE MAN BAND) and his songs for the EXPLODING HEARTS, but this 45 leaves me dull. Along with some other holdovers from post-Katrina New Orleans, the BLACK ROSE BAND is just a little to Southern swamp rock for me. (JF)
(Contaminated, contaminatedrecords.com)

BLITZKID – "Five Cellars Below" CD

BAD RELIGION and 45 GRAVE had a mall goth baby that wears all that shitty glow in the dark MISFITS gear they sell at Hot Topic. If you like horror rock bands whose sound "ranges from metal songs, to punk songs, to '50s rock 'n' roll" then I suppose you should check this band out and not be my friend. (AA)
(Fiend Force, www.fiendforce.de)

BRUTAL ASSAULT – "Fuck You, Motherfucker!" CD

Meat 'n' potatoes classic US-influenced HC from this Israeli band with a name that unfortunately reminds me of BRUTAL ATTACK. Simple, too-the-point lyrics (in Hebrew with English translations included) and music (sometimes approaching thrash speed, sometimes slowing things down, but mostly straightforward all the way). The recording quality is similarly barebones, which suits the music well I guess, though hardcore really belongs (and sounds better) on vinyl in this jaded snob's opinion… Anyway, there are some cool tracks on here, notably their theme song "Brutal Assault" and "I'd Rather Burn My Bridges (And All the Yuppies in Tel-Aviv in the Same Fire)," though I'm a bit bummed on the singer's monotone toughguy barking growl style. 17 songs, including a FAITH cover. (CS)
(Constipation, 5 Ilanot Street, Haifa, ISRAEL, www.constipationrecords.tk)

CHELSEA – "Faster, Cheaper, & Good Looking" CD

Whoops! Releasing a new album by CHELSEA in 2007 could be comparable to following through whilst farting, so to speak. I mean Jesus, I was never that fussed on them to begin with. This is pretty bad, and not just because they have their picture in the sleeve...it's just the lame, tame schlock you would expect. If you never liked CHELSEA then avoid, if you did like CHELSEA then...avoid also. Now get this off my fucking stereo! (AD)
(TKO, 8941 Atlanta Ave. Huntington Beach, CA 92646)

CHINGALEROS / KISSIN' COUSINS – split EP

CHINGALEROS shares members with MULETRAIN, who I like a lot, and it makes sense as some of their POISON IDEA rock carries over. It's a weird listen but I totally can dig it—imagine if Jerry A sang for a garage band. I told you it was a weird listen. I really like it though. KISSIN' COUSINS (horrible name by the way), goes straight for the throat with NEW BOMBS TURKS styled aggressive punk. Pretty derivative, but ripping nonethe-

less. Two top notch Spanish bands. (TB)
(Sell Our Souls, PO Box 9187, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN, www.selloursouls.com)

CINDER – "Breaking the Ice" EP

Eight great songs including a SIDE BY SIDE cover released on yet another solid EP from my favorite Spanish hardcore band CINDER. This band takes everything I like about '80s straight edge hardcore, and turns it up a notch with an explosive punk edge that really reminds me of LIFES HALT and NO REPLY. These Barcelona boys don't fuck around. Great stuff. (CC)
(Sell Our Souls, PO Box 9187, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN, www.selloursouls.com)

C'MON TUTANKHAMON / RIZILLOS — split EP

Both of these Spanish bands have some classic punk influences with a slight lean to art school (no surprise from a band called RIZILLOS) without being so derivative as to be corny. C'MON TUTANKHAMON isn't too far removed from HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE at times, while RIZILLOS throw a little new waviness in for shits and giggles; both good. I like. (DD)
(Blondes Must Die, rizillo@hotmail.com)

COBRA NOIR – "Barricades" LP

Eight tracks of thick, mid-tempo hardcore from Montreal. COBRA NOIR's second full-length trims many of the AmRep/rock moments found on their first LP, pulling this into closer lineage with URANUS/DRIFT-styled mid-tempo dense hardcore and BLACK HAND/BORN DEAD ICONS-styled scathing, churning headbanging. Harsh, throat-scraping vocals over dark, moody thrash, TRAGEDY-styled guitar solos jump forth from the din to carry melody as it blasts along. Solid. (KS)
(Yellow Dog, PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY, www.yellowdog.de)

CONTROLLERS – "Another Sunny Day" CD

A bunch of demos and live stuff spanning the life of this early LA punk band. It starts out with a demo from 1977 that includes one of the band's hits, "Neutron Bomb," which was annoyingly titled "(The Original) Neutron Bomb" on their 7" to make the point that they had a song called "Neutron Bomb" before the WEIRDOS. I guess that would make the version here "(The Original [The Original]) Neutron Bomb." Um, yeah. Anyway, these three demo tracks are pretty good and raw-sounding, with the two non-original-original-"Neutron Bomb" tracks sounding a lot like the ZEROS—i.e., slower and kinda snotty and obnoxious (and vaguely homophobic). This is followed up by a pretty decent live recording from 1982, with only two really strong tracks: "Hot Stumps" (also on the first demo) and a version of their best song, the upbeat, rockin' (and vaguely racist) "Do the Uganda." (I know racism is a pretty strong word to throw around, but what else can you say about the lines "I wanna get VD and be real mean, I wanna be black and look like Idi Amin"?) Moving on, the CD features a recording session from 1996 that contains the most embarrassingly horrible version of "Jezebel" that I've ever heard—even more sexist than the original, and god-awful vocals to boot. The singer's voice sounds a lot different—he's trying too hard to sing instead of just belting it out—so it sounds nothing like the CONTROLLERS of yore. At this rate you'd think that the final batch of songs on here, from 2002, would be unbearable shit, but in fact it's way better than the '96 session, with emphasis on the rockin', which, to finally make some sort of descriptive point here, was always the CONTROLLERS' strong point—traditional rock 'n' roll with a snotty punk bent. We finish with a gratuitous extra version of "(The Original [The Original]) Neutron Bomb" from the first demo, but with no vocal track. The lead-in says it's take one, so that would make it—sorry, I have to say it—"(The Original [The Original {The Original}]) Neutron Bomb." Thank you! (PC)
(Artifix, PO Box 641, Moreno Valley, CA 92556, www.artifixrecords.com)

THE CRACKDOWN / HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR – split CD

Two bands, THE CRACKDOWN from Winnipeg (home of THE WEAKERTHANS and my Uncle John) and one from Germany—the awfully named HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR who play poppy street punk with a glammy/melodic hardcore twist. I guess they're trying to bite HANOI ROCKS; one of them is wearing eyeliner... This is the second German eyeliner-wearin' poncey street punk band I've reviewed this year already—there must be some sort of scene over there. THE CRACKDOWN plays yer typical generic post-RANCID "street" punk, which is as uninspired as I imagined it would be. (AD)
(Longshot, PMB#72, 302 Bedford Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11211)

THE DAMNED – "I Had Too Much to Drink Last Night" 2xLP

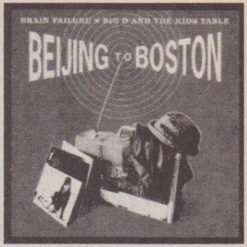
Two full discs of live DAMNED material circa 1983. Sounds like it was recorded from the crowd so the sound isn't great but it seems like it was a fun performance. They play all the hits, some goofy covers, some silly tunes where they all trade off vocal duties. If you're a big fan, you'll like all the between song banter on this, and there is lots of it. (PC)
(bootleg)

DEAD TOWN REVIVAL – "Hasta La Muerte" CD

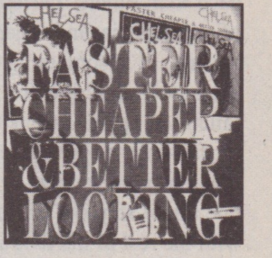
This CD gets the totally bogus release of the month award. They name JOHNNY CASH, SOCIAL DISTORTION, LED ZEPPELIN, and the MISFITS as influences; wow dudes, really hopping all over the map genre wise! It's like they just named all the music that gets played on every jukebox in every lame bar in America. And yes, they really went with that lame bar fly stereotype sound. So generic! This is the music that will be played on the Warped tour reunion karaoke tour. (LG)
(Sinister Muse, www.sinistermuse.com)

DEATH SQUAD – "Final Solution" EP

Fuck yes! This posthumous DEATH SQUAD EP is a

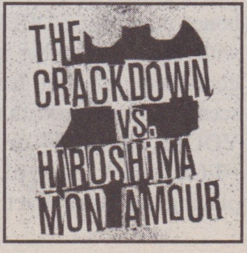


BRUTAL ASSAULT
FUCK YOU, MOTHERFUCKER!



CHINGALEROS KISSIN COUSINS

Controllers
Another Sunny Day



powerful slice of California music history. The EP was released in 2004 in the San Francisco Bay Area. The music is well-constructed punk that reveals influences from the halcyon days of English punk. DEATH SQUAD will appeal to fans of the classic No Future and Riot City legions of punk rockers. The gruff vocals are combined with high-quality guitar work. DEATH SQUAD bashes out fucking angry punk anthems with "Lies," "Plague of the Dead," "Fight to Kill," and "Final Solution." Every song rocks like a motherfucker! Rest in peace DEATH SQUAD! (BR)
(Dead Fucker, PO Box 975, San Carlos, CA 94070)

DEEP WOUND – "Almost Complete" CD

Ah DEEP WOUND, what a charming monster you were. Rural Massachusetts is one severely lame duck in the fact that the residents seem to "progress" at a much slower pace than others. Different even than the rest of Appalachia and various other white trash havens. It's something I've been trying to accurately describe for years now and have failed yet again. I think there's just some sort of fail-safe point that is ingrained in their inherently puritanical brains that warns when one might step out of line and no longer fit in with the rest of the fans at a Pat's game. Which basically boils down to a crippling fear of the unknown, which next mutates into an "ignorance is bliss and do not ever forget it" mentality. I can't imagine what the place was like back in '81-'83 when DEEP WOUND were crafting these rippers in some garage out in A-10 country. They must have been quite the topic of conversation at local selectman's meeting. If my four-year old brain could only have grasped what was going on just a mere 40 miles from my home... This is basically just the CD version of the LP from a few months back with the addition of three practice tracks featuring their first vocalist. As the title would show this CD is a collection of the 7" tracks, songs from the *Bands that Could be God* comp, their 1982 demo cassette and the aforementioned practice tracks. I'm curious why it's only "almost" complete. I wonder what else is out there? Of their recorded works I assume folks would be most familiar with the absolute raging and snotty thrash of their sole self-titled EP from 1983. This band was also where alterna-heroes J Mascis and Lou Barlow honed their chops. DEEP WOUND was, along with SIEGE (another group of Massholes,) godfathers of what has become the thrash scene(s) of today. With the exception of DRI, YOUTH KORPS, or British Columbia's NEOS I can't think of any bands that were playing this fast at the time. Ever since, bands have been mining this sound to death and at this point the rotten corpse of DEEP WOUND looks something like western Pennsylvania or West Virginia. (It's a strip mining reference if you don't get it.) Regardless of Hubbard's lackluster opinion of DEEP WOUND this release is essential and they fucking ruled. Get it fools. (JU)
(Baked Goods)

DEFORMED CONSCIENCE – "The Hagen Days 1991-1994" 2xLP

Connecticut's DEFORMED CONSCIENCE was part of the crop of New England extreme hardcore bands like DISRUPT and DROPDEAD that, in the early '90s, chewed and regurgitated back influences of late-'80s UK HC, defining it on a DIY level of production and politicized lyrics and/or ethics. The band leaned more toward the EXTREME NOISE TERROR school of distorted hardcore than NAPALM DEATH-style grind, with clipped barking throaty vocals, meaty riffs that burst to throttling blast beats, and unrelenting torrential waves of pounding thrash. This re-mastered 37-song retrospective culls tracks from their EPs, multiple split records, and compilations, mixing them up as opposed to keeping a chronological order—but the progression of the band is linear and obvious when the songs with spot-on delivery and speed kick in. While the lyrics seem quaint (lots of the "the system," "when will we unite," etc.), they're refreshing in their point-blank simplicity, coming from a time where this sound was done out of a love of the style, sound, politics, and ideas, as opposed to playing to a pre-determined scene. A great collection with lyrics, gatefold packaging, photos, and short band history. (KS)
(Unrest, Suite 239, 10654 82nd Ave, Edmonton, AB, T6E 2A7, CANADA, www.unrestrecords.com)

DELAY – "...Don't Laugh" LP

It would be easy to lump this band in with the world of punks that can't stop writing boring acoustic folk-punk song about rooftops and bicycles and how super great it is to have community,* but in fact DELAY is way less annoying and way better musically that all that sappy crap. This album is first and foremost a pop-core record, with less production, and thus way more honesty, than most pop. The songs are based mostly on catchy vocal harmonies that are carried along well by driving guitars and heavy drums. The lyrics are still in that Plan-It-X/per-zine style but DELAY tricks you into liking them with their infectious tunes, and their honesty and charm. Great sceenprinted record cover, and nice lyric booklet. (*I love these things too, now can we please move on?) (PC)
(Big Record Label, PO Box 8023, Columbus, OH 43201)

DEMON'S CLAWS – "Satan's Little Pet Pig" CD

I haven't been that impressed with DEMON'S CLAWS previously, either recorded or live. So where the hell did this record come from? Wow. This is some great shit. It's got a country twang, but still manages to pull some great garage rock out of that dust. Drawing from some of the '60s greats: THE STANDELLS, PRETTY THINGS, CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND THE MAGIC BAND, yet somehow managing to sound new and young, perhaps even naïve. I love it. (CK)
(In The Red, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050, www.intheredrecords.com)

DESCONTROL – "Senor Presidente: Complete Recordings 1986-1987" CD

Collecting 37 live and demo tracks (with multiple versions of many songs), this is an exhaustive dubbed-demos-style treatment for this '80s Peruvian band. It ranges from rudimentary "guess you had to be there" 1-2 hardcore, to noisy, feedback- and fun-laden later stuff, which is a bit more scathing than a teenage basement practice. The early material only occasionally transcends its simplicity with the strength and fervor of the (seemingly 13-year old singer's) vocals. Really rudimentary and straightforward. People nowadays stupidly try to map and plan out these sloppy haphazard accidents of noise and chaos, where those at the time were just doing "the best they could do" with what they had to work with, cracking the egg and having fun—and that quality, in and of itself, makes this an enjoyable listen. These nascent steps are important as a document for a local scene, especially one that had the cultural barriers and oppression that the '80s Peruvian scene did. (The short history in the CD details bands almost being kicked out of a venue by supporters of the Shining Path, and bands being forced to change their name.) Cool! (KS)
(Calambre, www.calambrerecords.tripod.com.pe)

DIALOGUES / KIDS EXPLODE – split EP

Two bands, one German (KIDS EXPLODE) and one Virginian (DIALOGUES) team up to bring back the glory days of mid-'90s Midwestern emocore. I must admit that I did not pay much attention to that scene when bearded backpackers were wetting themselves over the likes of BRAID or CAP'N JAZZ, but what I'm hearing on both sides of this disc comprises epic-sounding structures, intricate guitar work, and impassioned, earnest vocals.

Those buzzwords should get some of your hearts pounding and if this is the case, this record is for you. Nice artwork too. (AM)
(Rome Plow, www.romeplowrecords.com)

DISCIDER – "Total Loss" EP
DISCIDER offers up four more songs of crust punk that is a bit reminiscent of Portland bands like WARMACHINE and MASSKONTROLL but with a decidedly more raw D-beat approach and even sometimes a bit of millennium crust mixed in. The recording is pretty dirgey, but it kinda adds to the sound; DISCIDER has almost a rough, early Scandi sound when I think about it. The lyrics are pretty well written, which adds a lot to the music. I think my favorite thing about this record is the insert with the directions to make hard cider. Fuckin' cider punx rule okay! (WK)
(Offensive Media, PO Box 260276, Madison, WI 53726)

DUCKHUNT / HAMMERTIME - split EP
While DUCKHUNT was more of a joke band from the members that would later become LIFE LONG TRAGEDY, HAMMERTIME was Ross Farrar's endeavor before the almighty CEREMONY, and is the better band on this split (even despite some of the ridiculous breakdowns). While both of these Bay Area bands broke up awhile ago, they definitely helped plant the seed in what is now known as the "North Bay" hardcore scene, with a musical style that usually consists of blazing traditional hardcore mixed with over-the-top metallic breakdowns. (CC)
(Spiderghost Pressgang, 530 Divisadero, PMB #121, San Francisco, CA 94117)

THE EAT – "...Turn Off the TV and Get Up Off the Couch for You!" LP
A pretty good recording of THE EAT (at Hollywood's Polish American Club, 9/26/81 for you trainspotters). The boys fairly blazed through "Communist Radio" (of course) as well as special treats such as covers of "Flower Punk" (with updated lyrics) and "LA Woman" (no need to mention that it's the best version ever of same: even better than BILLY IDOL backed by VOX POP). (DD)
(Cherry Garcia, no address)

ELYSIUM – "Huntley Ave" CD
At the Fest last year we put this CD in the motel microwave because I'm 27 years old and had yet to see what it would do to a CD…also because the cover art for this record is atrocious. Oh and we were smashed for three solid days so a lot of shit seemed funny and reasonable at 4:00 a.m.…also we just knew it couldn't be good. This snap judgment for the most part was on the mark. It's okay I guess. They're from Tampa and play fairly competent punk with some decent melodies at times (dudes definitely dig BAD RELIGION) but also some truly shitty metal and alt-rock parts. I would put this in the microwave again but probably not a CD player either. (ST)
(New Anthem, www.elysiumband.com)

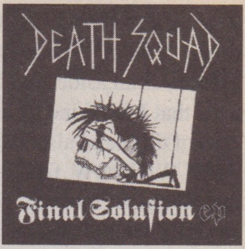
ENEMIES FOR LIFE – "Murders" EP
Rapid hardcore played tightly with decent production; this band seems to be having fun doing what they do… I don't know exactly what they are singing about—I just pick words out here and there, no lyrics were provided. For those who are into thrashing goofiness that has drumming that resembles WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?, check it out. Stuff to skate to, go nuts to and circle pit in your laundry room to. (MS)
(Blood Wrench, 115 Main St. Woonsocket, RI 02895 USA)

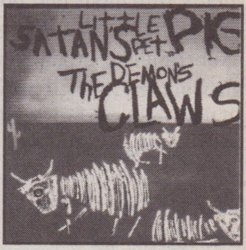
ESCALATOR HATERS – "TV Addicted Boy" EP
This trio reminds me a lot of another Swiss band WICKED who I reviewed a few years back; great, midtempo, old English influenced punk...very pub rock, very COCK SPARRER. Stripped down guitar and bass, with lots of hooks and catchy choruses, and nice female backing vocals too. The singer sounds more East End than Frankie Flame. This is really well done. Tops! (AD)
(Sprinter, Schwizerstr. 2, CH-8610 Uster, SWITZERLAND)

ESCLAVES SALARIES – "Ca Augure Mal" CD
French Oi from Montreal with a definite ska and reggae influence. Since I don't know speak any French I have no idea what they are singing about but their MySpace page says that they are dedicated to the working class. (Bag on MySpace all you want, but how else was I able to tell if the band was from French Canada or France?) I imagine that these guys are sort of tough guys since they back cover has someone flipping the bird while wearing brass knuckles. Actually what is up with this post 2000 obsession with brass knuckles in the streetpunk/Oi seen? Who the hell actually ever uses brass knuckles?! Anyway, this CD isn't bad but is a little repetitive. (JF)
(Troika, www.troikarecords.com)

THE EVOLUTIONS – "Go Too Far" LP
Sometimes the liner notes of a record give away a little too much of a band's personal story. The back of this LP states "All master tapes are the personal property of Brad X," which naturally makes me believe that THE EVOLUTIONS had one nasty break up. Ouch. This LP isn't as wild or crazy sounding as their 7" releases. A comparison to their previous output actually makes these tracks sound pretty straightforward, but compared to anyone else's this is some raw shit. The band members are still pissed off, but the music isn't as much. That said, there are still some good songs here. Old-style punk rock with bratty vocals. You can just feel them spitting on you while they sing. (CK)
(No Fuckin' Chance, braddaugs@yahoo.com)

FINALLY PUNK – "Henry" EP
I read something recently that Tobi Vail wrote about this band, where she said that FINALLY PUNK is the sort of band that BIKINI KILL was trying to inspire with "all that riot grrl stuff." Which begs the question…if Tobi Vail thinks you're cool, does that mean everything to you (i.e. me)…? Hailing from Austin, TX, FINALLY PUNK is a bunch of teenage (?) girls playing destructive, falling-apart garage music that reminds me of a more abstract MIKA MIKO, or maybe of some of the brattiest, most obnoxious British riot grrl bands, like LUNG LEG





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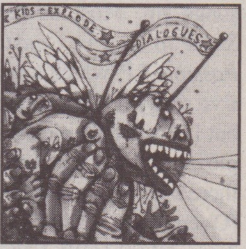


ENEMIES FOR LIFE

or the PHANTOM PREGNANCIES or something. The DIY spray-painted EP covers (which; as an aside, smell so strongly of chemicals that I feel kind of high) and shit-fi weirdness of this band also satisfies the inner DOOR AND WINDOW fan in me. I have to admit that anyone looking for the more raging, straightforward aspects of BIKINI KILL might be put off by this band's anti-pop sensibility, but I for one am way into it They are totally ridiculous and unabashed and convincing, with their deconstructed rock 'n' roll riffs, exuberant energy, and wild vocals. I guess that answers my question: Tobi hearts FINALLY PUNK, and so do I. And so should you. (GN)
(Wonk, finallypunkis@yahoo.com)

FLUX OF PINK INDIANS – "Live Statement" LP

I'm always terrified of live recordings, since they are almost always so badly recorded that they're unlistenable, or else just kind of boring. This FLUX OF PINK INDIANS set was recorded in November of '82 (I was two months old!) and doesn't have the best sound quality—it's fuzzy and the vocals are little blown-out—but it's more charming than not. I have to warn you: If you aren't already a fan, this isn't where to start. But, if are already into this band then this is worth checking out for the live versions of "Progress," "Tube Disasters," and "They Lie, We Die"—those songs rip. Most of the songs are from the *Strive to Survive Causing the Least Suffering Possible* LP, which to me is their best release. I've really never been one for live recordings, but I'll probably pick this up, listen to it a couple more times then be over it. Oh, by the way, there's no insert and the cover art sucks. (AA)
(Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, ENGLAND)

FUCKED UP – "Year of the Dog" 12"

So far this just sounds like shitty directionless rock music with no vocals. Oh no, here is Damian or Golden Marbles or Broken Eyes or whatever the hell his FUCKED UP name is. This record is really not my favorite release by these dudes. It's got the hardcore bro-down style along with the epic jam sesh style that sometimes they are able to magically combine and create something totally intriguing and exciting. But it doesn't happen here. I don't know if the production is weird, or the songs are too disjointed, but it doesn't have that grab-you-by-the-throat fuck yeah quality that songs like "Dance of Death" or "Looking for Gold" have. I am confident this is some rare eBay gold release, but it's not one I am gonna be bidding on, that's for sure. (LG)
(Block Recording Club)

FUZZTONES – "Leave Your Mind at Home" LP

I discovered the wonder of '60s garage a while back thru listening to both original bands and some of the cool early '80s revivals like the CREEPS and the CHESTERFIELD KINGS. As time went on and as I was searching frantically in record stores for more, people kept telling me to check out the FUZZTONES. I finally found an album, but it had too much of a '80s sound and wasn't authentic enough for my tastes. However! I finally see the light with this reissue on the reliable Get Back Records outta Italy. This is a live show from the early '80s recorded with pretty good sound quality, and it captures the band when they were mastering the bona fide '60s punk sound. There are seven tracks, including a few impressive covers like "My Flash on You" by LOVE and the SPARKLES' "No Friend of Mine." These are two of the best punk songs ever—that includes shit from the '70s to today. You can hear screaming and banter between songs and it makes you wish you were there. (BG)
(Get Back, Abraxas srl-via Aretina, 25-50069 Sieci (Firenze) ITALY, www.abraxasrecords.com)

THE FUZZTONES – "Live in Europe!" LP

Remember the '80s '60s? This is reissue of a FUZZTONES live LP from their 1985 tour with a bonus five-minute recording of "Gloria." The charm of rather slick, rather listless, and quite rawk covers of '60s garage gems (with LINK WRAY, STOOGES, and CRAMPS covers given the same treatment for variety's sake), continues to escape me just as it did then, but I know people who were glad for the reissue of the DAMNED's similar *Naz Nomad* LP; they ought to relish this as well. (DD)
(Get Back, Abraxas srl-via Aretina, 25-50069 Sieci (Firenze) ITALY, www.abraxasrecords.com)

THE FUZZTONES – "Lysergic Emanations" LP

Along with THE CRAMPS, THE FUZZTONES set the standard for early-'80s garage—unfortunately a lesson not learned by many of the imitators that swarmed the mid-to-late-'80s. This is their classic LP, full of swirling '60s organ and eerie echoed vocals, and soaked in sci-fi paranoia. Of course 50% of this LP is covers, but this is garage punk, and without the FUZZTONES, many others such as myself would never have been introduced to THE SONICS, THE LITTER, and the million other '60s garage bands that now grace my collection. This LP stands the test of time and can still offer a lesson to many of the retro-lover newcomers. (SD)
(Get Back, Abraxas srl-via Aretina, 25-50069 Sieci (Firenze) ITALY, www.abraxasrecords.com)

GET THE MOST – "Common Goals" CD

I am almost positive that this band is named after the INSTED song of the same name. In fact you can tell they dig taking influence from bands like INSTED and CHAIN OF STRENGTH and blasting through some late '80s style youth crew. And on top of that, they do a good INSTED cover (and an ABUSED cover as well). Thumping base lines lead the way on this musical assault of speed and fury with those strained vocals following close behind blaring out stereotypical sXe band lyrics. This release contains their new EP and what I believe is their demo. If this style is your thing you will definitely dig this release from this Canadian sXe band. (RC)
(Crucial Response, www.crucialresponse.com)

GLEAM GARDEN – "Still Burning" EP

Snuffy Smiles keeps the Japanese JAWBREAKER Appreciation Society thing going with yet another 7" by a noisy-yet-melodic trio. I lost count of the number of bands from Japan who sound like this. I'm not complaining, they're all pretty good…it used to be SNUFF sound-a-likes…GLEAM GARDEN is actually a little faster and rougher than the norm, more AMERICAN STEEL or GUNMOLL and less LEATHERFACE. Good stuff. (AD)
(Snuffy Smiles, 12-A Kamikosaicho, Shichiku, Kita-ku Kyoto 603-8117, JAPAN)

THE GOLDEN BOYS – "Whiskey B 4 Sleep/Fool 4 U"

Two catchy, bluesy rock songs from this Texas twosome. Plodding rhythms and a fuzzed-out, swirly guitar sound with a laid-back vocal style. Not exactly what you'd expect when you see the big, hairy, shirtless man on the back cover. The drummer (and guitarist on the song "Whiskey B 4 Sleep") is JAMES ARTHUR formerly of FIREWORKS and NECESSARY EVILS. (CK)
(Nasty Product, C/o Wladimir Malaga, 10 rue des frenes, 31400 Toulouse, FRANCE)

GRISWALDS – "Fall in Line" CD

Straight-up '90s-style RAMONES-influenced pop punk here. You either like this stuff or you don't. The vocals are pretty tough sounding, almost like street punk, so it doesn't suffer from a wimpy sound like a lot of bands in this genre. On the minus side, the songs tend to drag on too long. But that shouldn't be a problem for those of you can't seem to get enough of this stuff, right? (PC)
(Creature of the Night, www.griswalds.co.uk)

GUILTY RAZORS – "Guilty" LP

The lone single released by this band in 1978 (also reissued on its own and reviewed in this issue) might just be the best French punk record ever. If it's not the undisputed high water mark, it's certainly up there. Fans of European punk from the golden era and anything remotely "Killed By Death" can't exist without this LP. Outside of the original single (included here), the remainder of the LP is all studio *and* all totally fucking great. This reissue is so sought after that one of *MRR*'s coordinators (identity protected) had to sell their ovaries for a copy. (MC)

(Seventeen, www.seventeenrecords.com)

GUILTY RAZORS – "I Don't Wanna Be a Rich" EP

A well-deserved reissue of this classic, hi-energy 1978 EP. GUILTY RAZORS were Spanish ex-pats living in Paris, and kicked out some pretty righteous STOOGES-influenced jams, snotty punk attitude to the max. Three tracks on here, all of them winners. This repress is "limited" to 1978 copies. (CS)

(Seventeen, www.seventeenrecords.com)

HABEMUS KAOS / RAISER – split EP

Both HABEMUS KAOS and RAISER hail from Spain and both play basic crusty hardcore. Let's start with HABEMUS KAOS, shall we? With the exception of a couple of crazy squealing guitar parts, they stay pretty straightforward, with guttural vocals, a pounding (but not fast) Scandi-beat, and generic riffs. Not bad, not great; their side is distinctive for being a current crustcore record without even a vague hint of TRAGEDY influence. Flip the record over and you get RAISER, who intros their side of the record with a goofy little arpeggiated guitar part that goes on just a *little* too long, finally giving way to some abrasive riffing and crazed screaming. This side of the record definitely stood out for the vocalist alone, who sounds good over the heavy guitar fuzz and faster (also Scandi-)beats. Their side was more energetic, exciting, and varied for sure. Decent stuff. Overall verdict? If you want to buy just one current Spanish crustcore record, I suggest great (semi-)recent records by KARKABA or HUMAN BASTARD. But if you want to collect 'em all, I am here to tell you that this record exists, and all in all it's above average, by a hair. (GN)

(Humildad y Honestidad, www.humildadyhonestidad.tk)

HAPPY BASTARDS – "Box of Hard Knocks" CD

This is the first full-length from this Eugene, Oregon crust unit who previously released a split LP with HUMAN CERTAINTY. I'm not too surprised to find this band at home on Profane Existence; the vocalist also does duties as a columnist for *Profane Existence* the zine, and the band definitely fits into the PE stable aesthetically and musically. *Box of Hard Knocks* features twelve songs of emphatic, somewhat melodic female vocals over thrashy crust punk. The recording is pretty muddy, and the songs on the CD sound kind of messy as a result. The art is cartoonish and forgettable, the lyrics political but unsophisticated ("Nike Town, burn it down"), the music fairly generic. Some vocal melodies stick out, but this won't be getting repeat spins around the compound. (GN)

(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.profaneexistence.com)

HARD SKIN – "We Are the Wankers" EP

The best bunch of Oi boys that the past decade has produced give us another EP released in conjunction with their recent Japanese tour. What we have is three songs of merry drunken madness that capture the spirit and humor of some of the finest drunkards currently going. Having just seen a reduction in my hours at work, I think "Egg Fried Rice" might be my new anthem. Big thumbs up. (JF)

(Rudeness, www.h7dion.najp/~rudeness)

H.A.T.E. / LEWISIT – "Det Sjunde Inseglet" LP

Split LP of two moody and dark-edged bands from the Czech Republic. H.A.T.E. delivers three tracks of melodic '90s-ish emo-damaged hardcore with pained screaming and desperately sung vocals, quiet, morose guitar intros and bridges that bust into compartmentalized low end explosions, ponderous lurch, and bombastic Great American Steak Religion/DRIFT-styled hardcore. The four tracks by LEWISIT have the same waltzing tempo but rely less on stop-and-start; they achieve a similar effect through a bit janglier guitar work and extended compositions. Both bands take a different, less energetic direction than, say, CLIKATAT IKATOWI, but are still driven by musical chops to make a solidly interesting and listenable—if comparatively subdued—exploration of this genre. Both bands' lyrics are translated and read more like interesting, metaphoric poetry than the in-jokes and "sassy" cultural smirks that a lot of similar bands in the US seem to use. Exceptionally well recorded and solid. (KS)

(www.hateband.com)

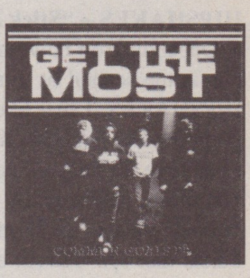
HÄVÄISTYS – "Saamme Vain Sen Minka Pystymme Ottamaan" EP

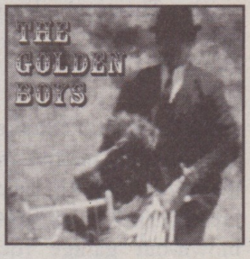
This record, like other recordings by this fine band, is metallic distorted thrash in the fashion of groups such as AGE and EFFIGY. Their riffs are interesting and the recording is top quality. Good work with the dark keyboards that accompany the song "Mun Elama." Although the lyrics are impossibly incomprehensible to me, the vocals sound brutal. I would go to see this band in a heartbeat if they were to play anywhere around a 100 mile radius of where I was on a given day. Ripping! (WK)

(Semmoset Levyt)

HERO DISHONEST – "When the Shit Hits the Man" CD

Man this thing is fucking killer! I have heard previous releases by these dudes and I saw them live a couple years back, but I have absolutely no recollection of them sounding like this. Total driving, energetic-as-fuck, not afraid of the rock, (non-gender specific) balls-out hardcore from Finland. As much as I am tired of hearing it





HABEMUS KAOS
RAISER

HARD SKIN
WE ARE THE WANKERS

said, there are definitely a few nods to the house that Ginn built, but for the most part this is incredibly fresh and original sounding. There are a few where-the-fuck-did-they-pull-that-weird ass-part-from moments, but this kills all from start to finish. I wish it were on vinyl (and it may as well be—this is just the US version—who knows?). (JU)
(Acme, PO Box 441, Dracut, MA 01826)

HIPSHAKES – "Stick Around" EP

Depending on how you put things in order, this is the second or third EP from England's HIPSHAKES. I feel like I've reviewed all of them for *Maximum Rocknroll*, so I'm as guilty as anyone for the confusion. Things are a little bit more traditionally garage-y this time around, but they still can crank out short punk bursts that few current bands can touch. Very wild, loud as fuck, and a perfect present day compliment to your favorite Rip Off Records singles. Their just-released LP smokes as well! (MC)
(A Fistful Of Records)

HIPSHAKES – "Shake Their Hips" CD

Continuing the fine tradition of UK exports the REAL LOSERS, ladies and gentlefolk, may I present THE HIPSHAKES. Ridiculously blown-out garage rock that makes JAY REATARD's and THE OBLIVIONS' recordings sound like YES. Taking cues from the aforementioned, and adding the madness of GUITAR WOLF, add a dash of BILLY CHILDISH and the pure thickneck thudpunk of our fave *Killed By Death* bands and you have the HIPSHAKES. Their versions of "Summertime Blues" would have poor Eddie Cochran turning in his grave. This shit is nuts. (TB)
(Slovenly, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504)

HONEY DON'T – "Don't Ask Me" EP

This Italian band plays a fairly by-the-numbers brand of garage punk, flirting heavily with country and blues themes. The title-track is by far the best tune, managing to sound vaguely like a rave-up in spite of the overdone slide guitar and harmonica. I dunno. This ain't bad, but it's not the sort of record I could see myself spinning more than once. (MC)
(Rijapov, www.myspace.com/rijapovrecords)

IMPERIALIST PIGS – "Cork Screw Pork Sword" EP

OK punks listen up and listen good: THE IMPERIALIST PIGS were Pig Champion's band before he joined POISON IDEA. The recently unearthed and previously unheard material on this EP consists of three studio tracks recorded in 1980 (roughly two years before *Pick Your King*, indisputably the greatest hardcore record of all time) and two live ones from '81. This is proto-hardcore—Pig's signature choppy guitar attack is clearly evident here, though not as focused as it would be on subsequent recordings. THE PIGS were not quite as powerful as BLACK FLAG, THE FIX, or DISCHARGE were at the time, but they bash energetically through their songs nevertheless. I wish the vocals were mixed a little higher on the studio stuff and I wish the two live tracks weren't fucking pressed on concurrent groves on the B-side, but other than that, this is probably the most historically important early hardcore document to come out in a while. Anyways, you better act fast, 'cause last I heard, this EP was sellin' like hotcakes… (CS)
(Fatal Erection, www.fatalerection.com)

IN DEFENCE – CD

This appears to be a collection of the recordings to date by the Twin Cities' IN DEFENCE—their *Twin Cities Crew* EP, two split 7"s, and seven more tracks recorded live on Radio K. Twenty tracks of as-basic-as-it-gets hardcore. I'm sorry, but with the exception of the two tracks from the BIRDS OF A FEATHER split, which were pretty good by the way, there is nothing else about this that made my ears perk even a bit while typing this review. It just doesn't stand out from all the other records that nest somewhere between that trifecta of the first SICK OF IT ALL 7", early DC hardcore, and NEGATIVE APPROACH land. Maybe those two tracks I mentioned are the most recent and there is something cool to look forward with future releases. I'm not completely writing it off. Here's hoping. (JU)
(In Defence, www.myspace.com/indefence)

THE INFECTED – "Out For Blood" CD

Hey you! Yeah, you, with the denim vest over your leather. I've got something for you. This CD is definitely not my usual cup of PG Tips, but it must have caught me in the right mood because I'm enjoying it immensely. On the face of it THE INFECTED plays metallic hardcore, but what's working for them is that it's not merely a slight hint of metal—they've gone overboard with screaming IRON MAIDEN style guitar solos all over the place, excessive drum rolls, and arena-ready production that demands to be blasted from Camaro cassette decks from Long Island to Orange County. Like I said, this is not my usual thing but I can't help thinking they've nailed exactly what they're going for. Next stop, Headbanger's Ball. (AM)
(Bouncing Betty, 1909 Des Plaines Avenue, Park Ridge, IL 60068, www.bouncingbettyrecords.com)

ISOTOPES – "Around the Horn/ You Gotta Freeze"

More Canadian pop punk from British Columbia. The ISOTOPES neatly mix their influences—one part RAMONES, one part BUZZCOCKS. The flipside ups the tempo and heads into QUEERS territory. The whole thing is short and sugar sweet. Not bad. (AD)
(Isotopes, PO Box 78046, Vancouver, BC V5N 5W1, CANADA)

JHABARA – "And Now And" EP

Well, I am not sure what to say about the cover art of this EP. I mean it is no SDS *Ameber* LP art, but it's still pretty fucking out there and wacky. As for the music you ask? Simply put, this is some blazing hardcore from Japan. Crisp-sounding, hard-charging guitar riffs set the tone with those crazy rapid-fire vocals. Things slow down a hair on the flipside and it doesn't carry the intensity of the other side. But it is worth noting that they have Agata from MELT BANANA throwing down some serious guitar insanity on one of the songs on side B. Limited to 700 copies. (RC)
(HG: Fact, www.myspace.com/hgfact)

KING AUTOMATIC – "I Walk My Murderous Intentions Home" CD

Just as I was losing faith in one-man bands (I know… me?!?), here comes an amazing record by one. Now it is really hard to believe that this is a one-man band. I mean it sounds so much better than most of the so-called garage bands around today. KING AUTOMATIC plays drums, guitar, organ, harp, and xylophone and sings all at once. How is this possible? How does he make it sound so good? How does he also manage to write great songs? I will have to see him in action some day to actually believe it. For now I am going to take him on his word that these great sounding, fun garage rock songs were recorded in one take with a few minor additions by friends in the way of backing vocals and sax. Wow. I am impressed and happy to have this great record. (CK)
(Voodoo Rhythm, Jurastrasse 15, 3013 Bern, SWITZERLAND, www.voodoorhythm.com)

KNIFETHRUHEAD – "Gold Teeth, Guns, and Bitches" EP

Shitfuck Advisory, Sactown Hustlas!! I pretty much knew what I was in for once I spotted the photo of Seth Putnam (of ANAL CUNT fame) in the collage, and saw the cover

art (which features a photo of some douchebags—I assume the band—doing some fat ass rails of yay-o off a scantily clad woman's ass). Deep breath…and…go! First to the ladies being defamed in the layout—I assume, by the smiles, that you willingly posed for these photos. If it was for the fame of being on the record cover, it wasn't worth it as there were only 500 of these made. If these dudes are your friends, or worse, boyfriends, go out and meet some nice new people who won't publicly demean their loved ones for a tasteless joke that no one else cares about. The music, a tenth generation copy of 20 generations of CARCASS worship. Not punk in any way. And the porn skits/soundtracks in between the songs are even less interesting. Even if this is tongue-in-cheek, I hope these dudes grow up. In this day and age shock value doesn't count for anything. The world has seen it all, GG is dead, and in the end you just look like an ass. We out! SF gangsta! (JU)
(Buried in Hell, www.buriedinhell@yahoo.com)

LARKSMEN – LP

Man, I have mixed feelings about this one. On one hand, I'm pretty impressed with the diversity of styles that this band tackles throughout the album. They will go from a full on garage rock number to a mellow, indie rock tune, and then into a blues jam. The guitar is twangy and the sweet sounds of a Vox organ echoes in the background, but the sound is more modern than retro. I'm reminded of times of the FELLS, except maybe not quite as rockin'. Also, there's the issue of the two tunes penned and sung by Sean Bonniwell. You gotta understand that I absolutely love the MUSIC MACHINE and was giddy like a school girl when I put this on. Talk about disappointment. Well, he's not that bad; I mean, his voice sounds a little bit different, he still sings and plays pretty good, but it's not what I hoped for. It's not the haunting voice in "Come On In" or the dirty punk of "Talk Talk." The real letdown comes with a fucking stupid Christian anti-Darwinism song that he does. I mean, I knew he became a born again and whatnot, but come on! Do you have to fucking sing about it on a garage rock album and turn us away like that? I'm not sure if this is the stance of the band or if it was the price of having Sean Bonniwell sing on your album. Recommended more for fans of diverse indie garage, but not necessarily for those wanting raucous '60s *punk*. (BG)
(Skylark, 10701 Cedar Ave spc#28, Bloomington, CA 92316)

LOVE ME DESTROYER – "The Things Around Us Burn" CD

Yawn-emotive post punk fest here on the first track and then they start to kick it in a little with their second singer on track two. Give me Gruffy McGee over Whiney McPisspants any day. Dudes know how to play…they just aren't playing anything I really want to hear. (ST)
(Suburban Home, www.suburbanhomerecords.com)

MAKEOUTMUSIC – "Get Off My Soapbox" CD

Six songs on this disc with a speedy melodic hardcore sound a la NOFX and LOVES EQUAL DEATH. Although I don't think they are NOFX clones, they do seem to be raised on Epitaph. Good but not very distinctive. (RL)
(www.makeoutmusic.net)

THE MAKES NICE – "Candy Wrapper and Twelve Other Songs" CD

Power Pop meets Mod, and I love both genres. Great frantic songwriting, heavy on the '60s R 'n' B influences like an early THE WHO on crystal meth, with some fine STEVE MARRIOT-inspired guitar licks. All done with a new approach that keeps it fresh and out of the retro herd. Loving the KEITH MOON pounding and the RIOT SQUAD harmonies. Made all the more special considering its founding members once belonged to heavyweights THE FUCKING CHAMPS and DRUNK HORSE—now that's a career change. I will play this one to death and proclaim these Mod wannabes as my new favorite Bay Area band. Excellent. (SD)
(Fanatic, www.freneticrecords.com)

DAN MELCHIOR UND DAS MENACE – "DM & DM" EP

I'm sure that DAN MELCHIOR is tired of everyone referencing his Medway roots, since they're pretty far in the past at this point, but he is probably still best known for his records with BILLY CHILDISH and HOLLY GOLIGHTLY, so I'll mention them again here just to orient you. Anyway, his solo stuff and his records with the BROKE REVUE have always been really different than any Childish related gear—slow, dark, swampy rock 'n' roll with Dan's trademark vocals, which sound either sinister or soothing, depending on the song. This EP has some unexpected drum machine and almost electroclash-y beats, but they mostly work, though I prefer the more organic sounding BROKE REVUE/MELCHIOR/DAS MENACE stuff overall. (GN)
(Daggerman, daggerman@yahoo.com)

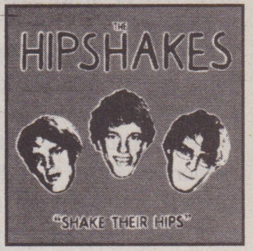
MERKIT / ROBOTEER – split EP

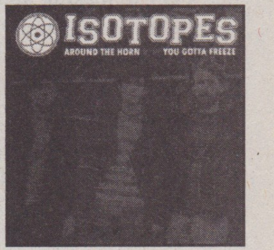
Split EP of two bands from Florida. ROBOTEER is all blown-out blast beats and heavy emo plunge crunch—their sound is plodding harsh noise-to-hardcore circa 1995, with personal lyrics scattered and screeched out. MERKIT has squirrely FUCKFACE-esque vocals in a dark blast of throttle thrash and floor-punching plod, delivering two originals and two LEFT FOR DEAD covers(??). Nice fold-out screened packaging, lyric explanations, and EBULLITION-style "ideas and note from the record company." (KS)
($4 ppd: IFB, 4447 St. Clair Ave, Ft. Myers, FL 33903, www.ifbrecords.com)

METAL URBAIN – "Les Hommes Morts Sont Dangeruex" CD

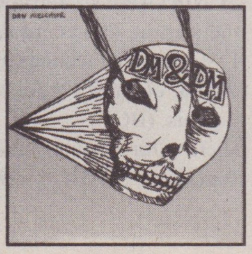
METAL URBAIN is my favorite French punk band and one of my all-time favorite bands. This CD is a 25th Anniversary reissue of their first and only album from 1980 that includes the band's three singles and a bunch of their Peel Sessions. Also included are two bonus tracks

WHEN THE SHIT
HITS THE FAN
BY
HE GOD IZ HONEST





MAKEOUTMUSIC
GET OFF
MY SOAPBOX



that were released as a single with the vinyl version of this reissue. Confusing? You probably already have the Acute CD *Anarchy In Paris* that includes all of these songs plus seven more. This CD, however, is in a limited edition of 1000 so collectors beware. Personally, I am still waiting for that new album they were recording in San Francisco last year. (CK)
(Seventeen, www.seventeenrecords.com)

MIDNIGHT RESURRECTOR – "Life and Definition" CD

MIDNIGHT RESURRECTOR, featuring the guitar players from Osaka's NO SIDE, delivers a considerably more metallic attack compared to the stripped down US hardcore sound of their former project or even the band's street-level, lower-fi metal-tinged Japanese hardcore EP from 2003. While this is easily a "progression," with a fuller, heavier, and slicker recording and a more developed delivery, these eight tracks come off metal-damaged as opposed to enhanced—reliant on growled AGNOSTIC FRONT-styled vocals (with sometimes clunky English lyrics), METALLICA-styled '80s speed metal bridges, and the occasional '90s metal "break it down" part. The problem with punk that has gone this deep into metal territory is that without the haphazard, distorted recording and amped delivery, a lot of the raw power is shed, and it doesn't possess the level of precision playing and overkill production that's key to making mid-tempo metal work. A solidly brutal and strong enough outing for the more metal-leaning fans of Japanese hardcore, but I hope MIDNIGHT RESURRECTOR's next release "resurrects" some of the raw overdrive of their debut. (KS)
(HG:Fact, www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact)

MIRACLE MILE – "The Future History" EP

Why!? *Why!?* Why do bands have to diminish the power of an otherwise great song by adding in either background youth crew singalongs, or worse, emo-esque screaming? In this case, there are both. If I could take those items away, this record would be fucking awesome. The angry hardcore vocals are convincing, and the power chord slugfest made me attempt some pathetic windmill kicks in my bedroom. I then started to wrestle with my cat, but the background screams and chants kicked in and destroyed the mood! There's an excellent cover of NIRVANA's "Territorial Pissings" that had me starting the record over a couple of times. I've got mixed feelings on this one, but I'm sure fans of old/new school crossover would totally dig this. (BG)
(Sell Our Souls, PO Box 9187.08080, Barcelona, SPAIN, www.selloursouls.com)

THE MISHAPS – "Rock and Roll/Woke the Devil Up"

The principle lyrics of "Rock and Roll" are "Rock and Roll." Rock and roll, dunt-dunt-dunt-dunt, dunt-dunt. Essentially, you've got a couple of mid-tempo rock songs with some edge to it. It's good, but it's not great. It's solid, but it's not outstanding. It's well played, but it's not extraordinary. Our copy came with a CD with some bonus tracks. (KK)
(Wall Ride, 4401 Ethel Ave, Hampstead, MD 21074)

THE MONSTERS – "The Worst of Garage Punk Vol. 1" CD

This set of rare, live, and rare live recordings (also available on LP of course—Voodoo Rhythm has nothing but class) dating back to 1986 is a hell of a lot of MONSTERS to digest, but it's enjoyable to attempt it. Whatever you want to call the music of LIGHTNING BEAT MAN's crew (scuzzabilly garage punk rock and roll noise?), they deliver what other bands are afraid to attempt. (DD)
(Voodoo Rhythm, Jurastrasse 15, 30130 Bern, SWITZERLAND)

MOVIE STAR JUNKIES – "Dolls Come In/Garsin"

These JUNKIES clock in with a pair of post-punk tracks with hypnotic guitar riffs over distorted vocals worthy of DER DURSTIGE MANN—very cool and almost restrained. Both tracks boast repetitive guitar figures that could have been tiresome from another band; here, it rocks too hard and insistently to be artsy or pretentious. "Dolls Come In" is my marginal favorite; the riffing ends up echoing in your head for some time after you've put down the needle. Worth a listen if you're into the style. (SS)
(A Fistful of Records)

NEVER HEALED / VIOLENT MINDS – "Armoury of Fearless Truth…" split EP

The East Bay's NEVER HEALED brings us two more tracks of anger and spite spilled onto a beautiful-looking vinyl platter that's split into three different colors. If you picked up their 12" EP, you know what to expect. If not, think angry, mid-paced hardcore with some seriously blood-curdling vocals. There really is no comparison to NEVER HEALED's sound. All I can tell you is that it's mean. I love it. On the flip, VIOLENT MINDS comes out sounding a bit different than I remember from their first two EPs, which by the way I already sold like an idiot. Their first track is definitely a tad more on the rock side of the HC map but still vicious as all get out. Their second bomb is much closer to the early-'80s East Coast influenced sound that they are known for. A killer EP. (JU)
(Spiderghost Pressgang, 530 Divisadero, PMB #121, San Francisco, CA 94117)

NEW TOYS – "Better Late Then Never" LP

.....another nice Italian Rave Up collection; this time its the NEW TOYS from New York City (they're up to Vol. 49 now)..........!!!!!! This shit has got a pretty '80s sound.....done by pros trying to be bozos.....playing pop rock in the New York HEARTBRAKERS/ELECTRIC CHAIRS/DICTATORS kinda way.......it's cool, but not as wonderful as the REVELONS (that other New York band).......!!!!!!!! See you in church...........bitch!!! (SW)
(Rave Up, via Crispolti 16, 00159 Roma, ITALY, www.raveuprecords.com)

NO COMPLY / XBRAINIAX – split EP

I can't recall if I have ever heard NO COMPLY before, but now that I have I can say I am not missing much. Super lo-fi and sludgy tunes that consist of bass, drums, and vocals. They occasionally kick down some really fast parts, but it still sounds horrible. The recording is bad, the songs are bad, and the instrument playing is bad. On the other hand I thought XBRAINIAX were pretty fucking ripping. Nine songs of shredding fast powerviolence. Blast beats, abrupt tempo changes, blistering vocals…and of course a LACK OF INTEREST cover all add up to some shit hot tunes. (RC)
(625 Thrash, www.625thrash.com)

NO EVACUATIONS – "Truth" CD

This Japanese band pulls together a rock solid mix of punk and metal. One second they will be working some MOTÖRHEAD style riff and the next they will be harmonizing with some borderline poppy rock stuff. At times they definitely go overboard with long winded instrumentals, rock ballads, and sappy vocals, but there are still some quality moments to be found here. I think if they trimmed some of the excess (there are a few songs that totally fall flat), stuck to the more straight forward punk and metal stuff and slimmed this down to an EP, it would have been outstanding. (RC)
(HG: Fact, www.myspace.com/hgfact)

THE NORMALS – "1978 Recordings" CD

OK, as a *Killed By Death* fanatic, you're certainly already familiar with this New Orleans band, as songs from their debut single, *Almost Ready/Hardcore*, appeared on *Volume 10* and on *Volume 17*. Maybe you also picked up the previous NORMALS retrospective CD that came out in the late '90s. Well, here's one

more for you to track down—a new collection that includes both cuts off the aforementioned single plus 17 other STOOGES/PISTOLS/DEAD BOYS-influenced numbers, the majority of which are available for the first time here. This one definitely falls in the "worthwhile" category of reissues—the sound quality is good, the nicely laid-out CD comes with liner notes, lyrics, and photos, and, mostly importantly, the tunez are killer. Now, get on it! (CS)
(Nat, www.natrecords.com)

THE NOW-DENIAL – "Obey, Adapt, Shut Up, and Die" CD

The NOW-DENIAL took the foundation laid by the bands that ruled their Deutschland homes in the mid-'90s—bands like ACME and CAROL—and threw in a nice little addition of speed to the melody and bulldozing power, as most of those bands were a tad on the slow side. Some of these tracks are definitely of the mosh-a-rific variety but still kill it more than most others who actually try to write songs to put on your wind pants for. This disc appears to be a discography of sorts (I say of sorts as I'm not quite sure they have in fact broken up yet), featuring tracks from their splits with SEEIN' RED and HIGH SCORE, a couple comp tracks, their *Truth Is on Fire* 12", the *Viva Viva Threatening* tracks, and a bunch of unreleased ones as well. This disc also has live videos of three shows that I didn't watch. Check this out if you're into the heavy shit—either just forget about all that Equal Vision shlock they're shoving down your throats, or just steal it from a Virgin Megastore, spend your money on this NOW-DENIAL CD, and support some folks who are in this shit for the right reasons. (JU)
(Too Circle, Shingo Maeda, 221-3 Hi-home Kodaira 510, Nakamachi Kodaira-city #187-0042 Tokyo, JAPAN, www005.upp.so-net.ne.jp/toocircle)

OROKU – "Living Through the End Time..." LP

A huge, apocalyptic, dark sound not far from heavy NEUROSIS, old ISIS, or REMAINS THE DAY. Take those sounds and add wonderful use of cello and a pinch of crust (someone should name their band "Pinch of Crust"—feel free to use the name) and you have OROKU. The cello is provided by Lisa from GARMZONBOZIA. Songs are patient but when they get going they will pummel you into the ground. From Seattle and I can hear the darkness and rain in the music. (MH)
(New Audio Terror 7, 208 25TH Ave E Seattle, WA 98112)

OUT COME THE WOLVES- "Pshh" EP

CRO-MAGS? Sorta …fused into a DYS "Wolfpack" cover which makes me hate the original even more. They go from the tough moshy parts to picked-up hardcore with "Check, check!" screamed into the mic, which briefly interrupted the boredom and got some chuckles out of me. Funny, this band is from Spain and sings all their stuff in English—they have a decent handle on English but still go for the cookie-cutter lyrical ideas of straight edge with the tough guy bullshit. These guys have to let the world know they are straight edge and proud! Go on with your X'ed up selves. (MS)
(Sell Our Souls, www.selloursouls.com)

OUT WITH A BANG – "I'm Against It" EP

Everyone's favorite Italian douchebags see last year's supreme 12" reissued as a 7" with a song tacked on. The result? Reaffirmation of their genius and a wider audience. Seriously, if you haven't heard OUT WITH A BANG (or their predecessor, THE GRABBIES), you need to stop what you are doing and get this record. One listen has transformed me from a fat, lazy slob into a bone-thin, drug-addicted wildman. I'm starting break shit for no reason. I'm getting to the point where I'll fuck *anything*. I can now use the word "Fuck" correctly and with much more gusto than I was able to before. Thanks OWAB!!! (MC)
(Fashionable Idiots, PO Box 580131, Minneapolis, MN 55458)

OVER THE EDGE – "Tales From The Blacktop Burnout" CD

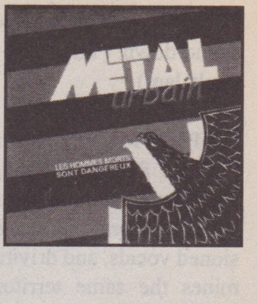
Great rock 'n' roll street punk from the city that has this style down to a T—Boston. Bouncing with energy, powered along with some great gruff-yet-sing-along vocals accompanied by fine gang-back-ups—and enough anthems to fill up any British football stadium. Like a super-charged HUDSON FOLCONS soaked in the ol' school grease and oil of THE BOILERS, with the energy of a younger and better DROPKICK MURPHYS. (SD)
(Rotten Drunk, 21 Wells Ave, Westwood, MA 02090)

PAZAHORA – CD

PAZAHORA from Singapore can be described as really heavy peace punk in the crust vein. Melody-saturated guitar-work abounds and it completely works. This is both listenable and would be fitting at any sort of raging chaos party because it jams. The lyrics are bleak and define the anti-capitalist minority of opposition that few still have enough hope to champion. PAZAHORA can be likened to REMAINS OF THE DAY, WITCH HUNT, and maybe DISABLE from Poland at times. OK, it also reminds me of TO WHAT END?, which is not a bad thing by any means. Really driving and epic and I like the fact that they have multiple singers that all have distinct vocals that work together well. (WK)
(Prohibited Projects, prohibitedprojects@gmail.com)

PICTURE FRAME SEDUCTION / TRUE SOUNDS OF THE REVOLUTION – split CD

An interesting release from these two bands from the same town in Wales, one who started in the late '70s and recently reformed, and one who looks young enough to be their kids (they look young enough to be my kids for that matter). PICTURE FRAME SEDUCTION has stuck closely to their old sound, rocking out driven UK82 political tunes not unlike early GBH or ENGLISH DOGS. I'm always surprised how good they are even after all these years. TRUE SOUNDS isn't a million miles away in sound or ideology and easily keeps up. They're maybe a little more ANTI FLAG than ANTI



Midnight Resurrector
Live and Definition

THE NORMALS

OVT WITH A BANG!
RPM
I'M AGAINST IT
EP

SYSTEM, but they have still have the UK82 sound down. (TB)
(Cult Jam)

LA PIOVRA – "L'Ultima Sigaretta" LP

Wow. Raging six-song one-sided 12" from this newer Italian band. Classic early-'80s-style hardcore, marked by wild guitar, impassioned vocals, and driving drums. LA PIOVRA mines the same territory as, say, CAREER SUICIDE, but unlike so many other current bands, sounds fresh and original at the same time. The faint dose of rock swagger doesn't hurt either. I'm not so stoked on the extravagant packaging and silk-screened colored vinyl (save that limited arty crap for the trendy shit bands that need it to sell records), but hey, you can't win them all, can you? (CS)
(Youth Attack!, www.ihateyouthattack.com)

THE POWER CHORDS – "Unattached Strings/Dream Girl"

Two tracks of super-clean power pop, coming off as a lost treasure from a bygone age. THE POWER CHORDS mix the commercial edge of XTC with the buzzy sound of THE BUZZCOCKS and the slight swagger of the early DICKIES. The clean sound may put off a lot of the purists/elitists that this scene is full of, but to this reviewer it completely suits the crisp and hooky songwriting. Now go make me some more (SD)
(Mean Buzz, www.meanbuzzrecords.com)

PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS – "And Friends" CD

PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS was Australia's first no-wave band, peddling atonal synth driven dirges. Like their New York contemporaries, they were light years away from anything on their own continent. This CD kicks off with their startling debut release "I Can't Stop It/Do That Dance," which mixes art synth with an almost CRASS like directness. Great stuff. The live tracks that follow are a little harder to digest being way more noise driven, heading into almost post punk industrial territory. After that we have the "and friends" portion, which is bunch of other Melbourne bands who appeared on the *Little Bands* comp EP (TAKE, THRUSH AND THE CUNTS, MORPIONS), mostly taking the DIY ethic to extremes sounding like a bunch of instruments being thrown down a flight of stairs. I quite liked the TAKE track, but the rest is pretty tough listening. The final portion of the CD is tracks by post PC band ZYE YE YE, who used a Sudanese chanter in lieu of one of their members…you can only imagine! Fans of the *Messthetics* series or no-wave/art punk should check this out…you can always hit stop before the Sudanese chanting. (TB)
(Chapter, PO Box 247, Northcote Vic, 3070, AUSTRALIA)

PSYKIK VOLTS – "Re-Volting ('79-'06)" CD

After releasing one single, *Horror Stories/Totally Useless*, way back in 1978, the PSYKIK VOLTS then fell into the deep, dark hole of obscurity. This CD compiles the single, which is a totally blown-out new wave classic (for a modern reference, think JAY REATARD's current solo incarnation), with a bunch of unreleased tracks, plus a few re-recorded songs from their 1979 set. Unlike a lot of these collections of old obscure bands, the trend of having their one classic single and adding a load of throwaway filler is turned upside down on this particular release. It boasts a CD full of infectious new wave and punk hits, swinging somewhere between THE EPOXIES and THE HATEPINKS. This could come straight out of Memphis and be a new current fave on In The Red Records. It's like finding a big box of buried treasure. (SD)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 45854, London, E11 1YX, ENGLAND, www.damagegoods.co.uk)

PSYKIK VOLTS – "Totally Useless/Horror Stories"

One of the many problems I have with picture discs, besides that they usually have bad artwork, and that the vinyl quality is often bad, and that they usually cost too much money, is that they never have an insert, so you don't have anything to look at or read while you listen to the record. And if you wanna know the name of the song, you have to twirl your head around at 45 revs per minute to try and read the disc. Fortunately for me, being a member of the esteemed music press means I get a one-sheet to read while I listen to the picture disc (which I didn't have to pay for, and has at least one side of not-so-bad artwork, and decent sounding vinyl). Wot I learnt from the one-sheet: PSYKIK VOLTS was an obscure UK punk/new wave band from 1978 that only ever put out one single—this one! And it's really good! Side A sounds like a punkier TUBEWAY ARMY with it's catchy redundant riff and snotty monotone vox—with distorted guitars instead of syths. The B-side is in the same vein, but is more bouncy and spooky. Imagine a goth TOY DOLLS. This is totally worth getting for the A-side. Do it! (PC)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 45854, London E11 1YX, UNITED KINGDOM, www.damaged-goods.co.uk)

PURPLE WIZARD – "Power of Love" EP

.....now this is a music group that makes me want to ejaculate onto my own face!!!!!!! I've raved about this outfit in the past and I still hold to it......if you're a fan of tough sounding '60s girl groups you might wanna check out PURPLE WIZARD, they might be what your sore genitals need in these bleak times of "really bad music".....!!!!!!!! There's three songs on this seven inch platter of bee's wax and this one is numbered; "164/300"....so I guess that means it's limited!!!!! I'm particularly floored by the EVERLY BROTHERS cover of "Power of Love"!!!!!!!!! I'm a HUGE motherfucking EVERLY BROS fan and this version is on-fucking-fire!!!!!!! Just check out the size of my balls right now.....!!!!!!! PURPLE WIZARD needs to come play in SF......I want to taste them in the flesh!!!!! (SW)
(Show and Tell, www.myspace.com/showandtell-records)

THE QUEERS – "Beat Off" CD

The Asian Man label continues its "Records I Bought in the '90s" re-master series with this long-lost gem from the halcyon days of 1994. I forgot how much I liked THE QUEERS—they played great fun punk rock without one iota of sophistication or pretense. They were also one of the few bands who plied straight-up punk rock in the early/mid-'80s. Their sound would rebound from simple, dirge-y "53rd and 3rd"-style obnoxious hits to (really well-crafted) BEACH BOYS pop anthems (just listen to their cover of TOMMY JAMES AND THE SHONDELLS "Mirage"), and nowhere can it be seen better than on this, their (umm, first...second...?) third album, all with a great fuck you attitude that seems really refreshing nowadays. What happened to them? What happened to us? We used to be beautiful man... (AD)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030, www.asianmanrecords.com)

THE QUEERS – "Munki Brain" CD

It seems like people are starting to like THE QUEERS again. They've been around a while by today's standards and no one has a bad word to say about the current line-up live. This ain't no *Love Songs*... but it's still a fun disc. A little more BEACH BOYS influence as well as THE RAMONES. Yes, THE QUEERS can still rock and get the foot tappin' as well. (RL)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030, www.asianmanrecords.com)

THE RAZORBURNS – "Ouch!" CD

Here is some local spun punk rock from a band that contains members of FABULOUS DISASTER and TEENAGE HARLETS. This is catchy pop stuff that is easy on the ears. I think I would have enjoyed it a lot more, but the female vocals grated on me from the second they dropped in on the first song. The vocals were just too sugary and sweet for my taste and made listening to this CD virtually unbearable. Nevertheless I can see lots of folks bopping around to this band at some local club…I just won't be there. (RC)
(Emancypunx, www.emanypunx.com)

RELEASING HATE – "Don't Forget Dreams" CD

Sorry dudes, I hate to be a dick, but I'm gonna have to "release some hate" on your crummy "emotional youth crew" CD. It's not just the mix of Nth generation IGNITE riffs with bad '90s emo, or the awful wannabe-MTV-band artwork and layout, it's that the singer straight-up sounds like a castrated muppet, in the worst possible way. I'm all for non-traditional-sounding vocalists in hardcore bands, but this is so wrong that I can't think of anything else while I'm suffering through this listening experience. I mean, you seem like a fairly professional band—you better do something about this, and quickly. (CS)

(Sell Our Souls, PO Box 9187, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN, www.selloursouls.com)

RESIGNED TO FATE – "Hands Tied Down" LP

The sounds of wind blowing, a vocal sample, tribal drumming, and guitar feedback, then a twin guitar riff that could be a SLAYER riff from the '80s. Then the track (and most of the other tracks)—a speedy, blurry mix of metal sounds. RESIGNED TO FATE mixes melodic death metal, thrash, speedy hardcore, and crusty sounds, and makes it all work. I heard a lot of nods to old school metal, including gallops and mellow clean guitar intros. Hell, "Last Words" could almost be an old '80s thrash metal band outtake. They are from Texas and this album was mastered by James Plotkin (OLD and KHANATE). Lyrics are dark, sometimes touching on politics but mostly crusty/doom themes. I liked this and if I'm going to get picky it's that the vocal delivery comes across stiff on some tracks, but don't let that stop you from checking this out. You'll find yourself headbanging when they kick into the gallop on "Last Words." (MH)

(Dada Drumming, PO Box 101445, Fort Worth, TX 76185, www.dadadrumming.org)

RETAINERS – "Exterminator" EP

Had to double check that this EP wasn't pressed on a hunk a dirt, as the sounds from the speakers make lo-fi seem an understatement. Raw garage punk, lifting straight from the REATARDS book of smash 'n' grab punk. It's a little too muffled for me, but if you like having yer ears bent by the aforementioned or bands like the CARBONAS, FEELERS, or anything on P.Trash this is worth tracking down. 300 copies only. (TB)

(Jilted, no address)

RETARDED – "Gambling on Rock" EP

I'm not sure I get the point of a punk band plastering photos of themselves wearing KISS make-up all over the pic sleeve of their EP unless they're covering KISS songs. I immediately assumed that we'd have a bunch of KISS covers here. The good news is that I was wrong. So, what have we got here? Well, we've got '70s styled rock 'n' roll with a little more umph than most '70s rock ever had. It's melodic, it's driving, and it's catchy. It's not real edgy. I honestly can't figure out whether or not I like it. Or maybe I like it, but I'm not sure if I want to admit that to myself (or anybody else.) (KK)

(It's Alive, 1141 Hewes St, Orange, CA 92869)

RHINO CHARGE – EP

Blazing fast blast beats, and lots of fast, slow, fast parts. They even kick into a stoner rock gallop on one track that reminds me of THE ENDLESS BLOCKADE. A one sided 7" with six quick tracks. Their sound falls someplace between grindcore and power violence, for example between HEWHOCORRUPTS and NO COMMENT. Don't expect any super tight techie grind like HEWHOCORRUPTS though, there is more noise, looseness, chaos, fun, and even silliness. Fuck yeah. (MH)

(To Live a Lie, www.tolivealie.com)

IAN RILEN AND THE LOVE ADDICTS – "Passion Boots and Bruises" CD

Formed by Ian Rilen, a founding member of ROSE TATTOO and the one responsible for the Australian X. This new band plays it heavy, soaked in Delta blues, with some neat RY COODER-style slide guitar, shoved along with some bulldozer riffs and pounding skins. Good to see an ol' timer showing no sign of age, and not afraid to crank the levels way into the red. 14 tunes, and if you're digging any of Gary Floyd's current output then you'll probably dig this. (SD)

(Bang!, Apdo 166, Santurtzi 48980, Bizkaia, Basque Country (SPAIN), www.bang-records.net)

RIPCORD – "Discography Part III: From Demo Slaves to Radio Waves" LP

As the title reveals, this is a demo recording along with some BBC studio stuff. All the material was recorded between 1986 and 1988. Now, RIPCORD was one of those bands that spoke to me in ways that so many others could not—this had to do solely with their delivery and passion! This band's fucking energy completely wrecked so many posers that stood in their way, and I listened… Being straight edge for so many years and hearing "Drug Shit" kick in—it was so much more of a straight edge anthem for me than so many cheesy ass crew bullshit bands that we were/are all tired of being inundated with. Well, many of you out there know this and nod in agreement, and for those who are unfamiliar, give this a listen and go nuts!! The best stuff comes from the earlier sessions and the sound is more on the hardcore side of things. One killer after another of raw UK hardcore. (MS)

(Skuld, www.skuldreleases.de)

SABOTEURS – "DIY" EP

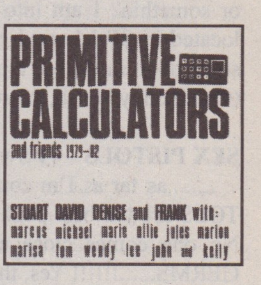
I wasn't really realizing it, but I kept turning this 7" over and playing it again and again. I had done it about ten times and just now remembered that I am supposed to be writing something about it. Sometimes, I'd just rather listen to a record. There is lots of shouting and fast guitar action on this poorly recorded disc. That last part doesn't bother me 'cos I'd rather have a distorted, messy sounding good record than a superbly recorded bad record, if you know what I mean. SABOTEURS feature ex-members of HIPS whose records I like a lot. This is simplistic garage music with punk vocals. They may be pissed off, but they manage to do it anthemically. Great stuff. (CK)

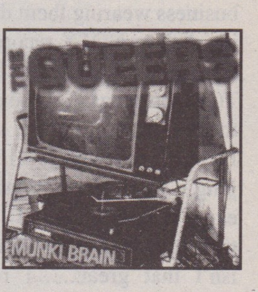
(Going Underground, 1822 G St., Bakersfield, CA 93301)

SABOTEURS – EP

This features ex members of HIPS, whose last record I think I also reviewed. This is even more lo-fi than that,

SKATEBOARDING DOWN WITH PENNY HAWK
PICTURE FRAME SEDUCTION
&
TRUE SOUNDS OF THE REVOLUTION


PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS
and friends 1979–82
STUART DAVID DENISE and FRANK with:
marcus michael marie ollie jules marion
marisa tom wendy lee john and kelly



the RAZORBURNS

RHINO CHARGE

which is an achievement for sure. Anyway SABOTEURS is very much in the same school as the PHANTOM PREGNANCIES; total disposable bratty treble attack garage punk that sounds like it was recorded on a boom box in a crumbling rec room. The vocals are shouted/chanted in a way that kind of reminds me of Nikki and Jo's vocals on the early HUGGY BEAR 7"s, but maybe they are more influenced by the sounds of uh, Chicago garage or somethin? I am into it and since they are located in SF I hope I get to see them live at some point in the not too distant future. (LG)
(Commodity Fetish, theironyisripe@gmail.com)

SEX PISTOLS – "I Swear I Was There" LP

........as far as I'm concerned, the SEX PISTOLS are the best punk band of all time!!!!!! No one comes close except for maybe the GERMS......!!!!!! Yes, that's right.....and if you don't dig what I'm saying here then you got no business wearing them dumb clothes and sucking dick to NOFX records......you motherfucking piece of shit!!!!!! I also love SEX PISTOLS bootlegs.....some of 'em are real bad, but the ones that are good, such as this one, really fill my heart with joy!!!!! More joy than popping a load of DNA into your grandmother's eager mouth....that is!!!!!! I'm grooving heavy to this platter even though the sound quality isn't that great........I read much about this show......live at the Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall on June 4th, 1976......featuring Glen Matlock on bass!!!!!!!! What a performance!!!!!!! They open up with a real early version of "Did You No Wrong" with loads of backing vocals.......and a killer version of the SMALL FACES "Watcha Gonna Do About It?" along with other covers and originals that would eventually get dropped from their set when old Sidney Vish joined and couldn't keep up......!!!!! This is an amazing document.....apparently the whole show wasn't able to fit on this platter so there's an EP companion called *I Swear I Stayed For The Encore*......fucking amazing!!!!!! Best PISTOLS boot I've heard in a long time!!! (SW)
(Goodtime Music, 123 Bootleg Road, Your Mama's House, 666 Hell)

SEX PISTOLS – "Never Mind the Bands Tour 77" LP

Shane White warned me that the sound quality on this was rotten, and it is—it's akin to listening to something through a floor. It sounds slow and horrible, and is a totally pointless endeavour. Seriously, the shittiest bootleg—not worth a C90 cassette dub even. (LG)
(bootleg, no addy)

THE SHIRLEY MACLAINES – "Hey Girls/Television Sucks"

I would walk out on this band if they were playing a show with bands I wanted to see. Lo-fi garage rock with lyrics as repetitive as their monkey beat drummer. Always a signal for me to step outside or into a bar until it's over. The song "Hey Girls" isn't entirely terrible but the B-side "Television Sucks" is certifiably so. (ST)
(Heads Up, www.headsup_records.com)

SIBERIA – "Trenches Fear" EP

SIBERIA!!! Who are you? Where are you from? Since the lyrics are in Spanish, I am assuming Spain or some Latin American country or, hey, they could be from the US, who knows? Well, we are presented with lo-fi hardcore in the vein of DISCHARGE, though way more on the noisy side of things…They are lyrically minimal but to the point, a la DISCHARGE. Fans of the D-beat, go for it—I am sure you will like it. "Que esta Pasando?" Great observation. (MS)
(Siberia, www.horroensiberia.tk)

SKATE KORPSE – "Discography" LP

Punks Before Profits have done the world a great service by releasing the discography of this great, now defunct Rochester/Buffalo, NY band. Along with a demo, SKATE KORPSE released three records in their brief existence: 2004's s/t EP on Punks Before Profits, 2005's *Rochester Blues* single on Art of the Underground, and the *Down* EP on DSK, all of which are collected here along with six unreleased tracks. I believe the main reason this band didn't get more of a response is likely due to the criminally small press runs of their records (only 250 of *Rochester Blues* and 300 of *Down*), which makes this re-ish essential. On to the music! It seems that the DKs and AGENT ORANGE are a better starting point than any, although these shredders are not nearly as dark as some of the others culling from the same sources (e.g. NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS and their ilk). One thing SKATE KORPSE has done that most who fly the LA-beach-punk-as-an-influence flag don't, is instead of tossing in surf-y parts here and there, they just throw all caution to the wind and play whole surf songs. Which they do well I must add. So do yourself a favor and pick this up ASAP, as it prolly won't be in the bins very long. (JU)
(Punks Before Profits, PO Box 1148, Grand Rapids, MI, 49501)

THE SNAZZY BOYS – "Organized Octopus" EP

Three almost blink-and-you'll-miss-them, almost new wavish but closer to the faster moments of THE DEAD MILKMAN songs. Pretty good but forgettable. There isn't one totally standout song on here. Visually they're taking cues from bands like THE BRIEFS and all the bands they took cues from. (ST)
(Rijapov, www.myspace.com/rijapovrecords)

SOUNDCITY HOOLIGANS – "We Live As Boys Should" CD

Silhouette of a woman in a martini glass on the cover. Flaming dice on the booklet. The CD starts of with some woah-ohs. Yup, the SOUNDCITY HOOLIGANS are generic folks. For fans of a bland BOUNCING SOULS. (JF)
(Longshot, PMB #72, 302 Bedford Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11211)

SOUND CITY HOOLIGANS / HOLLYWOOD GODS – split EP

Longshot Music presents two melodic punk bands for your listening pleasure. SOUND CITY HOOLIGANS offers two pleasant DROPKICK MURPHYS-style ditties. These songs would be marginally entertaining as background music at your local bar. The two SOUND CITY HOOLIGANS songs on this EP would not draw you to the front of the club for some crazed pogoing. Flip this EP over and THE HOLLYWOOD GODS continue in the same vein. The music is well played with strategic guitar hooks, solid drumming, good bass playing, and a polished delivery. There is no urgency. This music does not grab you by the throat and demand your undivided attention. (BR)
(Longshot Music, PMB #72, 302 Bedford Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11211, www.longshotmusic.com)

STAR CLUB – "Cool Posers: The Early Singles 1977-83" LP

Right or wrong, I've always thought of STAR CLUB as a baby STALIN—punked out Japanese punk/proto-hardcore with excellent fashion, good songs, etc., but a tad gimmicky, and not in the exciting, provocative way of the STALIN. And as a result, I've never delved fully into this band's output, despite their being one of Japan's first and longest running punk bands. The legend has it that the STAR CLUB formed after hearing the SEX PISTOLS, and that classic '77 vibe is with them in full force on this retrospective of their early singles. The earliest stuff on this boot is pretty primitive in sound and doesn't really go anywhere interesting song-wise. This is the *Go to Hell* EP, which came out in 1977, a full four years before the next EP (*Club Take One*). Honestly, the first EP kind of sux. I have to say that I like the material on side B better—the *Shut Up!* EP and *The Star Club No. 6* EP—by '82/'83 this band was playing a little faster and with some really cool guitar parts and songs, and the recordings sound good. Over time, the STAR CLUB would undergo a bunch of lineup changes and changes in style, but this collection is a good, affordable way to collect their earliest (and probably some of their best) material in one place. Oh, and the boot looks alright, though it didn't trick me for one second into thinking it was a legitimate reissue. There is a poster included in the package with lots of really awesome photos but no band or pressing information. (GN)

(bootleg, no address)

STEEL TRAP / TRASH TALK – split EP

Whoa, is this 1997 or 2007? These two Northern California bands took me down memory lane with an onslaught of some serious *hawdcore*. STELL TRAP kicks things off with some generic metalcore filled with big mid-tempo riffs and lots of breakdowns. They tried to sound vicious and angry, but it all just fell flat. TRASH TALK picks things up for the better with some fast and thrashy hardcore. And they have quite a few sXe style breakdowns thrown in just to show they are not afraid to show their influences. Overall this was a decent release, but I wouldn't consider it a must have. (RC)

(Spiderghost Pressgang, 530 Divisadero, PMB #121, San Francisco, CA 94117)

SUBMERGE – LP

SUBMERGE has an anonymous heavy hardcore sound, lacking a unique character. One minute I'd like a riff and the next I'd forget I was listening to something. Lyrics are in French and the vocals low in the mix and I couldn't understand a word. The guitars change speed a lot. I hear a little bit of KNUT and a little bit of CONVERGE. It does sound big and crushing, but it just didn't move me. (MH)

(Destructure/Abstration, www.submerge.fr.st/)

SUMMON THE CROWS – "Scavengers Feast" LP

Musically SUMMON THE CROWS is heavy, fast-paced crust with more hardcore roots than metal. The vocals are really gruff shouting that is awesome and their lyrics are negative, depressing, and totally unwavering. They have really good song structures musically I might add, and a good recording too. I fucking love SUMMON THE CROWS art more than most other bands. I like to read their lyrics because they are composed so well and really grasp a lot of feelings of depression that I can relate to due to the state of this world and life in general. I like their music in small doses, like on a comp tape, mainly because of the cookie monster vocals. I like bands like HAITUS and DOOM, who I could compare their vocals to, and I would say the same goes for those bands too. Anyhow, this is a very good release and I think that a lot of folks who like crust will be digging this band for a long time to come. This record is far above average for certain. (WK)

(Cradle to The Grave, www.cradletothegraverecords.com)

SWEET ROT – "Drug Fiend" EP

Why haven't I heard of these guys before? Because I'm a fucking square, I guess. At any rate, their spastic-but-loose frenzy, coupled with some great stupid production (the background vocals—perfection!), makes this one appealing hunk of wax. If this were on some latter day KBD comp, collector geeks would be scrambling to tack it onto their want lists. Bravo. (DD)

(Square Wave, 9032 Colbreggan Drive, Huntington Beach, CA 92646

TERMINAL YOUTH – LP

Here you get 18 songs of raging hardcore from the East Coast. They take a basic fast outline of a band like TEAR IT UP then turn the volume up and distort the fuck out of everything. Then they start adding in elements of crust and the occasional blast beat, and create one seriously great fucking record. And those aggressive, throat-shredding vocals only add to the intensity of this monster. I know it is early in the year, but this is at the top of the list so far. Essential! (RC)

(www.terminalyouth.tk)

THIS FLOOD COVERS THE EARTH – "Drawing a Line" EP

Handclaps, nicely silk-screened covers, and awesome-looking vinyl are a sucker punch to my reviewer heart. Next level hardcore with political leanings. Thank you sir, may I have another? (ST)

(Dood, www.doodrecs.com)

THE THREATS – "God Is Not With Us Today" CD

Angry Edinburgh schemies THE THREATS are back with their new album of rock-powered punk. There's more than a hint of metal here—at times you could swear you were listening to JUDAS PRIEST, which is meant as a compliment. Still, songwriting wise they tend to rely on traditional clichés—there aren't really any surprises on this disc. That said, fans will not be disappointed. (AM)

(Doctor Strange, PO Box 1058, Alta Loma, CA 91701, www.drstrange.com)

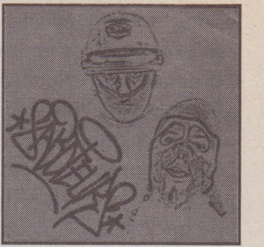
TRANZMITORS – "Teenage Tragedy/Invisible Girl"

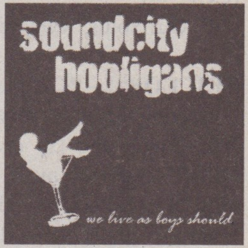
Another new one from my latest favorite group, and a bit of a departure. The A-side, with its piano, rollicking rhythms, and bluesy licks, is more of a pub-rock knees-up than the usual dynamic powerpop I've come to expect. "Invisible Girl" takes us back to powerpop territory with a verse that could be from THE BUZZCOCKS' second album but a chorus that is straight '70s pop. There's a disconcerting amount of guitar soloing on this track, but it doesn't sound too out of place. A slightly new direction for the TRANZMITORS, can't wait to hear what they do on their upcoming LP. (AM)

(Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

TRAP THEM – "Cunt Heir to the Throne" EP

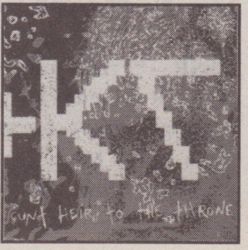
Limited edition EP on black and silver vinyl by this New Hampshire band. Side A has two awesome and recommended tracks of acrobatic throttling fast hardcore, which deftly jump from grinding blast beats, to MELT BANANA-styled guitar freakouts, to the straight-ahead ram-charging sound of the growing lineage of New England hardcore since the early '90s (FIT FOR ABUSE, DEFORMED CONSCIENCE, even CONVERGE)—just no-frills pummeling depth charges. Well done for the "experimental hardcore" genre, complemented (or detrimented, depending on your point of view) by the "I'm





SWEET ROT
Drug Fiend

THREATS
GOD IS NOT WITH US TODAY



saying something important here, you just can't figure out what it is" (art) school of lyrical obtuseness, which often falsely makes the assumption that the listener is going to 1) spend time or 2) care enough to figure out what the hell you're talking about. Demonstrative of this problem is side B, which is the unexplained title track as a side-long, blasé "Family Man"-styled spoken word thing over some noise. Yikes! (KS)
(Trash Art Sound and Culture, PO Box 725, Providence, RI 02901 www.trashartrecords.com)

TRASH TALK – "Worthless Nights" EP

Sacramento's TRASH TALK joins the list of brand new Northern California bands that play furiously fast modern hardcore with epic breakdowns. To be honest, I hear a lot of CEREMONY in this (which isn't a bad thing). I counted 20 "fucks" on just the A-side of this record. The youth are restless…and angry. (CC)
(Sell Our Souls, www.selloursouls.com)

TRICLOPS! – "Cafeteria Brutalia" CD

Driving, noisy yet arty punk that recalls later '80s Touch and Go or AmRep bands. TRICLOPS! reminds me a lot of the COWS and JESUS LIZARD, though with a more modern touch. Of course, I shouldn't be surprised since this band contains John from the FLESHIES and Larry from VICTIM'S FAMILY, straightforward would be the last thing that I would expect. Four songs in all, but one does kick in over ten minutes, hence the reason that this thing just barely passed the "punk" muster for review. This is good, but not for everyone. (JF)
(Sickroom, PO Box 47830, Chicago, IL 60647)

TRIOXIN 245 – "The Experiment" CD

Raw, speedy, '80s sounding thrash hardcore from Ottawa, Canada. This CD really grabbed me. I wasn't expecting much, with a logo that looks like something I drew in high school and a cheap black-n-white cover with a tipped over cross but damn this ripped. They remind me a lot of a cross between DISCHARGE, the old metal band TANK, and a little MOTÖRHEAD. They have that DISCHARGE sound but aren't afraid of guitar solos and metal. I did like this but on some tracks, like "Religious War//Global Fear," it's a direct DISCHARGE rip-off. (MH)
(Counteract 81, Rue Sainte Cecile 13005, Marseille, FRANCE, www.counteract.free.fr)

USSR – "Presidential Rash" EP

USSR has their politics comfortably sitting in the politically correct stall. Each of the first three songs has a moment or two of punk excitement, but there is something missing. When the band has a short lull in the action, the momentum disappears. The one song that holds your attention from start to finish is the final track, "Love Infection," which was recorded live. Skip this EP. Go see USSR live. Let's look forward to the next EP. (BR)
(Sick of Talk, PO Box 9723, Reno, NV 89507, www.sickoftalk.com)

VANCOUGAR – "Losin' It!" CD

This is treating my ears right. Crunchy indie-rock with girl-group harmonies and pop sensibilities without excessive sheen. The vocals invite comparisons to THE GO-GOS and THE BANGLES but you can tell this music was born in the garage and not in an LA recording studio. They're also not really that retro—LIZ PHAIR could be another touchstone. The first song, "Mine First," is about discovering some new band and thinking they're your little secret, only to lose them to commercial radio popularity and the MTV nation. I wouldn't be surprised if VANCOUGAR fans are going to suffer the same frustration pretty soon. (AM)
(Scratch, 726 Richards Street, Vancouver, British Columbia V6B 3A4, CANADA, www.scratchrecords.com)

VIOLENT ARREST – 12"

The past endeavors of the members of this band should sell this 12" to most folks. VIOLENT ARREST features three of the original members of RIPCORD, which means that you know it's going to be pretty good. No surprises here, as this disc is an absolute ripper. It actually sounds more POISON IDEA than RIPCORD with the speed turned down a notch (must be the old age, lads?). Baz Ballam's Boston guitar licks are unmistakable though (they do a JERRY'S KIDS cover), and some of these tracks could have been lifted from a lost SSD record. In this day and age of old bands reforming its nice to see folks from legendary bands of yore, making new bands that lay waste. Essential. (TB)
(Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

WHIZ KIDZ – "We Go Bananas!" EP

Energetic party-core of the clean-cut (possibly straight edge?) variety. Musically this is tight youth crew, and good for the style. I'll confess that a band that sings about things like moshing and having their sneakers stolen at a show is not really what I'm looking for in punk rock, but these gentlemen seem like they're having a good time so more power to 'em. (CS)
(Unrest, Suite 239, 10654 82nd Ave, Edmonton, AB, T6E 2A7, CANADA, www.unrestrecords.com)

XDEATHSTARX – "We Are the Threat" CD

A vegan straight edge version of HATEBREED? Are they Xtians? Their lyrics talk about religion but it's hard to tell where the band stands. Lines like, "Arise and wake / a call out to you Christians / soften your calloused heart" make me wonder where they're at. Why is it that I'm vegan/veg and hate most vegan straight edge bands?? OK, I shouldn't be so hard on this band—their vegan and straight edge message is not being stated all the time—but this does sound like derivative metalcore to me. Like HATEBREED or, when they sing with clean vocals, even worse MTV metalcore. It took 21 seconds for the first breakdown so that will probably give you a good idea of where they are coming from. And what's with all the cheap movie references? *Deathstar, Decline of the Western Civilization,* and *City of Lost Children* (one of my favorite movies) are all referenced here. Lots of chugga-chugga breakdowns, a waste of three vocalists, and cliché anthem after cliché anthem. (MH)
(Facedown, www.facedownrecords.com)

YAVINFIVE – "Breathe Melody Bleed Dissonance" CD EP

Emo/screamo from Rhode Island that didn't do much for me though I didn't dislike it. They cover a few different sounds with mostly emo lyrics but beyond that I'm at a loss for words. They don't really sound like anyone I can think of yet don't have that original of a sound. Some of the mellow intros into a heavier sound seem phoned in. They also get more metal on a few tracks and that didn't do much for me either. (MH)
(Tor Johnson, PO Box 1556, Providence, RI 02901, www.torjohnsonrecords.com)

V/A – "Can't Stop It! Australian Post Punk: 1979-84" CD

This is a super awesome collection of post punk and new wave from Australia which ranges from the sound of *Valley Girl* styled glassy pop (INTERNATIONAL EXILES and ASPHIXIATION) to the more art punk Rough Trade/Postcard records stylings of TACTICS and THE SYSTEMATICS…There are some total electro jams, which are reminiscent of LIQUID LIQUID mushed up with TUBEWAY ARMY (SEVERED HEADS) and then some that are kind of FAMILY FODDER-esque (THE GOAT THAT WENT "OM"). This is totally killer in other words! Really though, if you like the comps that Soul Jazz puts out and/or give a shit about international post punk this is essential listening. There are SIOUXIE influences and JOY DIVISION and

99 Records and POP GROUP; just the sounds of a vital and exciting time in musical production… (LG)
(Chapter Music, PO Box 247 Northcote Vic, AUSTRALIA 3070, www.chaptermusic.com)

V/A – "Hahmotsushäiriö Kokoelma" LP

This Finnish comp contains almost 40 tracks by a little more than twenty bands, falling into several styles—and frequently dropping into a HC groove. Variety, however, is the word of the day. CAN CAN GROOVE, for example, performs an instrumental with sax, while VILTTIKEJKU counters with their own, a spare post-psychedelic number with a lot of random guitar picking. On the other hand, DISGRACE's "Count Five" does well by these veterans, and has a psychobilly feel, while JYRKINISSENEN is like a Finnish JONATHAN COOPER CLARKE—a somewhat sodden (but cool) number with acoustic guitar. (I wish I could understand the lyrics.) THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF A MAC has the longest name, and it's the longest song (which for some obscure reason also got a CD release). This comp is ripe pickin' for the eclectic of spirit, though the moments of insanity (like FUN's thrashy "P-bone") have personality to spare. (SS)
(Kissankusi, R. Liimakka, Sotatie 8, 61800 Kauhajoki, FINLAND, www.kissankusi.com)

V/A – "I Killed Punk Rock" CD

This is a pressing of a "mix tape" from some Chicago dude. I think most of this is previously released so it's pretty much a sampler. Included are STREET BRATS, METHADONES, TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET, and PINK LINCOLNS to name a few. He's got good taste at least. (RL)
(Bouncing Betty, www.bouncingbettyrecords.com)

V/A – "Make Capitalism History" CD

A 20 band/artist compilation featuring Punk, Ska (lots of it!), hardcore, rock 'n' roll, and folk from all over the world. It is aimed at inspiring increased mobilization against the next G8 Summit in the summer of 2007. The liner notes come in five languages and have an enthusiastic message of resistance to globalization and capitalism. Their goal is to "motivate people to become involved in the discussions and preparations, and to take an active part in the upcoming protests." Best song award goes to JUENESSE APATRIDE, most well known award goes to ANTI-FLAG. (AA)
(Fire and Flames, www.fireandflames.com)

V/A – "Mal de Ojo" CD

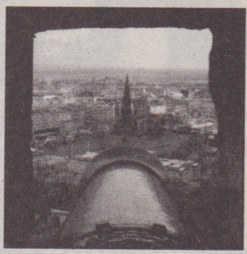
A four-way split CD of bands, two from Chicago (NO SLOGAN and INTIFADA) and two from Puerto Rico (TROPIEZO and JUVENTUD CRASA) on Chicago's consistently excellent Southkore label. NO SLOGAN starts things off with four tracks of their trademark Chicago-style hardcore, complete with thoughtful lyrics, great woah-woah parts, a tasteful little reference to the RIP song on *Welcome to 1984,* and even a cover of the BHOPAL STIFFS, who I have referenced before in relation to this band. Simply put, NO SLOGAN rules, and after having seen them live I am ready to say they are one of the best bands in the US. TROPIEZO is next, with three tracks of their angry hardcore, which is melodic at times but has leanings towards old NYHC style and breakdowns. Good stuff, though I enjoyed them more live than I ever have recorded. INTIFADA is the only band on this comp I've never seen, and they blaze through four tracks of fast, classic '80s-style HC; there are some blast beats, but for the most part their tracks just fuckin' *thrash.* Their vocalist rules, and I was impressed because despite playing super fast, they still managed to throw a "woah-oh" or two in there; I guess they are from Chicago after all. JUVENTUD CRASA toured with TROPIEZO a year or so ago. I was wowed by them then and am still excited about them now. They play melodic, sing-along punk that is still full of anger and energy, and they have possibly have the best songs on this comp. But it's a tossup. Through and through, this comp rages; I wish it was on vinyl. (GN)
(Southkore, www.southkorerecords.com)

V/A – "Planet of Friends: Antifascist Benefit Compilation" CD

International punk and hardcore compilation released to support a poor fellow who was put into a coma by some Nazi thugs in Moscow. It seems like right wing bullshit is on the rise all over the world. The CD has forty-three songs from twenty-seven bands, including BLACK SS and COMMON ENEMY from the US, Italy's awesome LEARN, Dutch kings VITAMIN X, and the amazing DEAN DIRG from Germany. Most of the bands are along these lines of pure hardcore punk, but there is definitely a couple of new school or metallic bands, and one group, HOODS UP, are a Russian new wave version of CYPRESS HILL! The artwork is by a cool Russian street/graffiti artist named Fear the Ripper. This is a pretty worthy cause and there're definitely enough good bands on here to make it a worthy purchase. (BG)
(Boycott the Fencewalkers, daddydamage@gmail.com)

V/A – "Revolution Is Just a Heartbeat Away" CD

A label retrospective of Twisted Chords records out of Germany, featuring mostly the melodic, political hardcore with heart that this label is known for. Some bands on the comp I already know and love (LA FRACTION, JUGGLING JUGULARS, MDC), some others are new favorites or bands I had heard of but not yet checked out (INNER CONFLICT, KOYAANISQATSI, DRUNK). I imagine that fans of this kind of melodic Euro punk of the past ten years have a bunch of these records already, but this is a good place to start if you are just getting into any aspect of this scene. There are also some genre surprises, with brief forays into politicized hip hop and the like. The CD comes nicely packaged in a digipack with lyrics, info, and liner notes about fighting the good fight. (GN)
(Twisted Chords, Reutweg 1A, 76327 Pfinztal, GERMANY, www.twisted-chords.de)



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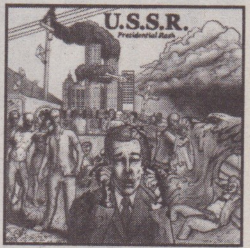

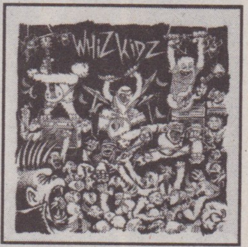

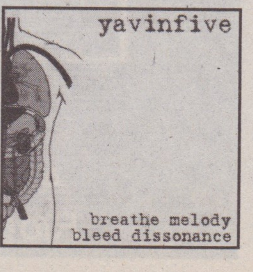

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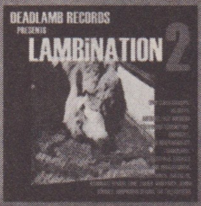
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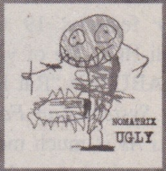
DOWN & OUT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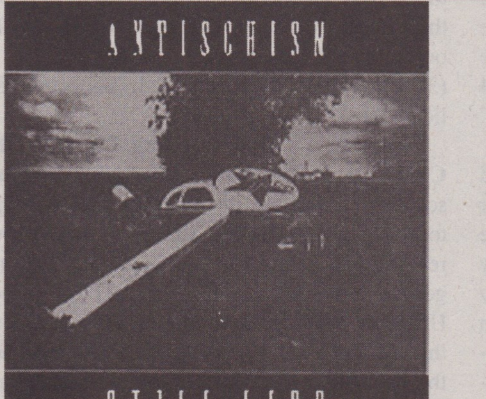
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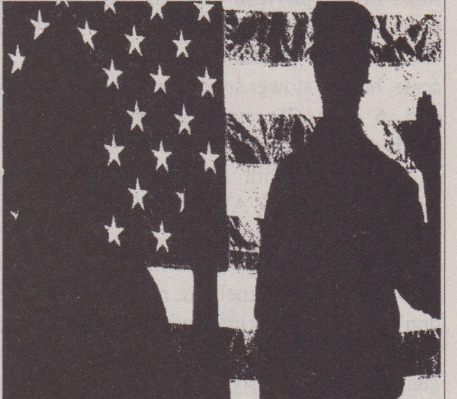

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Peter Avery, Justin Briggs, and Erin Yanke.

Here we have two CDs from Boras, Sweden's **ABNORM**. The first, *Multinationella Horor* features 19 tracks of heavy, crusty, Scandi-HC. One of which is a cover of MENTAL ABUSE's "Rat Race." The other disc *Ert Javla System Kan Fan Brinna I Helvetet Era Satans As* is much more raging. The recording of the guitars sounds much better, the songs aren't as heavy and are much faster. This band shares a member with RAJOITUS also. Both demos and packaging are available for free download on their website too!! You can't lose. (Justin) (Free! 19 and 10 song CDs or Downloads, lyrics included. www.abnorm.se)

ALIBABA fools you with a kind of emo intro to the first song, but then they turn out to be a straightforward aggressive hardcore band. They play fast and really fast, while tripping up folks in the pit with ska breakdowns and an occasional melodic interlude. The vocals are screamed and on the deeper toned side of the scale, but the slower songs are more spoken. ($4 ppd. 5 song CD, no lyrics included. 22 W. Marble St., Mechanicsburg, PA 17055) (Erin)

Split demo with **ATOMGEVITTER** and **FAR TO CLOSE**. ATOMGEVITTER are, for the most part, a thrash band. They don't let the thrash keep them from having bits of moody slowness, or more melodic moments, and they don't let their experimentation take away from the thrash fury. FAR TO CLOSE plays an amalgamation of punk styles, without really focusing on anything but Punk. They can bring any genre with a hyphen to this recording, like catchy-, Ska-, Thrash-, spiky-, you get the idea. They're really good at exploration, while you know you're listening to the same band. That, my friends, is a hard balance to come by. Unfortunately, they broke up. Oh well. ($3 ppd. 10 songs by each band, making a 20 song CD, no lyrics included. c/o Problem? Records, Pillars, Strathmiglo Road, Fife, KY15 7AD, Scotland) (Erin)

BAD ANTICS plays skate core mixed with some sort of well-produced street punk. Plain and simple. The reverbed vocals give it that extra touch this stuff needs to stand out from the bottom of the pool / alley. Well done, cool leads with yet another song called "Skate Or Die" I wanna make a mix tape of only songs called "Skate Or Die" or "Police Brutality" and the B side will only be different versions of "Louie Louie." That'd easily be a 90-minute tape. (Justin) (6 song CD, no lyrics. Smokin Barrel, 11029 Condor ST, Cerritos, CA 90703)

THE BARONS play street punk that's a little more rock 'n' roll than it is Oi! The songs are all up-tempo, three chord numbers but with some early rock/blues influenced lead guitar. The vocalist fits the bill as well with his singing/yelling vocals that have some hint of a fake British accent. On the whole, it's certainly nothing new but still it's pretty solid. (4 song CD, no lyrics, www.baronsrock.com) (Pete)

Some Italian dudes who collectively go by the moniker **BHOPAL** play a style of music mostly done by Canadians and Germans in the past. Brings to mind Montreal's IRE. Chuggy chuggy downtuned guitars, a solo or two, distorted bass, and an all around grimness defines their sound. Not happy music in the least. Look out for an LP. (Justin)
(3 song CD, lyrics included. bhopal666@lidero.it)

Nashville TN's own **CEASE UPON THE CAPITOL** has brought us a sweet li'l demo of screamy emo that in my opinion could hold up to the genre's masters. Honestly. I have no reservations stating that this is close, if not as good as the PORTRAITS OF PAST LP or the HEROIN records. I've intentionally avoided this stuff for a few years now due to the fact that the mid-'90s were awash in third-rate versions of this sound. This stands out. A well played albeit very slick little package. Ace. (Justin) (9 song CD, lyrics included. I've Come For Your Children, 252 Barker RD, Nashville, TN 37214)

Sunrise Florida's **CHAPTER XI** has saved the day for those of you itching to pogo and sing your hearts out too! Street punk that's so street it brings its own alley with it, towing behind, a whole squat full of melodic guitar leads. Also kinda owes quite a bit to some of the more polished "street punk" acts out there as far as their sound goes. (Justin) (6 song CD, no lyrics. www.myspace.com/chapter11punx)

COLONIAL VIPERS plays fuzzed out steadfastly juvenile (in a good way!) simple punk rock. Mid-paced, with only a few chords and some guitar solos, the variety in the songs comes from the vocals. Snotty and mostly spoken, but not flat, the singer seems totally engaged, even though this is a demo. Backup vocals are woah woah woah-ing along, too. The energy of a live performance is hard to capture, and it's captured here. ($2 ppd. 7 song CD, lyrics included. 1838 SE Tibbets, Portland, OR 97202) (Erin)

CONTAMINATORS plays mid-tempo rock that's kind of sassy, yet restrained. They lean towards being snotty and wild, or maybe let's say they're wading in it, instead of plunging full on into lo-fi abandon. All the elements are there, and I bet this band is great live. ($3 ppd. 5 song CD, no lyrics included. 1822 G Street, Bakersfield, CA 93301) (Erin)

CONTRAST ATTITUDE brings us this discography cassette, featuring songs from five different comps. They play thunderous Japanese D-Beat hardcore. They do it well, sticking to power and fury and not diluting it one bit! The vocals are tough, mean, and screamed and formidable. (Black Konflik Records, c/o Aizu, No. 59, Lorong 3, TMN Kenanga, 27600 Raub, Pahang, Malaysia) (Erin)

THE CORPRALITES have created one of those genre dilemmas that I often have. This one dealing with some form of pop punk and early '90s style indie rock. Well, I've settled on indie rock due to the fact that THE CORPRALITES reminded me of a less dynamic ARCHERS OF LOAF, especially when it comes to the guitar playing. Lucky for them I happen to love the aforementioned band. The songs are up-tempo, poppy, and catchy but abrasive at the same time with forcefully sung vocals that occasionally turn to screaming. It's a great demo that could really sound good with a better recording. (9 song CD, no lyrics, apparently they can only be reached through myspace so I'm no longer sure about how much I like them) (Pete)

CRITICAL PICNIC thinks "Littering Shreds." Cool, so it will all be worth it when your children, (that you're most likely gonna have and ignore because you're irresponsible little brats), choke to death on plastic bags, candy wrappers, and dog shit it will be okay 'cause it was really fun throwing that coffee cup on the ground next to the trash can. Next up, they don't skate, they hate. Old people and little kids that is. That's where I direct my anger too, they're the most deserving of the wrath. Finally the sentiment I've been waiting for all my life, "Handicapped people shouldn't be alive…Give me back my parking space." All this shit is layed over a backdrop of one's first punk band. The slop factor would be charming if the hate wasn't so poorly directed. Get a fucking clue kids. As with all the other unintelligent spew that flows through my ears, I assume this is tongue in cheek but really it's just stupid. I hope the next SARS scare attacks ignorance and apathy and you're first in line. Until then, come fight me! (Justin) (4 dumb ass song CD, no lyrics. www.myspace.com/criticalpicnic)

Vancouver, BC's the **DEATH RAYS** plays stinky rock and roll. Smells like Cigarettes and Kokane (that's a long E dummy. It's a Canadian beer, not white powder). Oh yeah I was saying...Stinky. (Justin) (3 song CD, no lyrics. www.myspace.com/thedeathrays)

Finland's **DEATH WITH A DAGGER** plays a form of hardcore that utilizes the D-beat with out coming off as a "D-beat band." The first track had a bit of a different feel than the rest which are fist in the air Hardcore with metallic rock 'n' roll leanings. Not unlike INEPSY. This may have come out a while ago so may not be available anymore but it's worth a shot! (Justin) (4 song CD, lyrics included. www.myspace.com/deathwithadagger)

DECEIVER plays some chaotic grindcore, just drums and a buzzy freaky sounding guitar for instruments. The vocals are deep throated and communicate pain and anguish clear and strong. The songs are longer than one usually expects from grindcore bands, but the blasts of fury are well communicated within the larger compositions. (11 song Cassette, no lyrics included. 3350 Keswick Rd. Baltimore, MD 21214) (Erin)

Queens, NY's **EN LA OLLA** rules! Enough said. Dark, moody, punk rock that would fit in perfectly with all the bands on MRR's *Welcome to 1984 comp*. Very reminiscent of the old Spanish bands that Gnar is all twisted up over lately. Like all those recent Munster reissues like LA UVI and ESKORBUTO. This shit just straight up rules! Unfortunately this kinda got lost in the shuffle and was postmarked last April so may no longer be available. They have a split 7" out already but hopefully there's a new record in the works. Timeless. Get a copy at all costs or at least try your damnedest at... (Justin) (4 song CD, no lyrics. www.eloproject.com or eloband@yahoo.com)

EVICTION PARTY plays melodic, mid-tempo punk. There's a scrappy spirit that makes this band more SHOTWELL than sweetness. For the most part the vocals are gruff and heartfelt, with back up lady vocals popping in occasionally. I can practically see the kids crawling all over each other in the basement to sing along to this band. ($3 ppd. or trade. 12 song Cassette, lyrics included. 6265 North St., Halifax, Nova Scotia B3L 1PA, Canada) (Erin)

FIST FULL OF KNUCKLES plays singalong folk-punk with banjo, acoustic guitars, harmonica, drums, and lots of hand claps on their live CD-R. The songs are upbeat and pretty catchy while the vocalist mixes singing and yelling. Nearly half the CD is between song banter, giving it that true live show feeling. It sounds like it would be a lot more fun to be at the actual show but the CD isn't bad for those who are fans of DEFIANCE OHIO or THE GHOST MICE. (10 track CD, with lyrics, $5 ppd TCW Records, 101 University Ave. W., Minot, ND 58703, fistfullofknuckles@yahoo.com) (Pete)

I wish Mr. Rogers' head actually did contain a skeleton that gave out booze and copies of the second MIDDLE CLASS 7" like he does on the cover of **FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS** *Better Than Live* demo. This is rad. Totally timeless, slightly arty punk rock with just the right amount of snot. Not unlike the second and third MIDDLE CLASS records. Surprise! They cover "Home Is Where" by guess who? I really, really like this. Not reinventing the wheel but the original plans work just fine so why change? (Justin) (4 song CD, no lyrics. thefriendlyneighbors@yahoo.com)

Mpls' **GEARGRINDER** has a five-song demo of sci-fi fueled, fast-ish, metallic, discordant, not-quite-crusty punk rock. The guitars drive this one home, which I am finding a bit odd, as they may—and now that I listen close—I think they do have two drummers. Hmm. Fave song title of this issue: "Trekky Hangover." Did I mention that the beginning moments of this demo border on poetry and I'm not offended? No you say? It's true! (Justin) (5 song CD, lyric booklet included. 2205 Bloomington Ave South, Minneapolis, MN 55404)

Woah, the vocalist of **GLASSON** really wants to be MISFITS-era Danzig real bad! Along with some really awkward jangly, dog shit music this makes quite the shitty package. That's all that needs to be said. Feed me. Eat me. (Justin) (6 song CD, no lyrics. www.glasson.se)

I think **GROOVE BOX REPLICA** meant to send this to *A.P.* and it somehow ended up here. This is just slick pop rock wrapped in a kinda-wants-to-sound-like-At-The-Drive-In. Stinker fest. Not punk. (Justin) (10 song CD, lyrics included. armadadereno@hotmail.com)

THE HIGHSCHOOL LOCKERS reminds me of some sort of non-descript, piano having, glam punk. Like that over rated, boring, geezer band—the NEW YORK DOLLS. I absolutely hate rock and roll piano unless it's LITTLE RICHARD or the SONICS. (Justin) (12 song CD, no lyrics. No address.)

HOLLOWJAN plays that style of epic emo/metal that seemed to only live in Canada for a while or maybe even reminiscent of ENVY. Heavy, long, screamy, part followed by quiet pretty part, with a really thick guitar production. Well done. Woah! According to the "internet" this band is from Korea. I think this is the first Korean band I've ever heard. (Justin) (6 song CD, no lyrics. I've Come For Your Children, www.childismine.com)

The ladies of **HOMEWRECKERS** drop eight songs of pogo-inducing, beer-spilling, raucous punk rock for all you scum fucks and street rats. Read the lyrics to "Wasteland"—"I don't care (x4) / Looking at this shithole / there isn't too much for me / A few drunken weekends at the toilet on my knees / A frozen fucking wasteland, an urban execution / The noose is getting tight enough to become a solution." If that's not discontent I don't know what is! (Justin) (8 song CD, lyrics included. www.homewreckers.com)

HOST AND PARASITE's demo was a pleasant surprise. Packaged in the most emo drawing of two little children sitting underneath an apple tree are four tracks of fast, heavy, metallic anger. Not unlike the SWARM. (Justin) (4 song CD, lyrics included. www.myspace.com/hostandparasite)

IN BLACK AND WHITE plays the most unabashed emo that I've heard in a long time. Mid tempo with fancy guitar playing and drumming to change up the sound of the songs, while keeping the melancholy and sense of struggle. They've got singalong pop punk influences that come in here and there, but they really stick with serious sorrow. The vocals are sung full on, or spoken thoughtfully, whichever best fits the mood. Beautiful packaging, too. (5 song CD, lyrics included. 21 Easton St. Apt. 2, Allston, MA 02134) (Erin)

Jailbait Records presents the comp *Doing Time*. FILTHY SKANKS plays faster than mid-tempo, but still not fast, three chord bar punk rock. THE PUMPERS are faster and more lo-fi, and have a more energetic spirit. TCB plays basic trashy punk rock with a vocalist who sings. The playback level on this band is quieter, though. The last band on the comp is BLANKET OF M, who plays mid tempo, and are the most melodic. There's a ring on the snare drum that I'm not a fan of, maybe because it's louder than the guitar. ($2 ppd. 8 song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 830, Chicago, IL 60690) (Erin)

LAKMÉ is a modern band that plays early '90s style emo-hardcore much like FUNERAL DINER. The songs are a bit spastic with huge walls of guitar noise and frantic screaming followed by slow, quiet, emotional parts. To their credit, they stick mostly with the loud and heavy stuff. If you're old and pining for the days of URANUS and MEREL or if even if you're young and wish you would have been there then this is something worth looking into. (5 song CD, with lyrics, lakme.is.dead@

seznam.cz) (Pete)

LEWD ACTS doesn't do much messing around while they bust out a few mid to up-tempo hardcore songs. There is a little messing around with an unnecessary guitar solo on the first song but that's about it. Their sound is a lot like BORN AGAINST but with some well done vocal interplay between the two singers. Altogether, they've taken an older style of music and been able to play it with out sounding like they are ripping anyone off, which is pretty good as far as I'm concerned. (4 song CD, with lyrics, lewdacts69@yahoo.com) (Pete)

MODEL CITIZEN who only gives an email address, so I guess they live in the internet, sent in a ten-track CD of last week's indie rock / emo kids on shrooms doing impressions of the STOOGES in your mom's underwear drawer. How's that for a stupid review? Boring. Too professional sounding yet there is no packaging for the record. (Justin) (10 song CD, no lyrics. rapid_randy@hotmail.com)

NIHILISTIC OUTLAW has one straightforward demo, and one compilation of demo recordings, but they are a straight up grindcore band on both, so both demos are reviewed together! Short fast blasts of anger, with people playing their drums, bass, and guitar as fast as they can, with samples that are longer than the songs at times. The vocals are guttural and screamed. The recording level on the CD's is pretty low, but that adds to the lo-fi tenor of their rage. (Free or trade! Good manners means send money for postage. 7 song CD, lyrics included, and a 22 song CD, without lyrics. PO Box 1331, Plainview, TX 79073-1331) (Erin)

I love this **NITAD** demo! I know this has been thrown around a lot recently but this Stockholm band is totally reminiscent of first-wave LA hardcore crossed with early, basic punk. It also manages to keep the bouncy, feel-good elements of their foundation laying country mates like ASTA KASK or EBBA GRÖN. Get on it quick so you can pretend they're old news by the time their 7" comes out on Deranged in the near future. (Justin) ($4 ppd. 7 song CD, Swedish lyrics included. Soderlund, Tunvagen 25, 170 68 Solna, SWEDEN)

PARASITES GO! has an unmistakable MISFITS undercurrent. While sometimes it's buried under some "woah woah woah" catchiness, there's a sullen cloud of darker influences driving this whole package to hell. Then they throw in some goofy thing in the middle where the drummer is hitting tin cans, the guitar is strumming some serial killer thing, and the vocals are whispered. Then, the derailing is over, and it's back to punk music. ($2 ppd. or Trade. 9 song CD, lyrics included. 99 Van Ripper Ln, Orinda, CA 94563) (Erin)

PEACEFUL PROTEST is no longer with us. This cassette is a comp of some releases one form of the band put out in 1996, and another form recorded in 1997, plus some live stuff. This is awesome Japanese crusty hardcore, precise and textured, and totally powerful. The vocals are expressive of hate and rage, and are mixed in at just the right level to provide clarity without isolating the vocals. (18-song cassette, some lyrics included. Black Konflik Records, c/o Aizu, , No. 59, Lorong Kenanga 3, Taman Kenanga, 27600 Raub, Pahang, Malaysia) (Erin)

POWER CORRUPTS from the UK teases with a four-track demo of well-played and well-recorded street punk / hardcore. Oozing with melody via super catchy Matt Freeman-esque bass lines. Word. (Justin) (Free. 4 song CD, no lyrics. www.beanheadhardcore.tk)

RAT BYTE I believe are from the land of NY celebrities that are too afraid to live in the city because the pollution from the companies that they own, and/or run, or are a spokes-person for, might ruin their complexion or hair? Sorry. Off track. Back to the band. This demo contains tracks from their EP, split EPs, and a handful of radio show tracks. The songs, most of which are mid-paced, follow along the skate thrash/HC path but occasionally bust into slower territory. (Justin) (10 song CD, lyrics included. www.ratbyte.net)

La Mesa, CA's the **RICH WHITE MALES** are filled to the brim with snot, piss, and candy piss, which totally comes off as a modern DICKIES. Catchy poppy punk rock ditties that remind you of eating ice cream at the outer space carnival or wiping the blood from the safety pin you just shoved through your cheek. Plus you get a great cover of the FORGOTTEN REBELS' classic "Surfin on Heroin." Timeless punk. (Justin) (4 song CD, maybe lyrics. 5810 Amaya Dr, Apt 15D, La Mesa, CA 91942)

SARCOUS who was formally known as PRIMORDIAL until they were bullied into changing their name have a new CD entitled *In the Shadow of the Kathedril*. I don't think it necessarily qualifies as MRR fare but they still do it all themselves so why not right? Seven tracks of lo-fi, melodic, blackened metal from these folks from the frozen tundra of Rochester, NY. A lot of time, effort, and heart went into this project and it shows. Until the moon is full and Cthulhu starts to wake! (Justin) (7 song CD, lyrics included. 376 Westside DR, Rochester, NY 14624)

New Brunswick, NJ's **SEASICK** plays poppy political hardcore. Bass-guitar driven. The lyrics read like a pamphlet to some high school anarchist summer camp. That's not bad, don't get me wrong, that's just the feel I got. They are incredibly intelligent with big words to boot but it seems like the lyrics were written independently of the songs and then smooshed on top. Still, this is a good demo. (Justin) (3 song CD, lyrics included. www.myspace.com/seasick)

SICK FIX plays hardcore that has no time for fanciness or slick tricks. They blaze ahead, slowing down occasionally but only in their intros or to a lurking mosh part pace, before blowing back into fury and speed. Venomous political female vocals are mean as hell, and add texture and hook to the fury. (5 song CD, lyrics included. 929 Farragut St, NW, Washington DC 20011) (Erin)

SIX STRING JETS plays true RAMONES style punk rock 'n' roll without the modern pop punk sound that has somehow become associated with the RAMONES. They've got three chord guitar riffs, up-tempo drumming, and snotty vocals but they've added a whole bunch of rockabilly style guitar leads. It's a good recording, the playing is tight and the songs are fun. (4 song CD, no lyrics, sixstringjets@gmail.com) (Pete)

SOCIAL TREASON sounds like a crossover band from the mid-'80s. Lots of room to thrash and mosh, with the parts going back and forth like crushing ice in a blender. There are metal moments and three-chord parts, and the vocals are shouted, and kind of ranty, but in a frustrated and purging way that fits perfectly. ($5 ppd. 13 song CD, or Cassette, lyrics included. PO Box 12262, Huntsville, AL 35815-2262) (Erin)

SONOROUS GALE has somehow managed to write catchy memorable songs with just vocals, drums, and bass guitar. Heavy as fuck but almost pop-song-esque catchy-ness. It's almost pop punk but oh so much more. I'm baffled. Pretty cool. Must be all the time spent lounging around sunbathing in that Buffalo sun. Check this out if you like BIG BUISNESS. (Justin) (5 song CD, lyrics included. sonorousgale@hotmail.com)

TEENAGE WAISTBAND is an art punk band that captures discontent through dissonance. The music is jagged, and when it's not, has some mid-period THE EX like moments. The vocals are amazing, sometimes spoken and just sitting over the music, and then she combines the squawk and the wail to add great dimension and texture. ($4 ppd. 7 song cassette, lyrics included. PO Box 1594, Providence, RI 02901) (Erin)

Aw...**THERMAN MERMAN** is cute. Gritty punk rock that bounces back and forth between the catchy stuff like Gilman used to be known for and some form of faster poppy hardcore ish stuff. I think they shine when they're in their Gilman mode. Like a lot of other stuff coming around these days. See the 1-2-3-4 Go! Records catalog for other examples of this style. (Justin) (7 song CD, lyrics included. 1015 Potter St, Bellingham, WA 98229)

I believe the term fastcore would apply to what Singapore's **VOCES INOCENTES** play but I've never used it. I try to avoid this but could find no other way to describe it. Not straight-up thrash and not grind but falling somewhere in the grey area. (Justin) (10 song CD, lyrics included. Voicesofrevolution@hotmail.com)

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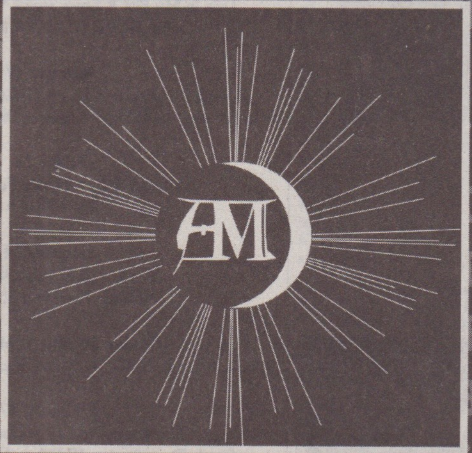

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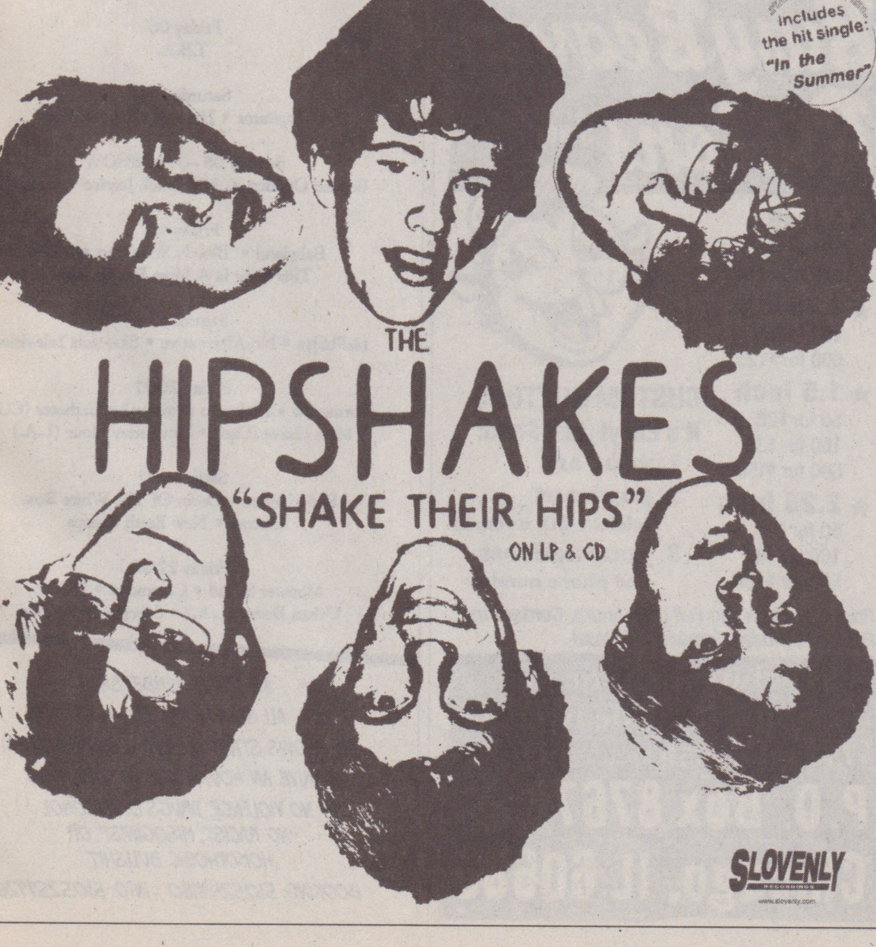

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Controllers "Another Sunny Day" CD $12 (live and demos)
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B.T.H. "Our Second Best Record" CD $5 or two for $7
M.D.K. "Spaltter Guts" CD $10 (Brazil, grind)
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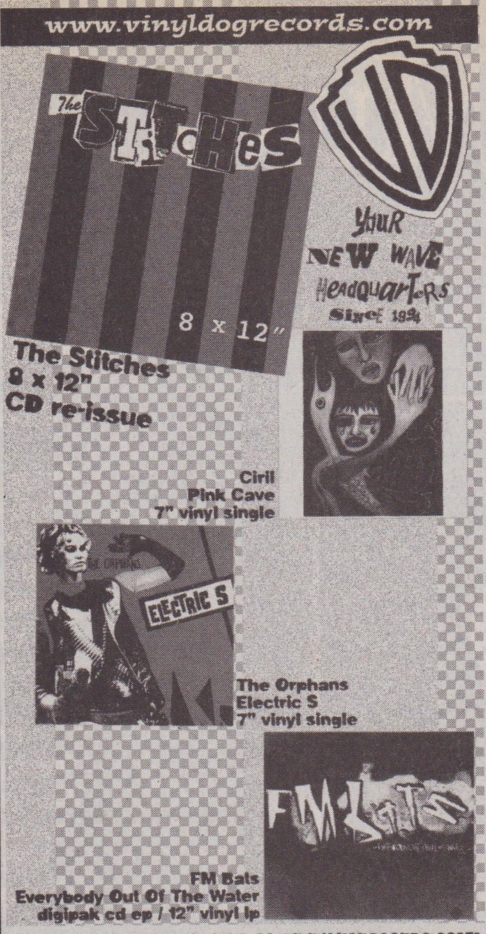

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Mouthsewnshut (MA) • Disaster Strikes (MA) • Surrender

Friday 23
Set It Straight • Dance For Destruction
Bright White Noise • Heads Up

Saturday 24
Elysia • A.G.A.T.G. • Moria
A Black Rose Burial • Turok

Sunday 25 $7 – 5PM SHOW
Lion Of Judah (D.C.) • Never Healed • Justice (Belgium)

Friday 30 $7
The Locust (S.D.) • Daughters (RI)
Cattle Decapitation (S.D.) • Antagony • Triclops

Saturday 31
Forced March (OR) • Absolute Rulers • more tba

APRIL

Friday 06
T.B.A.

Saturday 07
Dekapitator • Hatchet • Fog Of War

Sunday 08 – 5PM SHOW
Second Opinion • Nightstick Justice • more tba

Friday 13
Babyland • Bloody Snowman • 8-Bit
This Song Is A Mess But So Am I

Saturday 14
Hellbillys • No Alternative • Skeleton Television

Friday 20 $7
Stormcrow • Diskonto (Sweden) • Catheter (CO)
Mass Grave (Can) • Doomsday Hour (L.A.)

Saturday 21
Red Handed • Order Of The White Rose
Ashtray • New Earth Creeps

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Urban Decay (L.A.) • Sabertooth Zombie

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ZINES

Reviews by: Julia Booze (JB), Paul Curran (PC), Mikel Delgado (MD), Layla Gibbon (LG), Cassie Harwood (CH), Chris Hubbard (CS), Nick Mangel (NM), Jeff Mason (JM), Golnar Nikpour (GN), Casey Ress (CR), Andy Shoup (AS), Thera Webb (TW).

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

BALD CACTUS #25 / $3 or trade
8.5 x 6 – copied – 32 pgs

Excellent zine out of the UK. Heavy on content, but an easy read, this particular issue brings us a number of band interviews (Good Clean Fun, Chief, Fucked Up, Sunpower, and Oi Polloi), some mini-editorials and writings on music and politics, and several pages of record and zine reviews. The layout is decent but not exceptional, cut 'n' paste mostly from a computer printout; what really makes this zine great is the quality of the interviews and writing. When talking to a band, either in person or over email, author Andy actually asks challenging and interesting questions, and, not surprisingly, the answers he elicits are similarly thought provoking. Even with a band like Good Clean Fun that I personally dislike on a fundamental level, I couldn't help but read the whole interview just to see what else the singer had to say. Highly recommended. (CS)

c/o 145-149 Cardigan Road / Leeds / LS6 1LJ / England
baldcactus@gmail.com

BEAT SHEET #1.5 & 2 / free w/stamp
8.5 x 11 – copied – 2 pgs

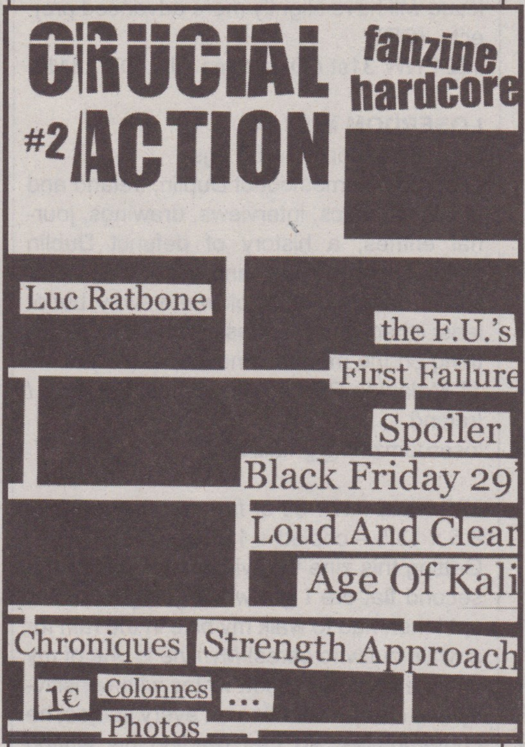
Aaagh, this is two issues of the zine, but one's a half issue so I'm reviewing them together. The first issue is a double-sided one-page zine, & the second issue is double-sided and folded over on one large page. Uhhh, I like this zine. I like the one-page deal. Instead of filling up a bunch of pages with useless crap, why not just fill one page with useless crap? It will be a lot more interesting. Read this scribbly, ADD infected zine to be in the know about the here and now in hardcore, ya hear? Nice job on the K-Bar and Warkrime mentions. Also, tons of pictures! (CH)

Matt Breen / 52 Peabody St / Apt. 2L / Salem, MA / 01970
radiobeat@gmail.com

BROKEN PENCIL #34 / $5.95
8.5 x 11 – printed – 68 pgs

I've never been the hugest fan of this magazine, because it seems to have very little to do with punk and more to do with college. As a magazine of "alternative" culture I find myself wondering just what it is an alternative to. This is the games issue, with the guides to independent video games, articles on board games and head games. I wasn't sure if the "hipster bingo" was self mocking or self-righteous, and although this has a few clever moments, it's not my cup of tea. There are lots of magazine, a book, and music reviews as well as an index in the back. (MD)

PO Box 203, Stn P / Toronto ON / M5S 2S7 / Canada
www.brokenpencil.com



CRUCIAL ACTION fanzine hardcore #2

Luc Ratbone

the F.U.'s

First Failure

Spoiler

Black Friday 29

Loud And Clear

Age Of Kali

Chroniques

Strength Approach

1€

Colonnes

...

Photos

CHOROBA MYSLI #4 / $4
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 68 pgs – Czech

A lot of care and hard work obviously goes into this Czech fanzine. I can't read it, but the layouts are great, there's a large section on anarchist politics, some interviews (with bands like Short Fuse and Sviné) and what look like fairly in-depth reviews. I bet it's great. (PC)

Martin Boranek / Vinarickeho 416 / 397 01 Pisek / Czech Republic
prustrel@centrum.cz

CRUCIAL ACTION #2 / 1€
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 88 pgs – French

A nice looking, perfect-bound zine out of France with an emphasis on dude-core hardcore. It's got good (but not too slick looking) layouts and an extensive reviews section. This issue features interviews with Black Friday '29, Strength Approach, and a translated reprint of the classic F.U.'s interview in *MRR* from the early '80s. All in French, all the time. (PC)

Appt 234 Résidence Gallieni / 237 Rue du 14 Juillet / 33400 Talence / France
burninghopes@hotmail.fr

DISTORT #12 / $10 US or Aus for 5 issue sub
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs

Punk fer punk's sake, this one. There's interviews, reviews, graphics in a typical style (I kinda like the style, executed perfectly well here), and photography, including Pisschrist in Europe and a sweet one of Limp Wrist (in Australia, I'm pretty sure—fuckin' fast turn around there.) The talks aren't particularly long, and came out on the better side of average. The bands are World Burns to Death, Annihilation Time, and Formaldehyde Junkies. There is some writing from the editor, about his hatred of cops, love of disgusting music, and reflections on the mass suicide/homicide at Jonestown, Guyana in 1978. This

zine should be right up my alley, but the "no point to anything except rocking out" vibe came through a little strong for my tastes. Plus, only dipshits use the word "wigger." (JM)

PO Box 239 / North Carlton / VIC / 3054 / Australia
distorttheworld@gmail.com

DOLL #235 / $5
7.5 x 10.5 – printed – 138 pgs

Long running Japanese fanzine with awesomely printed full color band photos and good graphics. If you can read Japanese, this mag might be like the one you'd want to save for a long flight or car trip. It could keep you occupied for quite a while. Good shit. (AS)

No. 303 Aota Bldg. / 3-1-9, Kita / Kohenji Suginami-Ku Tokyo / Japan
hensyu@doll-mag.co.jp

EAST VILLAGE INKY #33 / $3
5.5 x 4.25 – copied – 40 pgs

Here's another issue of *East Village Inky*, where a mom/writer talks about her adventures in momming/writing. In this issue you will read about adventures in bra shopping. Finding the right bra might not be as easy as you think. Apparently most ladies are wearing the wrong size bra for their cans. Shit maaan. Also read about an inflamed ear piercing, adventures in book readings, and travels in Austin, TX. (CH)

Ayun Halliday / PO Box 22754 / Brooklyn, NY / 11202
ayun@ayunhalliday.com

GHOST PINE #10 / $3
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 48 pgs

Oh, high school. I guess it's the same up in Montreal as it was in El Cerrito. I hated gym class too. The story here is character driven, all about lil' punx, or metal kids, maybe it's mostly about acne, or I guess about trying to recruit people for a club focused on environmentalism, but all true and only part of a longer story to be released later. The trouble is it's just long enough to get me invested in what is happening but doesn't finish. Guess I'll have to wait for issue #11. (JB)

Jeff Miller / PO Box 42017 / RPO Jeanne-Mance / Montreal, QC / H2W-2T3 Canada

GUERRILLA CRAFTFARE #1 / free?
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs

Skill sharing is what zines are all about, sadly most of the craft suggestions that are presented in here you probably were taught in third grade. But if you want to know how to make a milk crate birdhouse or bricks as bookends, then you're set. I can't hate on anyone encouraging the DIY ethic, hopefully the next issue will have slightly more advanced projects. (CR)

1221 NW 31st / Oklahoma City, OK 13118

LOSERDOM #15 / $4
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 68 pgs

Loserdom comes out of Dublin, Ireland and is full of comics, interviews, drawings, journal entries, a history of defunct Dublin clubs, zine reviews and plenty of other stuff. *Loserdom* didn't blow me away, but at least it had kind of a classic zine feel, a rare thing on the modern zinescape. (AS)

11 Malahide Rd / Fairview, Dublin 3, Eire / Ireland
loserdomzine@gmail.com

MYLXINE #17 / $3 or free to prisoners
8.5 x 13.5 – copied – 116 pgs

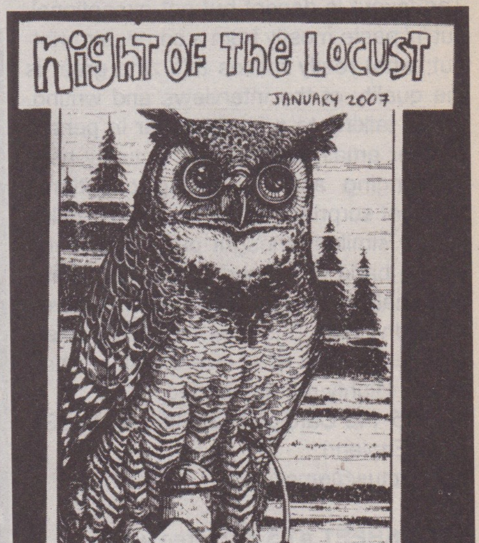
Getting this zine to review made up for the second flat tire I got while going to pick it up! I then had to walk my bike in the rain for a while but who cares! *Mylxine* is one of my all-time favorites. Scott writes with sensitivity and careful attention on every subject he contemplates, so that reading his writing feels like having a really intense, thoughtful, political conversation where you aren't threatened or judged and you are expressing how you feel instead of defending your beliefs. This issue mostly talks about war, with articles on the youth resistance to Nazism in Germany, research he did about lynching in Pensacola at the turn of the century, an Ida B. Wells biography, interviews with Howard Zinn, Fleshies, and Robert Meeropol, and a ton more. What struck me the most is an article discussing the prison abuse at Abu Ghraib alongside a history of Scott's own father's murder at the hands of a Texas prison guard. This zine is inspiring, seething, hopeful, critical, thoughtful, and completely worthwhile. What are you waiting for? Don't you trust me? (JB)

Mylxine / 309 North 6th Ave. / Pensacola, FL 32501

NEGATIVE REACTION #7 / $6
8.5 x 12 – copied – 28 pgs

It's hard to go wrong when your zine features Cock Sparrer, The Newtown Neurotics, and Honey Bane, and the interviews are all well done. The personal writing is political and funny (the article on conservatives in punk was eye-opening but also humorous since it features Bobby Steele). There are also lots of reviews to round this out. Two thumbs up. (MD)

Trev Howarth / 20 New Front St. T / Lea, Stanley / Co. Durham / DH9 9LY England
trevhagl@hotmail.com



THE NEW WAVE OF CUT AND PASTE #3 / 1 GBP
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 28 pgs

Okay, so there's this guy Toby in England who's making this zine, and the idea, I guess, is that his zine, which is positively *infested* with ready-made computer clip art is: *The New Wave of Cut and Paste*. Get it? On almost every page, there is a clip art person or object with a "speech bubble," (like in the comics), which contains part of the text for that page. I don't know what that sounds like to you, but to me, it just plain

sucks. The sad thing is that the *actual process* of cut and paste, if Toby, or any other zine makers would actually take the trouble to invest in some scissors and a little glue and actually explore it, can make shitty zines passable, and make passable ones almost good. So anyway, this zine is weak in the graphic department, and the text isn't much better. Back to the drawing board for you, Toby! (AS)
Flat 5 / 3 Buckingham Road / Brighton / BN1 3RA / United Kingdom
tobychelms@hotmail.com

Plastic Bomb
Fachzeitschrift für Punker und Strassenköter
INKL. GRATIS-CD
SUBHUMANS
TOTAL CHAOS
VAGEENAS

NIGHT OF THE LOCUST #1 / $1 or trade
6 x 8 – copied – 40 pgs
(Gentle reader, if you spend a lot of time at the computer make sure you're set up correctly. Carpal Tunnel is kind of like a localized hell. Hence, you will have to make do with my more than usually succinct reviews. Sorry.) Galway (Ireland) music scene. Flying September 11th. Fifteen MySpace references. Bonus: *Hangover Times* Issue three free sheet within — one Bukowski quote and the rest reviews. Informative and entertaining. (TW)
Kollin / 29 Munster Ave. / Galway, Ireland
nerverinamillion@gmail.com

NOT VERY NICE vol. 3 / $1 or trade (preferred)
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs
Not Very Nice seems to cover bands exclusively from the grindcore/"noize" scene, a genre of (non-)music that people either love or hate, so right off the bat you should be able to tell if this is your thing or not. This issue features a number of band interviews and a page of reviews of mostly tape and CD-R releases. The interviews—with Finland's Sorto, Minch and Bloody Phoenix from the US, PPMH from the Czech Republic, Brazil's Besthöven, and Chaos Channel and Hermit Prose from Japan—don't venture much beyond the typical "line-up/influences/new record" questions, though I found the PPMH and Chaos Channel ones a little more substantial and interesting, and the overall layout/visual impact of this zine is above average. (CS)
5726 Sussex Ct. / Troy, MI 48098
chaosnonmusica@gmail.com

OX FANZINE #69 / 5€
11.5 x 8 – printed – 138 pgs – German
Ox is the long running German language punk/indie zine, which could be described as a slightly punkier *Big Takeover* or something. Full color and pro throughout of course. This issue has an interesting article on early hardcore photography in the US (seems like Germans are more interested in USHC than Americans!). Also interviews with Fleshies, Turbo ACs, MDC, Strike Anywhere, Sinking Ships, and Total Chaos, among many others. As per usual it comes with a CD of some of the bands in the zine. Not bad. (NM)
PO Box 12225 / 42766 Haan / Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

PIPE BOMB # 36 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 30 pgs
Back cover indicates ideas about intellectual property; the cover is silkscreened. Drink, get drunk, get stoned, make some friends. Comics too. Talk about New Orleans. Comes with sticker. A little too fun-time-drunkpunk for me. (TW)
Chelsea Lea / 228 E. Clayton St / Athens, GA 30601
zinepipebomb@yahoo.com

PLASTIC BOMB #57 / 3.5€
8.5 x 11 – printed – 80 pgs – German
A glossy magazine, mailorder catalogue, and comp CD all in one package. The zine itself is abundant in ads and reviews, making it seem more like a vehicle for its catalog sales, but I can't read the German so I don't know if that's entirely true. The interviews and editorial content lean towards spiky/political/street punk with band interviews including Subhumans, Total Chaos, and the Vageenas. The CD is quite good—28 tracks, mostly from bands that are not well known here in the States. It's all very punk and ranges from pop to crust. And the catalog sells everything from *hosen* to *nieten* to *punkenrecorden* (okay, I made that word up). I have to give them props for a lot of female representation in the zine and on the comp. (PC)
Postfach 100205 / 47002 Duisburg / Germany
www.plastic-bomb.de

PRISONERS' DILEMMA #1 / free?
8.5 x 6.75 – copied – 32 pgs
One of the important contributions that zines can make is to bring to a larger audience the stories of a specific location. Nearly all of the content of *Prisoners' Dilemma* is specific to the city of Seattle, its politics, its neighborhoods, and it's different DIY groups, and projects. In this issue includes a "brief" history of Seattle Food Not Bombs, interviews with Seattle DIY.com, Byron from Singles Going Steady (Seattle's punk record store), and a volunteer for the Vera Project, a non-profit venue. *Prisoners' Dilemma* also has an article on domestic surveillance, housing, and anarchism. Lot's of content in this first issue. (CR)
Prisoners' Dilemma / PO Box 95006 / Seattle, WA 98145-2006
prisonersdilemma@riseup.net

PUNK LIFE #? / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs
Don't know what issue this is but apparently this zine has been around since 1992(!). Mainly personal writings and an interview related to Trance music/DJs. Some reviews, other personal stuff related to music, some pretty cool photos of bands live, and a reprint of a MRR scene report that the editor did. (NM)
118 Roble Rd #205 / Walnut Creek, CA 94597

RAZORCAKE
#36
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STREET DOGS
DIANE GAMBOA
ENTROPY
POINTED STICKS
TOURING COMFORTABLY

RAZORCAKE #36 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 116 pgs

Here we have another issue of Los Angeles based punk *Razorcake*, which in the past few years has more than proven it's worth as a music lovin' part of the fanzine family. As usual, the interviews are quality and the reviews are a fun read. Overall, *Razorcake* covers a wide variety of punk bands, though it definitely gears itself to the more melodic, poppy, or garage-y—see cover band Off With Their Heads or interviewees Pointed Sticks for examples—though there is also plenty of hardcore, such as old-timers Entropy. Also featured is East L.A. artist Diane Gamboa, which made for an interesting interview—it's nice to hear opinions from more than just dudes in bands every once in a while, ya know? More of that in *any* zine is welcome by this reviewer. The rest of this issue is rounded out by the usual columns, photos, and ads. Special impressed kudos to *Razorcake* for going non-profit and working to raise money for a community center in East L.A. Score one for the punx! (GN)

Razorcake / PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042
www.razorcake.org

RESISTANCE CULTURE #1 / free
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 34 pgs

"Homebum nutcheese," indeed. This train hoppin', class war protestin' squatter, sick boy gets popped for "a beer run gone bad," ends up in the California Department of Corrections [sic], teams up with another anarcho-sick boi, and out pops this, uh, vulgarity. These guys are explicitly political in that stream-of-consciousness, one-draft-only style. I think a few more drafts would've helped. An "extremely beautiful" MRR columnist did take the time to write back to these guys, and made "person of the moment," so if you want a shot at this kind of glory, get in touch ASAP, 'cuz Rejekt gets parole mid-summer. (JM)

Nathan Chambless V-70058 / Gym #126 low / PO Box 2400 / Susanville, CA 96127

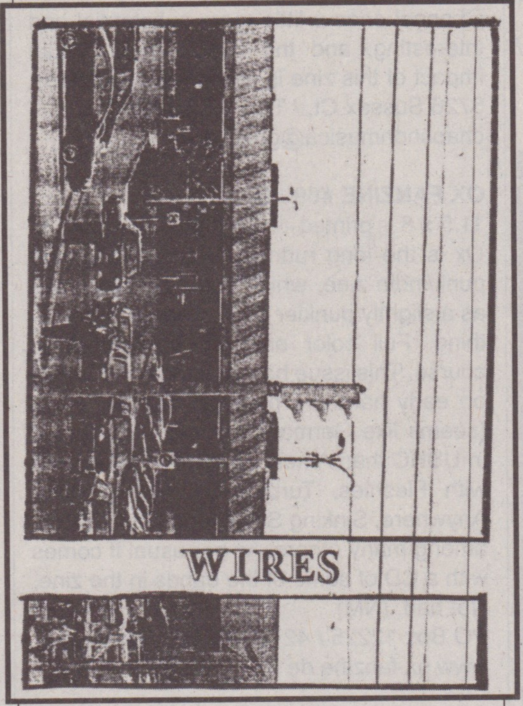
SLASH AND BURN #3 / $1
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs

This is a pretty cool HC/sXe zine from Grand Rapids, MI. Short, sweet, and pretty old school in layout—it definitely sits well by me. Coverage of early '90s HC/punk stuff (very cool and brought me back!), Smartut Kahol Lavan (Ex- Nekhei Naatza from Israel), Vaseline Children, They Suck, reviews with many demos (cool!), and some other columns and shit. Very cool. (NM)

PO Box 1148 / Grand Rapids, MI 49501

SLINGSHOT #93 / free
17 x 12 – printed – 16 pgs

Duh, *Slingshot* is one of the great free papers out there. Possibly a bit Bay Area-centric, but whatever. Chock full of good info on stuff like: Oaxaca (RIP Brad), the Green Scare, Gilman's 20th birthday, G8 reminders, etc. Probably you already read this, or at least you should. (P.S. Anarchist Book Fair March 17 & 18 in SF, see you there.) (TW)



Slingshot c/o Long Haul / 3124 Shattuck Ave. / Berkeley, CA 94705
www.slingshot.tao.ca

TRUST #121/06 / 2.5€
8.5 x 12 – printed – 64 pgs – German

Another issue of this long running German fanzine run by our good friend and long-time supporter Dolf. As usual, this is pretty pro-looking and makes me wish I could read German, though there are small bits (like the review of *MRR!*) that are in English. Despite the language barrier, there were more than enough photos and cool graphics of bands like Seein Red and Kobayashi to keep me interested. (GN)

Trust / Postfach 110762 / 29087 / Bremen / Germany

TURNING THE TIDE vol 20 #1 / subscription only, free to prisoners
11 x 17 – printed – 8 pgs

This journal is celebrating 20 years of being in print. If you are interested in anti-racist action or want updates on subjects like the teacher strike in Oaxaca, Mumia's last trial, police brutality, and freedom struggles across the nation and world, consider subscribing to this newspaper. (It relies on subscription to stay alive, there are no ads.) (JB)

Michael Novick / ARA / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232

WORDS AND PICTURES / $2 US, $3 world, or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 44 pgs

When I saw this zine is from Amherst, I thought, "I hope it's not from that hyper-expensive, hyper-liberal college [sic, there are two such schools there] where you do a zine for credit." I don't know if this is one of those or not, but it does read like a school project, which (need I add) makes for a crappy zine. Andy drew a bunch of pictures, then wrote out what all the symbolism, etc. means to him. For most of the drawings, the point he's making is so blatant, there's really no need for further comment. I'm not much for art, apart from the works of Pollock, Bosch, and the scribbles of young children, and I thought these pictures were way too obvious and overstated in the points made. I liked 'em better with no titles, never mind extended analysis. All this shit talked, I can move on to some positive critiques. Andy says he just stated drawing. It's hard for me to believe. While I don't care for the main body of his works, the detail and intricacies he puts into every picture are incredible. I stopped looking at the central images (e.g., some dude chained to a clock, a tree smashing a computer), and was well rewarded by studying the margins. This one small part of one drawing is a bunny and a turtle in some bushes. It rules! Or I would study the scales on the giant snake, the ooze of the television monster—yes, I was sober. Andy is a fucking amazing artist. At this point, his technical skills are far ahead of his concepts, but if you love art, or are partial to really obvious symbolism, you'd be fucking up by not trading with him. (JM)

PO Box 2454 / Amherst, MA 01004 / andy_939@hotmail.com

YOUR MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME #1 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs

A personal zine of the punk persuasion, this one has some amusing writing, stories about locals (Ottawa). The layout is fairly dry, which definitely detracts from the enthusiasm and writing. Likable, and a good first effort. (MD)

IBID / 610 Bathurst Ave / Ottawa, Ontario / K1G 0X8 / Canada

RINGERS "DETENTION HALLS" CD
THIS ISN'T WHAT THE COVER LOOKS LIKE BECAUSE SUDDENLY THEY THINK IT LOOKS CORNY. NERDS. THE RECORD RULES THOUGH. YO-YO RECORDS IS PUTTING OUT THE VINYL SOME TIME SOON.

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS
J CHURCH SPLIT 7"
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NEXT UP A SPLIT 7" FROM IN THE RED (MIKE HALE FROM GUNMOLL!) and GIT SOME (WIT' FOLKS FROM PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS) and A WHOLE HELL OF A LOT MORE. YOUR MIND WILL BE THREE SHADES OF BLOWN.

FUCK ALL YA'LL ROCKY HORROR FUCKING RULES. "OVER AT THE FRANKENSTEIN PLACE" IS THE BEST SONG EVER WRITTEN BY A BRITISH ALBINO. WE APOLOGIZE FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO BEAT OR EVEN MATCH IT. HOWEVER YOU SHOULD CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE FOR THE REST OF OUR COMPARATIVELY SUB PAR RELEASES AND OTHER DISTRIBUTED ITEMS FROM LABELS LIKE; FAST CROWD, SNUFFY SMILE, NO IDEA, A.D.D, LEFT OFF THE DIAL and A LOT MORE. SHITS TIGHT (DID I JUST STEAL THAT?)

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HELLO FROM THE UNDERGROUND
PHANTOM ROCKERS
20 YEARS AND STILL KICKING
TOTAL CHAOS
17 YEARS OF CHAOS

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PHANTOM ROCKERS
20 YEARS & STILL KICKING

TOTAL CHAOS
17 YEARS OF CHAOS
IN STORES ON MARCH 6TH

"Without a doubt, Total Chaos was the first street punk band to break big in the early 90's and they brought back the whole "spiky hair punk scene." Their success helped bring attention to the genre of punk that was completely ignored. Examples of similar success are the Casualties and the Unseen." This CD is a collection of 17 Years of TOTAL CHAOS!

THE GHOULS
STAND ALONE
IN STORES ON MARCH 6TH

Blasting out of the graveyards and gutters of Philadelphia emerges The Ghouls, the East coast's answer to B-horror movies and dead shot anger. With songs like "Kill Doll", "Stand Alone" and "Strife", The Ghouls could perhaps musically be described as street punk from hell.

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HELLO FROM THE UNDERGROUND
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"20 Years and Still Kicking" is the Anniversary Double CD to celebrate 20 Years of Psychobilly. It is a 33 song compilation which allows for all fans old and new to enjoy the sound of the old and new Phantom Rockers. The Phantom Rockers are psychobilly at its finest, and they are riding the slapper express straight to hell! Release date: Feb 6th, 2007

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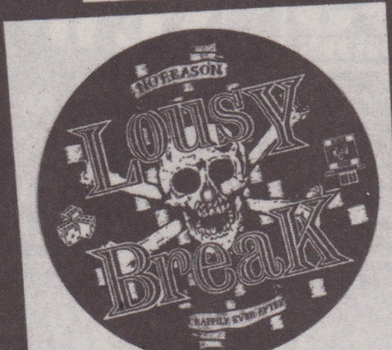

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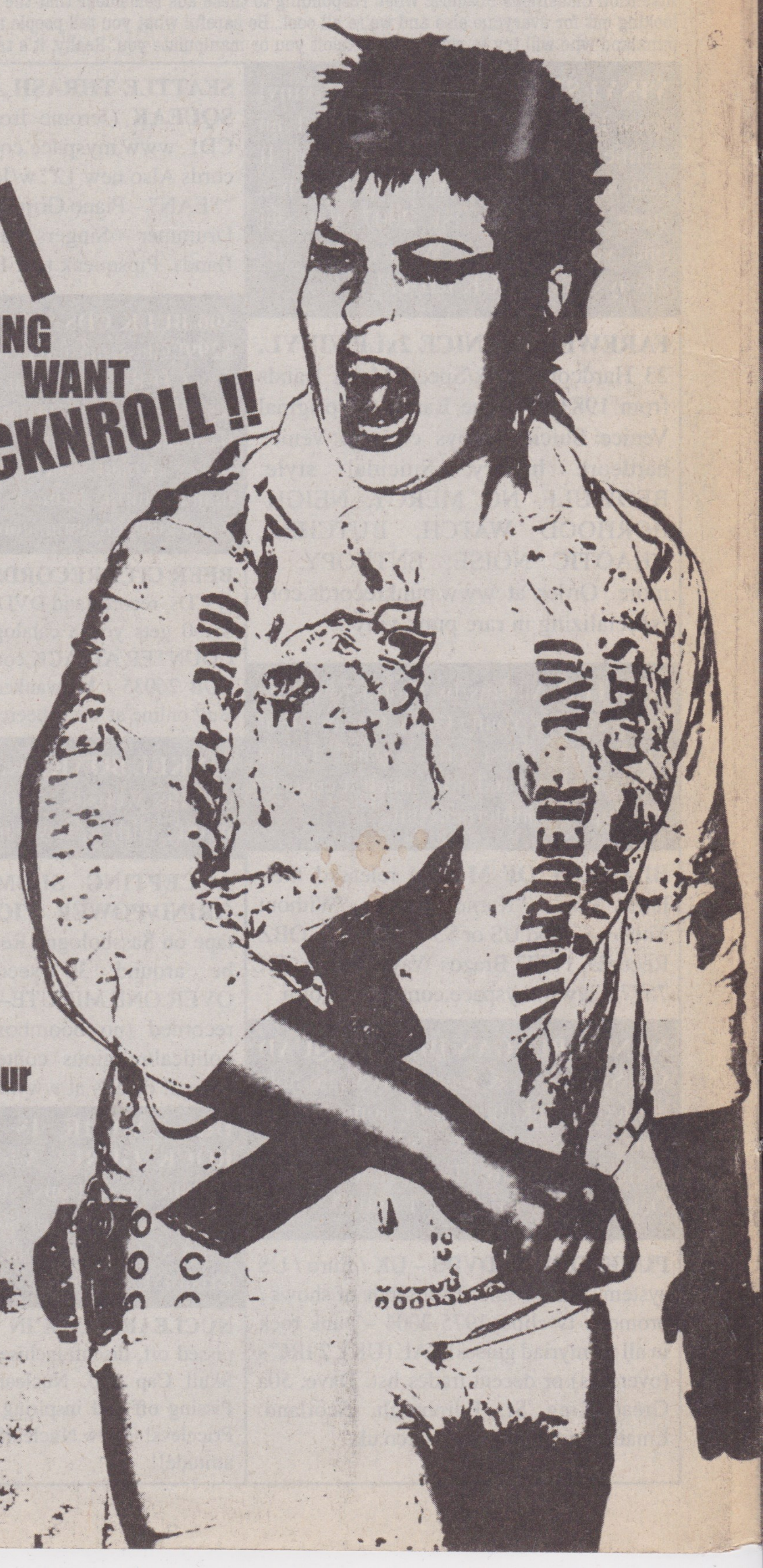

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